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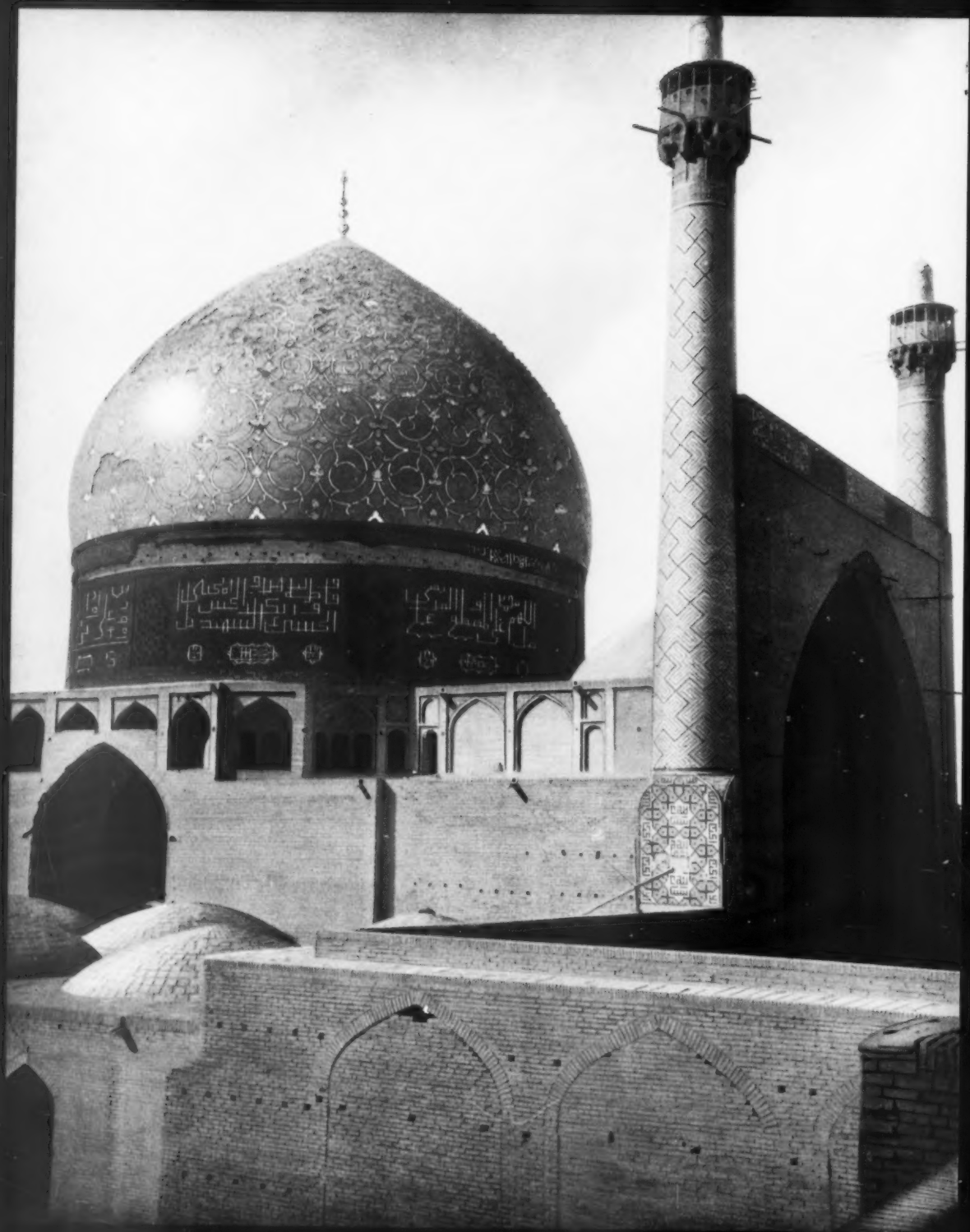
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CARPETS AND TEXTILES AT THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

By CREASSEY TATTERSALL

A GREAT many people must be wondering at the time these words are being written what the Persian Exhibition will be like, and no one at all knows. Not even those who for months past have been planning and negotiating, inviting owners to lend their treasures, or receiving, considering, accepting or rejecting offers of works of art from all parts of the world, have any certain idea of what the result will be. They, of course, do know what will be there, but whether the first visitors will be met by a gorgeous spectacle, a riot of colour, or whether there will be a monotonous, though interesting, greyness that needs careful and painstaking scrutiny before its wealth is made manifest, is still a hidden secret. One thing however is known. It is certain that the very highest achievements of Persian artistry and craftsmanship will be represented, and represented adequately. Everything could not come; it could not have been housed if it had come. Many objects are such that they could not be transported several thousands of miles without serious risk. Many could not have been transported at all. To see the palace of Cyrus and the ruins of Persepolis we must still go to Persia. To see some great carpets that no faithful custodian would unnecessarily remove from their unwieldy frames we must still go to Vienna or New York. But it may be said, and said with much gratitude, that scarcely anything has been withheld simply because it is precious, or even irreplaceable. Those beautiful, but fragile, objects that their owners or custodians have deemed it unwise to move we are all glad to have reposing in safety where they are.

To many, perhaps to most, the exhibition will be regarded as an opportunity of seeing a lavish display of the works of art of one of the most delicately artistic peoples of the world. Whether the connoisseur is interested in the shaping of wood, of metal, or of clay; whether he is concerned with the exquisite manipulation of the pencil or the skilful intertwinning of woollen or silken yarns—there will be much for

him to study and admire; more, indeed, than he can assimilate if he spends at Burlington House the whole seven weeks or so that the exhibition will remain open. But others, while sharing this point of view, will find other and perhaps more subtle sources of pleasure. The archaeologist who has so far never had at hand enough material to elucidate the many problems of provenance, and chronology that still await answers, and who has not been able to journey to the distant quarters of the globe to find and interrogate other supplies, will now be able to see, concentrated in one small compass, and so available for repeated and close comparison, more than he can ever have hoped to do. It will, indeed, be disappointing if considerable advances are not made in our knowledge.

It will be a task for many pens to tell the story of the exhibition when it is complete. To give an account in advance of what may be expected, and what should be looked for, would require many pages; but the purpose of the writer is simply to say a little about one branch only—the carpets and the other textiles. This is one subject out of many, but perhaps the one which appeals more than any other to the popular imagination. And not only to the imagination either, for it has been well remarked that there are a hundred people who possess a Persian carpet to one who owns a Persian miniature or a Persian dish. However, leaving all question of relative importance aside, it seems certain that the carpets, by their mere expanse and colour, will have a dominant share in the general effect produced. Of the carpets, thanks to the humble worm that knows the secret of polishing his minute thread, those woven in silk pile will give the most brilliant and striking display. Almost the first thing to be noticed—on the floor of the rotunda if present plans are kept to—will be a large twelve-sided tomb carpet and some half-dozen smaller pieces *en suite*, that were made for, and have always been up to the present, in the mausoleum at Kum. They have the fineness of knotting and almost more than the usual brilliance of colour of the well-known



FIG. II. TAPESTRY-WOVEN SILK CARPET. PERSIAN.
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Lent by the Persian Government

"Polonais" silk rugs which were in the early seventeenth century so often given to foreign courts by the Shah of Persia, and which have since caused so many discussions in respect of

their exact place of origin. It is possible that the Kum carpets are of the same date as the latter, but this is not certain, and there is some reason for thinking that they must be placed somewhat later. The Polonais rugs themselves, including one not surpassed by any, from St. Mark's, Venice, will be shown in another gallery. A small rug of unusual beauty that is unique in combining the arch of a prayer rug with the pattern of a "Garden Carpet" in the field, should also be looked for. Another silk carpet, unfortunately only incomplete, gorgeous with its gold and silver tapestry-weaving on a crimson ground, is illustrated here in the colour-plate facing page 8. This, the property of the Hon. H. Maclaren, has the extremely fine texture of 700 knots to the square inch, and differs in some particulars from all the other silk rugs at the exhibition. It can best be compared with the celebrated and unique cope at the Victoria and Albert Museum—perhaps the most remarkable object of carpet-knotting in that by no means poor collection—that, while of undoubted Persian workmanship, has in the middle a representation of the "Crucifixion," and was evidently made for a Christian community. As it is likely that many visitors to Burlington House will go later to see the cope, it may be of some interest to relate here that when it was found in Jerusalem some forty years ago, several small pieces were cut off and sent as samples to possible buyers! Fortunately the samples failed in their purpose, and South Kensington acquired the cope without seeing one; but quite recently two of them have been given to the museum and restored to their proper place.

Before leaving the silk carpets, attention must be called to those woven by the tapestry method with parts in gold and silver thread as well as silk. These are very uncommon, and it is believed that there is no example in this country. Possibly there are not more than a dozen in existence; and, if this is so, more

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

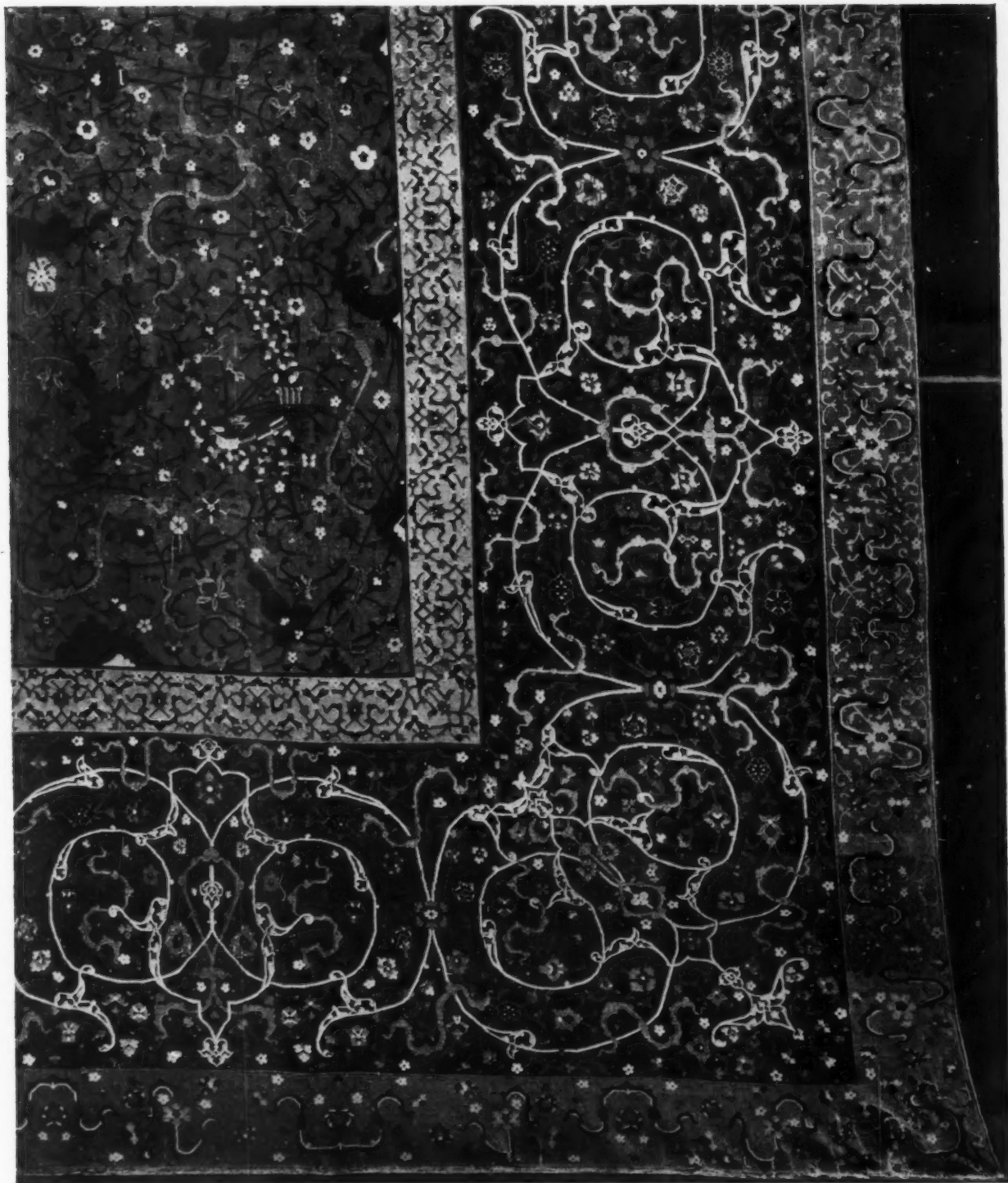


FIG. III. PERSIAN CARPET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Lent by Sir Joseph Duveen, Bart.

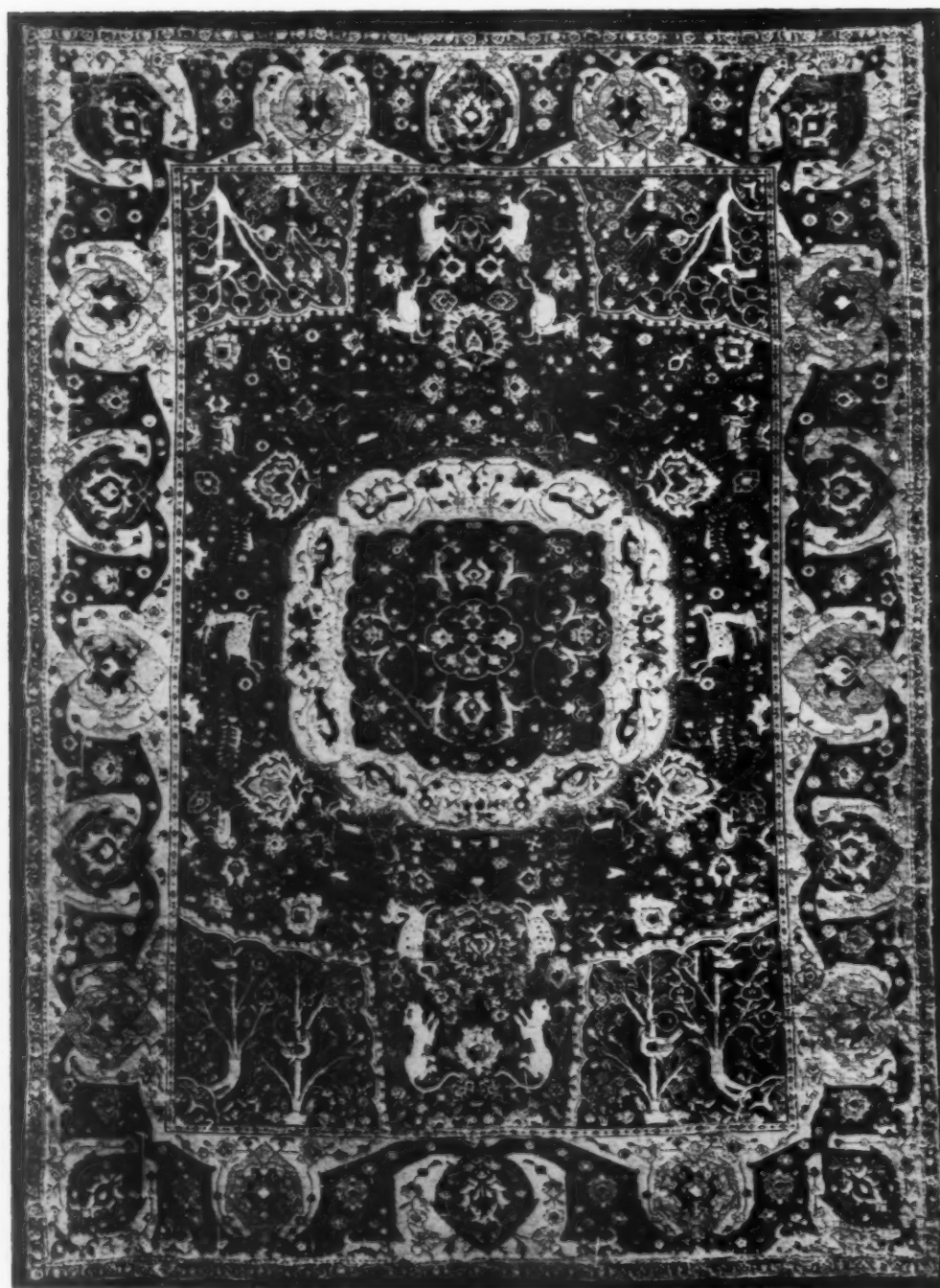


FIG. IV. PERSIAN "ANIMAL" CARPET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Lent by Metropolitan Museum, New York

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

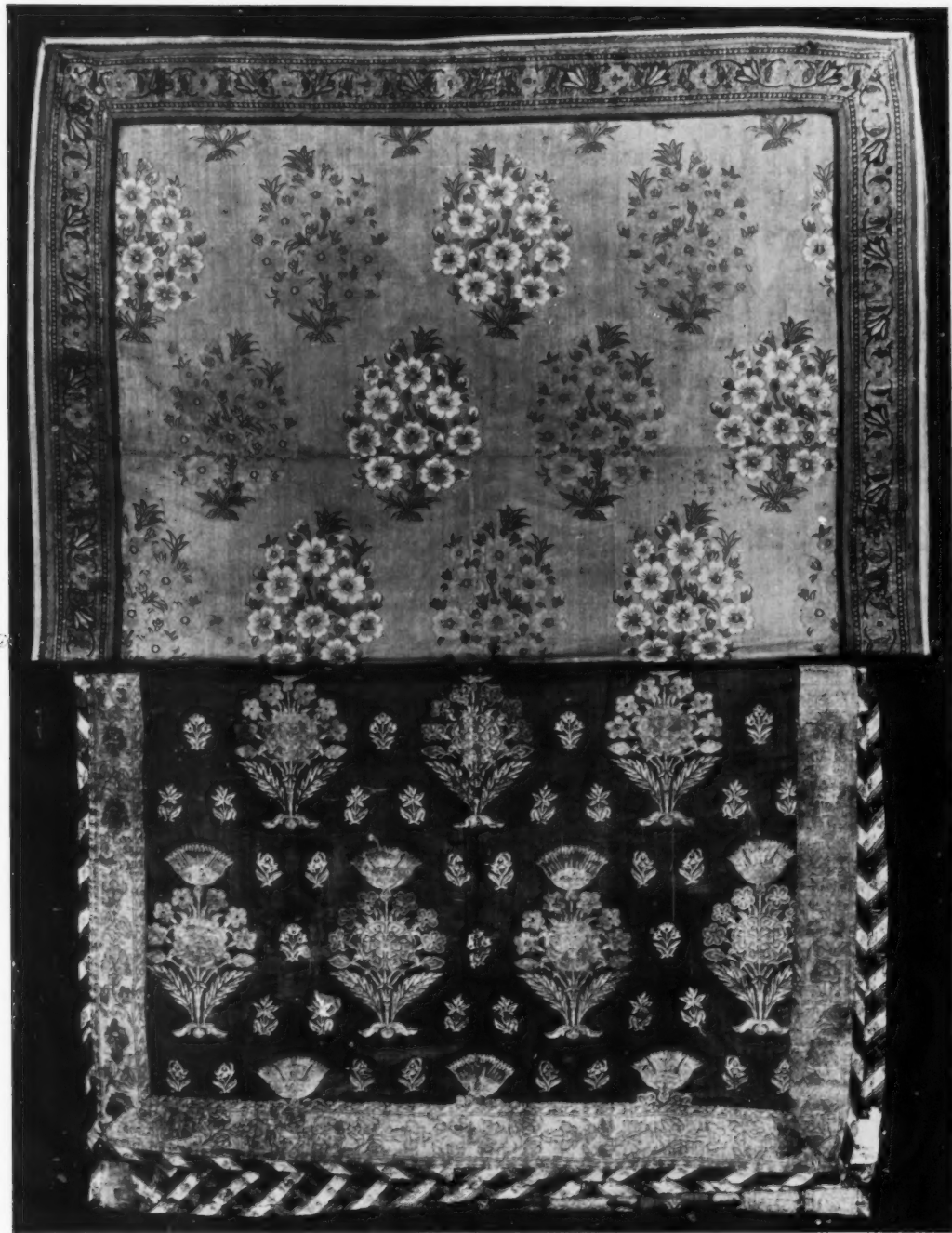


FIG. V. PERSIAN SILK TISSUES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Lent by T. L. Jacks, Esq.

than half will be on view. Four have been lent by the Persian Government, three alike with a pattern of palmettes and scrolls, one of

which is reproduced on Fig. II, and a smaller one with a close diaper of variously shaped panels in the field. Four others have been lent,

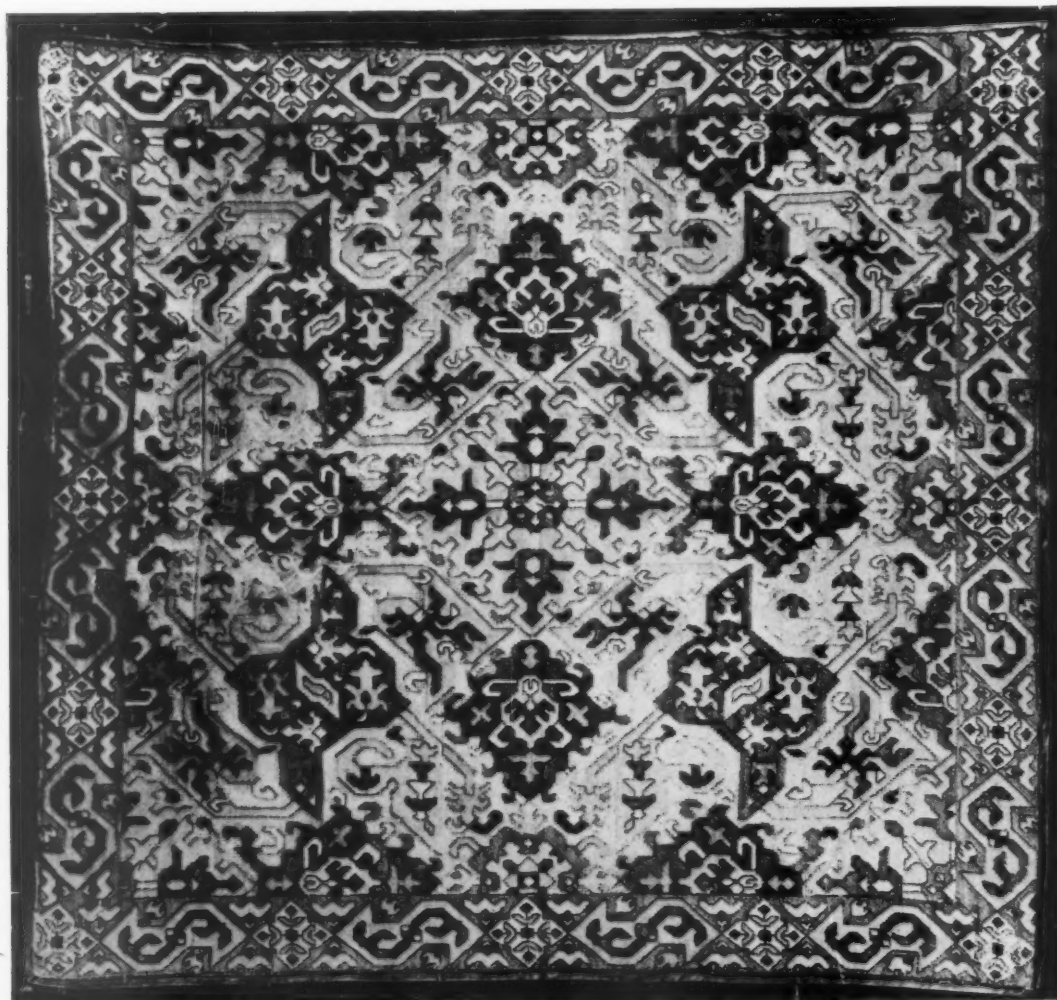


FIG. VI. PERSIAN EMBROIDERED PANEL OF THE SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Lent by Professor A. Upham Pope

the more generously because apparently with some misgivings, by the Residenz Museum at Munich. These introduce human figures into the design. A similar carpet is in the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris. Three more are lent by the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Mrs. Bliss, and Mr. G. H. Myers. This case is a fair example of the wonderful response made to the invitations of the committee.

To come to the less brilliant, but more substantial, carpets woven with an orthodox woollen pile, it will soon be seen that every class of the earliest carpets—those dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—is well represented.

“Garden Carpets,” as those are called which display a map-like representation of a garden, complete with trees, flowerbeds, walks bordered by shrubs on which birds are perching, ponds and streams stocked with fish, are as rare, or probably more so, than the tapestry-woven rugs mentioned already. Two at least are here. The one belonging to Mr. Maclaren is perhaps the most complete and perfect example known; the other, formerly in the Orendi collection, and now lent by Mrs. Gilbert Russell, is rather simpler in plan and more formal in arrangement. It is obviously the work of north-west Persia, to which

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

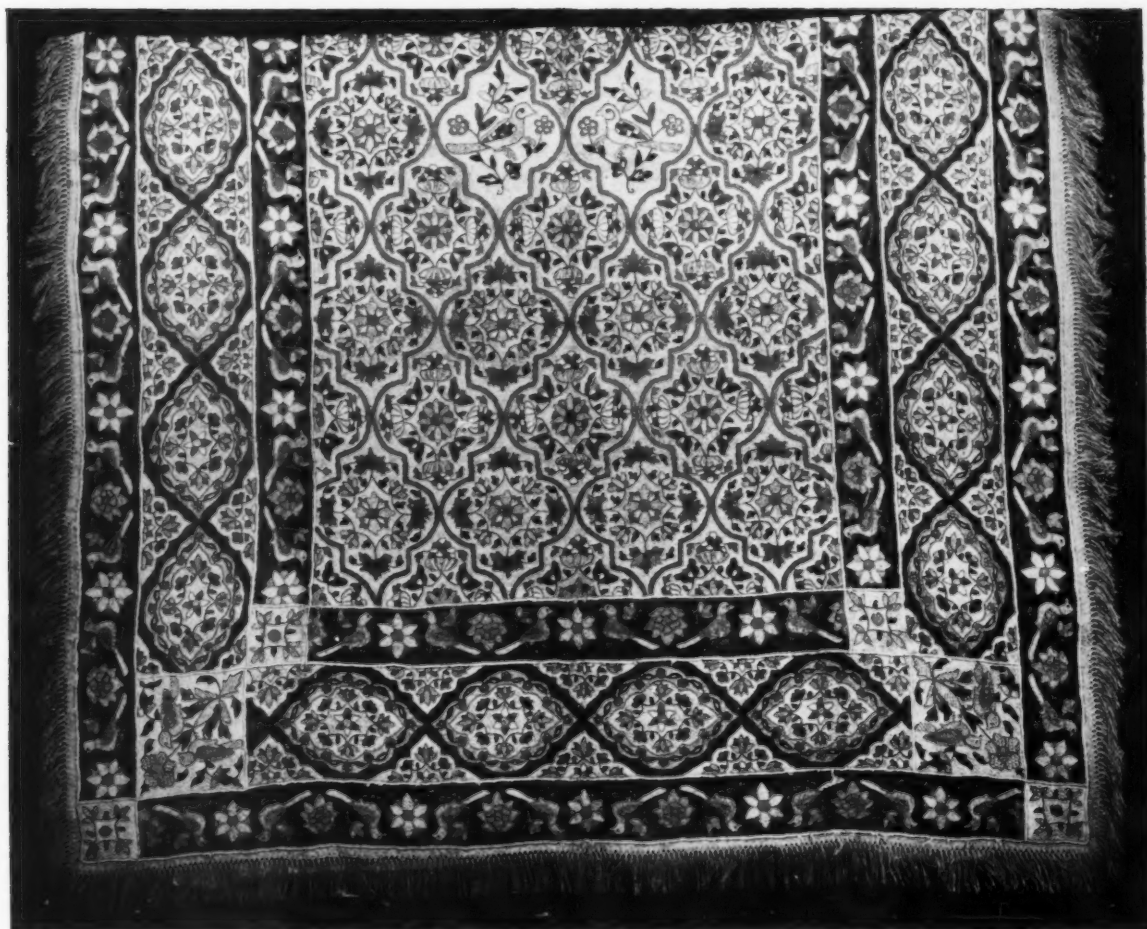


FIG. VII. PERSIAN EMBROIDERED SILK AND GOLD HANGING

Lent by the Persian Government

district probably all these rugs should be attributed.

There are far more of the usual floral type of carpets, with patterns of more or less naturalistic flowers, or with fields covered with meandering stems and prominent palmettes, than can be even mentioned here, though perhaps in a later issue some of them may be illustrated and described. A very fine example, and one that is little known, is lent by Sir Joseph Duveen. A corner is shown on Fig. III. It is of unusual size, being about 26 ft. long, and is complete and in wonderful condition. The field, filled with scrolling stems, birds and cloud-bands, has a yellow ground and a large blue medallion in the centre. The wide border is of the richest

crimson, while the narrow border-stripes are orange and pale blue. Like very few of the early Persian carpets, it has a history that there is every reason to think is authentic. When the siege of Vienna was broken up by the Turks in 1683 they left behind them the carpet, which was awarded to the gallant Duke of Anhalt. It was taken by its new owner, wrapped up in a Turkish tent, to his château at Dessau, where it remained forgotten until the middle of the nineteenth century. At first sight it seems to belong to the end of the sixteenth century, but the very unusual colour of the field, as well as the drawing of some of the detail, gives some reason for placing it rather later. In any case it can scarcely have been a new one when the Turks left it behind.



FIG. VIII.
EMBROID-
ERED
VELVET
MOSQUE
HANGING.
SEVEN-
TEENTH
CENTURY.
*Lent by the
Persian
Government*

Carpets differing from the purely floral kind, not in detail or in general plan, but merely in the fact that figures of huntsmen, wild beasts and other animals are introduced into the design have, for the sake of sub-

dividing a large group, been classified as "Hunting" or "Animal Carpets." The Metropolitan Museum of New York has sent one of its best carpets of this class, which is reproduced on Fig. IV. It is rather peculiar



Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

in having a relatively small area of open field. A wide border with heavy scrolls and palmettes occupies a good deal of the rug, and the field thus reduced is further encroached upon by a large central medallion and four panels in the corners, which contain tree-forms of the kind familiar in the "Garden Carpets."

In order to allow some mention of the woven textiles and embroideries, it is only possible now to refer, and that briefly, to a few other types of carpets that should be looked out for. "Compartment Carpets," with their field divided up into a number of closely packed panels of various shapes, are worthily exemplified by one lent by the Duke of Buccleuch, which is certainly one of the finest, if not the finest, in private possession in England.

Among the "Vase Carpets," as those are called that contain vases of flowers among the great palmettes and blossoms, is a singularly beautiful one with a blue ground, from the collection of the Hon. Mrs. Wilson Filmer.

A group originating in North-West Persia shows a very large central medallion, nearly filling up the width of the field. They are rarely found unmutated, but a complete specimen, one of a pair, is lent by Mr. Beghian. Several of these carpets were, according to tradition, taken to Turkey as the spoils of war after the loot of Tabriz by Sultan Selim in 1514, and it is hoped that one of these may be on exhibition.

Not strictly Persian, though influenced in design by her, are the "Dragon Carpets" of the Caucasus, or, as some still believe, of Armenia. Quaint and archaistic, these will not be easily overlooked, though probably shown apart from the carpets of pure Persian origin.

And now it is time to come to textiles of another kind, smaller and less conspicuous but not less beautiful. In fact, the delicacy of detail and colour of some of them may make even a stronger appeal to many. Silk tissues, often wrongly called brocades, for few of them are woven by the true brocade process, were abundantly woven in Persia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Many have figure-subjects, such as hunting scenes or episodes from some of the favourite Persian love stories. Beautiful as they are, one has the feeling that the weaver found more congenial, and attained a higher excellence in, the simple

but exquisite renderings of flowers, such as are illustrated on Fig. V, which shows two lent by Mr. T. L. Jacks. The scale of such patterns is mostly small; the same device is repeated again and again, but the taste is so perfect and the degree of conventionalization so accurately gauged, that no country can show anything superior of its kind.

Another group of woven fabrics, the velvets, exhibits that full richness of colour that can only be rendered in silk pile, and also a patience and skill in the management of a difficult technique that it takes a practical velvet-weaver properly to appreciate. At the same time it must be confessed that, contrary to the case of the tissues, there is some question if the skill has resulted in such a magnificent achievement as that of the velvets of fifteenth-century Italy.

Perhaps because such satisfactory results were obtained by weaving alone, the Persians have never devoted so much attention to the art of embroidery as many other countries whose embroideries often constitute their highest textile triumph. However, there are some kinds of great importance. A group, in which the ground is entirely covered by stitchery, and with almost geometrical patterns much resembling those of carpets, was once attributed to Southern or Central Persia, but is now believed, partly on account of their close likeness to the carpets of that region, to have been made in the North-West. Several fine specimens are lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum and by private English owners; that shown on Fig. VI comes from the collection of Mr. A. U. Pope. Another kind, in which the pattern is richly embroidered in gold and silver thread, while most of the ground is still visible, is represented by many pieces, of which one, a mosque-hanging worked on green velvet, is lent by the Persian Government (Fig. VII). The decorative value of inscriptions is often to be noticed in this type. Somewhat later, in point of time, comes the manner of using silk embroidery on a plain silk or linen ground. Fig. VIII shows a good example from the Persian Government's loan. This type of work, though very effective, makes in reality less call upon the skill and time of the embroiderer, and was, perhaps as a consequence, largely copied in India, and often so faithfully that it is difficult to distinguish Indian from Persian work.

MORE ABOUT PERSIAN GLASS

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE

THE suggestion in the last number of *APOLLO* that the art of enamelling glass was known and practised in Persia as early as the twelfth or thirteenth century, and that to Persia might even be accredited the honour of having originated the technique, has already met with approval and with additional confirmation. New material has come to light and the general considerations and a review of the material already known still further fortify the hypothesis.

How ancient is the art of glass in Persia has been strikingly demonstrated within a few days by the arrival in Europe of glass bottles and beads found in the tombs of Luristan which contain the bronzes and also pottery. It is not possible yet to give a precise date to these finds, but it is hardly probable that it could be later than 400-500 B.C., and the

The bottles and beads are all of a semi-opaque greenish glass, rather heavy and thick, but good in form and technique, the bottle shapes



FIG. I. GLASS BOTTLE found in tomb in Luristan
Probably about 600 B.C.
Private collection

majority of the expert opinions places most of these tombs between 1000 and 600 B.C. although there may be a span of a dozen centuries between the earliest and the latest.

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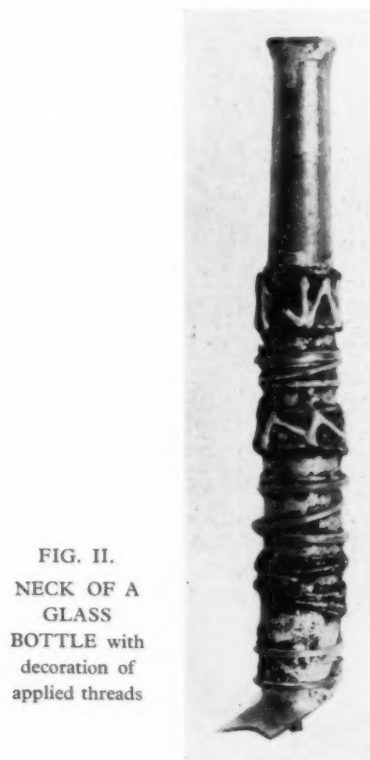


FIG. II.
NECK OF A
GLASS
BOTTLE with
decoration of
applied threads

*Found at Ray,
twelfth-
thirteenth century
Art Institute of
Chicago*

resembling those of some of the early stone ware from Mesopotamia (Fig. I).

A group of fragments belonging to the Art Institute of Chicago is important as further illustration of the large part played by applied threads and ribbons in Persian glass decoration. These were all found at Ray. Bands, zig-zags and even rudimentary entrelacs are rendered in this style on the tall necks of a bottle and a ewer and the handle of a jug is made entirely of glass threads twisted and welded together to make a wide, reticulated band (Figs. II, III, IV).

A bottle in the Kelekian collection (Fig. V) brings important evidence to the enamelled glass problem because on it are combined these characteristic ribbon decorations and enamelling.

More about Persian Glass

Moreover, it is typically Persian in form, with a very long neck on a low, bulbous body. It was found in Hamadan but is closely related to many fragments that have been excavated at Ray.



FIG. III. NECK OF GLASS EWER with decoration of applied threads

*Found at Ray, twelfth-thirteenth century
Art Institute of Chicago*

An examination of these pieces and of some of the large mass of fragments that are daily being found in Persia permits a preliminary formulation of the characteristics of the Persian as compared with the Western glass. The Persian glass is thin and seems to be in itself somewhat lighter in weight. It is clearer in tone and freer from large bubbles. It is almost always covered, either with a solid gold wash, or with a network of gold lines which gives the effect of a gold ground. The enamels are in general thinly applied and not comparable in either solidity or weight to those of the Western work. The colours are on the whole inferior to those of Mesopotamia or Syria. The yellows are a little green, the reds a little dull, and the green perhaps too light

though it is such a pleasant colour that the quality may be intentional rather than due to any limitation of technique. The glass itself, while frequently white or honey-coloured as in the West, is, judging by a number of fragments, often deep blue. This is far less common in the West.

But it is not on material and technique alone that we are warranted in allocating this enamelled glass to Persia. The Persian inscription on a bottle from the collection of H.M. the Shah carries somewhat more weight. There is always the possibility, of course, that such a signature represents only a Persian workman employed in a foreign *atelier*; but in this instance this hypothesis seems scarcely credible for, in the first place, the bottle was found in Persia; and, in the second, it is not likely that a Persian would rise to a sufficiently important position to sign his work in a foreign shop unless he had been trained in the art in his own land. And so again we would be brought back to the conclusion that glass enamelling was a Persian art.

No single inscription can however yield proof, even in conjunction with material and



FIG. IV. HANDLE OF GLASS JUG made of glass threads welded in a reticulated band

*Found at Ray, twelfth-thirteenth century
Art Institute of Chicago*

technical evidence. Far more important are the subjects and style of treatment of some of the enamelled pieces. In both of the Eumorfopoulos pieces (cf. *APOLLO*, December 1930,

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p. 394 and colour plate) there are rondels with seated princesses and cavaliers and bits of these motifs are seen also on fragments in the author's collection. These are as close as the technique permits to the decorations of twelfth- and thirteenth-century Ray faience.

and nowhere do we find these charming courtly personages.

A large enamelled plate, also in the Kelekian collection, presents a perfect illustration of this close connection between the figures on the glass and the Ray pottery. In the centre is



FIG. V. GLASS BOTTLE

Decorated with arabesques and personages in enamel and applied glass threads. Persian, thirteenth century. Found at Hamadan. Kelekian collection. To be included in the Royal Academy Exhibition

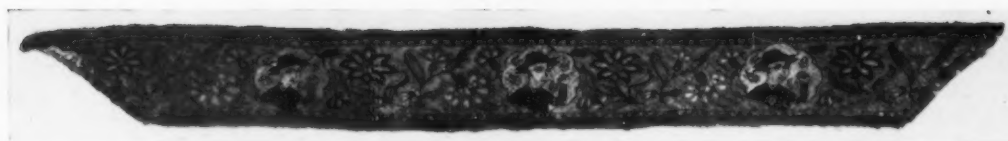
The subjects and the rendering are both clearly Persian, for while many Persian motifs did travel down to Mesopotamia, they lost there their lightness and gaiety and a certain sparkling delicacy. The Rakka and Resafa wares that are contemporary with those of Ray and Sultanabad carry a number of similar themes, but the treatment is always bolder and heavier

a large cavalier, practically identical with those frequent on Ray bowls and plates.

Many attributions in the history of art are accepted on far less evidence than that which is available for the attribution of early enamelled glass to Persia. Indeed, little is now wanting save the discovery of furnaces and wasters and these are actually being sought.







BORDER OF GOLD BROCADE WITH PORTRAIT BUSTS

Kashan, early seventeenth century

From the collection of General Archague Khan, included in the Royal Academy Exhibition

THE GOLD BROCADES OF ISFAHAN

By PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

WHEN Iman-Quli Khan, Archduke of Shiraz, Sultan of Lar and Jarun, Lord of Ormus, Makran, Kerman, Chusistan, Sistan, and Farsistan, Prince of the Gulf of Persia and Isles there, the Great Beglerbeg, Commander of twelve Sultans, fifty thousand horse, slave to Shah Abbas, Protector of Mussulmans, Nutmeg of Comfort, and Rose of Delight, received the English Ambassador, he wore a blue satin coat, richly embroidered with silver, a trailing robe powdered with pearls and a turban of finest silk interwoven with gold. But when

Shah Abbas the Great gave audience to His Excellency he wore a padded coat of plain red calico, tied about with a leathern thong. Therein, however, he affected a gesture of superiority. For Shah Abbas was not a simple man. He was a truly oriental potentate in whom met, without incongruity, ruthless cruelty and a passion for ostentatious splendour.

When his Court was assembled in full array, it was a gleaming procession of metal brocades—rose on gold, turquoise on silver, salmon and aubergine—subtle tones of taffeta,



CARTOON FOR A METAL THREAD BROCADE, PAINTED ON GREEN SILK

Isfahan, early seventeenth century

Heeramanek Collection, New York, included in the Royal Academy Exhibition

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satin and damask competing with the shifting light of the metal surfaces.

Fragments of these brocades only remain, with a few rare coats, to give us some idea of the beauty of the garments as a whole; but so splendid are these materials, so exquisite the colours and so delicate the drawing, that even the smallest bit has a significant beauty.

In the brocades of Isfahan, the metal ground is flat, and the infinitely varied flowers are painted thereon in an even continuous surface; but in most of the brocades of Kashan the gold is laid on like an applied plating, framing the figures which play the part of jewels.

The designers of these brocades, painters of skill, drew for the weavers delicate portraits of plants—naturalistic plants that do strangely unnatural things in the name of decoration; for out of a rose tree will grow a branch of pink hollyhock; or a madonna lily will vary its silhouette with the serrated leaves of a poppy. In the branches of these wilfully composite shrubs perch vivid birds—a parrakeet, a nightingale, or a bundle of varicoloured feathers, crested and sharp-beaked, unnamed by ornithologists, but playing a graceful part in the whole design. Plants and birds alike are interpreted with such a sympathetic spirit and rendered with so sensitive a touch that, in the finest examples, these woven patterns compete with the bird and flower paintings of the Far East.

Sheltered beneath these patterned plants,

real or imaginary, are often little beasts—a light-footed deer scarce as high as the flower above it, or a rabbit quite the same size as the deer and equally eclipsed by a ranunculus. In the Kashan pieces the figures are often human *personnages*, usually hunters on slim-legged horses, drawing a bow at a pursuing lion.

The lavish garments made from these materials were further enriched with borders equally of gold and silver brocade, and into the designing of these went some of the most exquisite and ingenious inventions of these talented textile artists. Usually the ornamentation is a swinging vine with flowers—a single stem bearing perhaps carnation, rose, and iris; sometimes with birds and tiny animals. In one rare example, from the collection of General Archague Khan, the flower repeat is broken at spaced intervals with a cartouche, framing the portrait of a prince.

Venice had her velvets, France her exquisite brocades, and Spain her bold-patterned

damasks. All over Europe weavers for six hundred years have returned at regular intervals to the lure of metal thread—the richest but the most dangerous material of their craft. Handled wisely, it has yielded them beauty; more often it has tempted to a too obvious luxury that verges on vulgarity. None have, however, approached in this quality of stuff the textile masters of Shah Abbas the Great of Isfahan.



GOLD BROCADE WITH BUDS AND FLOWERS

Isfahan, early seventeenth century

Lent by I. Moradoff to the Royal Academy Exhibition

ON A MINIATURE IN THE JONES COLLECTION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

By F. M. KELLY

"No scandal, I hope, about *Queen Elizabeth*"—THE CRITIC



FIG. I. MINIATURE
*Jones Collection, Victoria
and Albert Museum*

IN the Jones Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a full-length miniature portrait in oils on copper (Fig. I), described officially as the portrait, by François Clouet, of Hercule François de France, Duke (from 1566) of Alençon, and (from 1576) of Anjou (b. 1554, d. 1584). In England at least, judging by the indis-

criminate publicity it enjoys,* it would almost seem, in fact, to be regarded as *the* standard portrait.

I should say that nearly everyone who has devoted any serious attention to "historical"

* It figures, unquestioned, in such popular reference books as Traill and Mann's *Social England*, and in more than one work on portrait miniatures.

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portraiture in general, must ere long have asked himself what principle, if any, underlies the speculations of the accepted "experts." Suppose Mary Queen of Scots, say, to be "wanted" by Scotland Yard after her escape from Lochleven. Would our critics' expert skill prove an aid to her recapture?—or would it merely land the Government in another Adolf Beck case? I instance her in particular as a flagrant instance of the crazy lengths to which the craze for "identification" will go. To say nothing of the more brazen impostures that obtrude themselves every day and everywhere in the open market, more or less imaginary portraits began to be openly fabricated to order within a generation of her death (and even earlier) to meet the demand by partisans of the house of Stuart right down to the nineteenth century.

The famous National Portrait Exhibition of 1866 at South Kensington was doubtless



FIG. III. FRANÇOIS DUC D'ALENÇON

Louvre (XI) 1022

Gift of M. Sauvageot, 1856



FIG. II. FRANÇOIS DUC D'ALENÇON *By F. Clouet*

Print in Sir Robert Witt's collection

Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

the most important thing of its kind ever witnessed. Amid an extraordinary wealth of historically invaluable material it included, however—as was perhaps inevitable—no small proportion of barefaced impostures. This was in the main due to the committee's deliberate policy of allowing the exhibitors' labels to stand in every case unchallenged. True, the criticisms that appeared in the more responsible organs of the Press probably did something to counteract the erroneous impressions thus broadcast. From these a selection of excerpts were appended to the official catalogue. But a lie once given a fair start is notoriously hard to overtake; this corrective, I fear, amounted to little more than bolting the stable door after the horse had escaped. I have quite recently met with items from that exhibition still gaily flaunting the erroneous titles hallowed by its auspices, to their owners'

On a Miniature in the Jones Collection at South Kensington



FIG. IV. "HENRI III ETANT DUC D'ANJOU"

Berlin Museum

Print in Sir Robert Witt's collection. School of F. Clouet

huge satisfaction. Notably, there turned up not long ago in the sale-room a "Sir Philip Sidney" that cannot have been painted a day earlier than 1625, i.e. nearly forty years after Sidney's death.

The paths traced out by that zealous pioneer, the late Sir George Scharf, tend once more to be choked up with weeds; even in collections of first-rate importance it is to this day not rare to encounter "portraits" identified on the flimsiest evidence. Among British historical celebrities the outstanding culprits are—need we say it?—Shakespeare and Mary Queen of Scots, nine-tenths of the claimants being rank impostors. Now the natural desire to possess a record of the outer man may explain our credulity in the case of personages of first-class interest whose attested likenesses are rare and doubtful. But how account for

B

the false passports so easily issued to historical second-raters?

Of such is the Duke of Alençon, best known to notoriety as a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth. Does the explanation lie in his rather absurd courtship? Is it in our relish for the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Virgin Queen? Be it said at once that, among the many "Dukes of Alençon" in the field, the Jones miniature is not the most unlikely



FIG. V. PORTRAIT OF FRANÇOIS DUC D'ALENÇON

Ætat. 18, anno 1572

By permission of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi

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pretender. On the other hand, there appears to be not a tittle of external evidence either that it is Alençon or the work of Clouet. It appears simply to have been accepted by the authorities on the strength of the label that accompanied it in the Jones bequest.*

Yet in questions of portraiture, where authenticated originals are available for comparison, *internal evidence* must in the last resort

Even as a young child (Fig. II) these features obtrude. As a youth (Fig. III) he compares unfavourably with his brothers Charles IX and Henry III (Fig. IV). Henry in particular while a youth had distinct pretensions to good looks. To the fact that Alençon, after the latter's accession to the throne, succeeded to his earlier title of Duke of Anjou is doubtless due the confusion between certain of their



FIG. VI. ONE OF THE CATHERINE DE MEDICI TAPESTRIES, FLORENCE
(Alençon on extreme right)

be decisive. Genuine portraits exist of all the *petits Valois* at different ages. We may take it that in no case would the Court painters stress their royal sitters' defects. Later in life Alençon was sadly disfigured by smallpox; but at no date can he have been attractive, with his bulbous nose, mean mouth, and flabby cheeks.

* At South Kensington some difficulty appears to be felt in reconciling the respective dates of artist and model. There is, however, no hint to the general public that the latter's identity is open to doubt.

respective portraits. This, however, in no way applies to the Jones miniature, which shows a dark-complexioned man in his early twenties, attired in the Court fashion of, possibly, 1575-80. Nothing in it specifically points to Alençon or the house of Valois; nor is his attire even *peculiarly* French.

Probably Alençon's most flattering presentment is that attributed to Pourbus (Fig. V), and lately in the Darnley collection, which depicts him in 1572 at the age of eighteen; in

On a Miniature in the Jones Collection at South Kensington



FIG. VII. "FRANCISCUS VALESIVS D. G. DUX ALANSON"

From De Bruyn's *Diversarum Gentium Armatura Equestris*, 1575

it he cuts as gallant a figure as tailor's art at least can contrive. To me this seems (allowing for a perhaps excusable tendency to flattery on the artist's part) as satisfactory a portrait of Alençon as any I have seen. Age and costume fully bear out the dates in the inscription, and it appears on the face of it to meet every test of authenticity. In Fig. VI, from the famous Catherine de Medici tapestries at Florence, we see him as he was towards 1580, when Duke of Anjou. The mounted figure from Abraham de Bruyn's "*Diversarum Gentium Armatura Equestris*" (Fig. VII), Antwerp 1575, though artistically negligible, is clearly an attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, at portraiture.

Up to recently no portrait, perhaps, was more generally accepted as Alençon's than the full-length in armour (Fig. VIII). I say "was," for M. Louis Dimier now claims that it is a preparation for a portrait of Henry III, as Duke of Anjou, painted by Clouet in 1571

for presentation to Queen Elizabeth. In the oldest records* it figures as a likeness of the younger brother, and this attribution has been endorsed by such eminent critics as Bouchot, Moreau Nélaton, and (formerly) Dimier himself. The arguments of the last-named in favour of his latest verdict are ingenious, but hardly, I think, so clinching as to put the rival claims of Alençon definitely out of court. On the contrary, if the personality and date of the original of Fig. V be granted—as for my part I feel we can hardly refuse to do—the older attribution still seems to me on the whole the likelier. Personally, I should incline to query the early date postulated by Dimier.

* It belongs to the Gaignières Collection (Gaignières, François Roger de, collector, 1644-1715), portfolio cxxxv, No. 92, in the Cabinet des Estampes, Paris. There and in Dom Bernard de Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie française*, 1729-33, it passes for Alençon.



FIG. VIII. HENRI III ENCORE DUC D'ANJOU

By François Clouet

Print in Sir Robert Witt's collection

SIDE TABLES

By R. W. SYMONDS



FIG. I. A WALNUT MARBLE-TOPPED SIDE TABLE (English)

Circa 1690

In the collection of Lt.-Col. L. C. D. Jenner

Reproduced by kind permission of "Country Life"

A SIDE TABLE with a marble top was termed, in the late seventeenth century and in the first half of the eighteenth century, a marble table. The table itself was called a frame, sometimes a slab frame—"slab" being the name for the marble top. In old inventories and sale catalogues a walnut side table is often described as a marble table with a walnut-tree frame.

The earliest mention of a marble table that I have been able to trace is contained in a newspaper advertisement of an auction sale in the "London Gazette" of December 12, 1689: "There will likewise be sold Japan Work, Marble Tables, Large looking Glasses in Gilded Frames, with several fine Rarities; all exposed at the time."

Very few marble-topped tables of this early date are extant. The fine walnut example with the scroll legs illustrated (Fig. I), is perhaps one of the earliest known. Unfortunately, this table does not possess its original marble top, but the bold cavetto moulding

forming the frieze indicates that the table was undoubtedly designed to have a top of marble and not one of walnut veneer.

Another reference to marble tables occurs in Celia Fiennes' diary, where, after visiting Hampton Court during the reign of Queen Anne, she writes: "On the Right hand, is a large Anty roome for persons to wait, where are Marble tables in ye Peeres between the windows; white damaske window curtaines and cane chaires."

It would appear that marble tables, which were in vogue from the time of Charles II to the middle of the eighteenth century, were usually employed either as pier tables, such as those described above by Celia Fiennes, to stand against the piers between the windows of a room with mirrors hung above them, or else as sideboards in a dining-room. As evidence of the latter use, Celia Fiennes writes: ". . . here was a white marble table behind the doore as a sideboard. . . ."

In contemporary sale catalogues marble tables are also often described as sideboard

Side Tables



FIG. IV. A WALNUT SIDE TABLE of unusual and rare design, with lion masks. One of a pair. *Circa 1745*
The property of Edward Farmer, Esq., New York



FIG. VII. A MAHOGANY MARBLE-TOPPED SIDE TABLE OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY. *Circa 1740*
In a private American collection



FIG. II. A MAHOGANY MARBLE-TOPPED SIDE TABLE somewhat similar in design to the table illustrated in Fig. III
In the collection of C. D. Rotch, Esq.

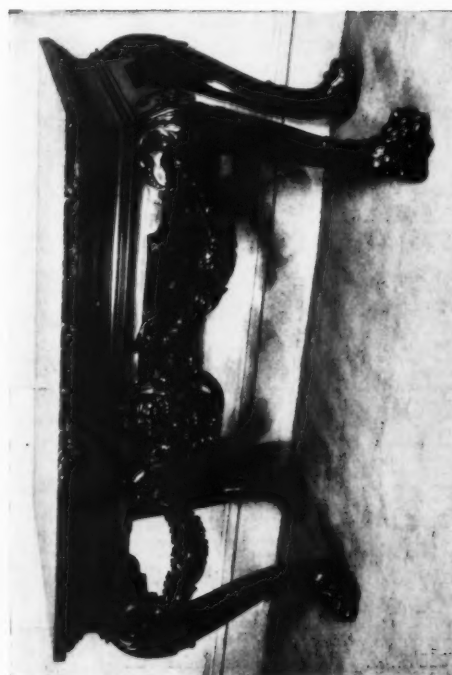


FIG. V. A FINE MARBLE-TOPPED SIDE TABLE made from Virginia walnut. This table is one of a pair. *Circa 1735*



FIG. III. DESIGN FOR A MARBLE TABLE
from the *Gentlemen's and Builders' Companion*
By William Jones, 1739

tables. For example, in a catalogue of the sale of the Duke of Chandos's house in Cavendish Square in 1746-47 one of the items mentioned is "a long marble sideboard table 6 ft. 10½ ins. × 2 ft. 6 ins. on a walnut-tree frame."

The pier tables were naturally of smaller dimensions as regards their length, since the pier wall between the windows, even of a very large room, would not measure more than 5 ft., and, in a room with three windows, the two piers dividing them would seldom accommodate a pair of tables more than 4 ft. in length.

The sideboard table, on the other hand, was one of a larger size: witness the entry in the Duchess of Northumberland's diary dated May 29, 1760, after her visit to Bulstrode: "one of the longest Marble Tables I ever saw."

Another place for a marble table was the hall, especially the large square hall in the Palladian type of country house that belonged to the early Georgian period.

A marble table too, was, on occasion, not considered out of place in the drawing-room or salon. Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, writing in her diary after a visit to Fawley Court, Bucks, in 1771, mentions that in the "saloon" was "a fine chimney piece, two very beautiful marble tables, on each an elegant candle branch of ormolu."

The use of marble for the tops of side tables of this period was unquestionably because of the decorative effect that a fine coloured marble slab gave to a table, and, in the case of a sideboard table, because such a top would be far more serviceable than one of wood.

That the marble top was considered an important adjunct to this type of table is shown by the fact that a walnut, mahogany or gilt side table, previous to 1745, whose dimensions would preclude it from being placed in the category of pier tables, is only rarely met with today without a marble top. One of the very few exceptions to this rule is the table with a mahogany top illustrated (Fig. VIII). A number of small walnut side tables, generally measuring 3 ft. in length, with veneered tops, have survived, but these were unquestionably pier tables. The gesso table which invariably had a gesso top must also have been a pier table, as the existence of a genuine example measuring more than 4 ft. 6 ins. in width is, as far as I am aware, not recorded.

The choice of a fine mottled and coloured marble was unquestionably a matter of importance in the eighteenth century in the eyes of a purchaser of a marble table. In some cases the tops were made of agate. In an advertisement of the sale by auction of the Earl of Stafford's collection,* "Agatt Tables, Pier Glasses, etc." are described.

Mrs. Powys also alludes in her diary, under the year 1758, to "two curious tables of Agate inlaid." This presumably refers to tables with agate tops.

Inlaid scagliola tops for tables were imported from Italy and were often of elaborate

* In the *Daily Courant*, April 29, 1720.

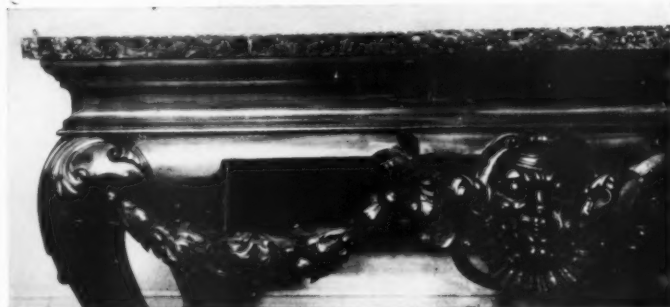


FIG. VI. DETAIL OF ORNAMENT OF FIG. V
showing the fine quality of execution in the modelling of the mask

Side Tables



FIG. VIII. A FINE MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD TABLE WITH TRUSS LEGS

Circa 1750

In a private American collection

design composed of landscapes and coats of arms.

Sometimes it would appear that the marble tops of tables were made of the same marble as the chimneypiece of the room in which they went. Mrs. Powys, in another part of her diary, when describing a house that she had visited, says: "the Chimney pieces, tables, etc., are of green marble from Sweden."

Plain, utilitarian side tables had tops of white statuary marble, the cost of which was considerably lower than a coloured marble.

The fashion for marble-topped tables, it seems, ceased about 1750, as Chippendale, in his "Director," shows designs for a number of tables which he describes as sideboard tables which, from the section of the edge of the top, were undoubtedly intended to be of mahogany and not of marble.

In considering the tables here illustrated, the mahogany example (Fig. II) is particularly interesting because it bears a strong resemblance to a plate showing the design of a table in the "Gentlemen's and Builders' Companion," by William Jones, published in

1739. This type of table, with its architectural truss leg, would appear to have come in about 1735, the vogue for it lasting until about 1750 or 1755.

The idea of a table of this design most probably originated with an architect, as it is a distinct departure from the table with a cabriole leg. In justification of this supposition, William Jones describes himself on the title page of the "Gentlemen's and Builders' Companion" as an architect, and, further, there is a published design of a similar type of table by William Kent. The mahogany table illustrated (Fig. VIII) is an example of another design of a table with a truss leg.

The fine walnut side table with cabriole legs decorated with lion masks illustrated (Fig. IV) is an exceptional specimen, not only because it is made of walnut, but because a side table with the lion mask motive is of the greatest rarity. This table, which is one of a pair, may have been designed originally as a sideboard table, since its length—which is over 5 ft. 6 ins.—is too great for a pier table.

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Another fine example of a marble-topped walnut table is illustrated (Fig. V). This table, however, unlike the previous example which is made of English walnut, is made of Virginia walnut—a hard, close-grained wood and an excellent medium for carving, though it lacks the fine figure of the English variety. Logs of Virginia walnut could be obtained in large dimensions, as this type of tree was imported from the province of Virginia in the American colonies where it grew to a considerable size. This wood enabled the cabinet-maker to make the legs of his tables of massive proportions, a particularly noticeable feature in the table under review. The legs of a table made of English walnut had to be more slender,

because of the scarcity of walnut wood in England—a great deal of which was allocated to the making of gun stocks—and also because logs from the English variety of walnut had to be cut to waste in conversion owing to defects in the wood. The quality of the execution of the central mask of this walnut side table is exceptional. So accurate is the sculpturing of the features that it might have been cast in bronze, a resemblance which is borne out by the bronzelike patina of the wood.

The mahogany example of a marble table (Fig. VII) is exceptional because of the design of the deep apron piece below the frieze.

The side table is an outstanding example



FIG. IX. A MARBLE-TOPPED TABLE OF UNUSUALLY BOLD DESIGN made of soft wood and polished

Circa 1730

In a private American collection



Side Tables



FIG. X. A MARBLE-TOPPED TABLE OF DEAL PAINTED AND GRAINED
Circa 1735

In the collection of Sir William Plender, Bart., G.B.E.

of how the eighteenth-century designer understood the art of design. In a side table there are two front legs and a frieze, and the difficulty that the designer had to surmount was the weak appearance caused by the thinness of the frieze in the middle of the table. By looking at the examples illustrated, the various ways of how this difficulty was overcome can be seen. Sometimes it was done by decorating the frieze with a carved motive as in Fig. IV, or with a shell (Fig. XI), and sometimes, in order to add importance to the table and to connect the central motive to the legs, swags were employed (Figs. II, V and X). Another method was to add a deep apron piece to the underneath side of the frieze, as in the mahogany example (Fig. VII).

The design of the side table (Fig. IX) is especially skilful, the large central shell being flanked with bold acanthus foliage which emanates from the scrolls, flanking the knee of the cabriole leg.

When one considers how infinitely difficult the problem of design is, one marvels at the genius of the eighteenth-century designer who, with unerring taste, seldom failed to produce a graceful and well-proportioned piece. He was helped to a great extent by his sense of tradition, a feeling that was also enjoyed by the craftsmen who executed his design.

The modern school of furniture design takes the shortest road to overcome the difficulties in its path. It pursues the rectangular form and ignores the grace of the curved

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line and surface because, in order to produce a curved form, both an unerring eye and inventive skill are required—two fundamental qualities but seldom possessed by the modern designer. It neglects ornament because nothing is so difficult to design adequately and execute correctly as an ornamental motive which fulfils its function of decorating a plain structure. The moderns take the line of least resistance, whereas the old designers courageously grappled with the difficulties of design and deliberately sought the most ambitious way of endowing a piece of furniture with elegance and grace.

Originality, function, and fitness for purpose appear to be the basic principles which govern the design of modern furniture. To make design subservient to originality and to neglect good proportion, elegance of form, and tasteful and appropriate ornament leads to nowhere. No chair and table can be made more functionally adequate than those of the past. The design of old furniture was good when it possessed the three above-mentioned essentials—good proportion, elegance of form, and appropriate ornament; and what held good in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries applies to design today.

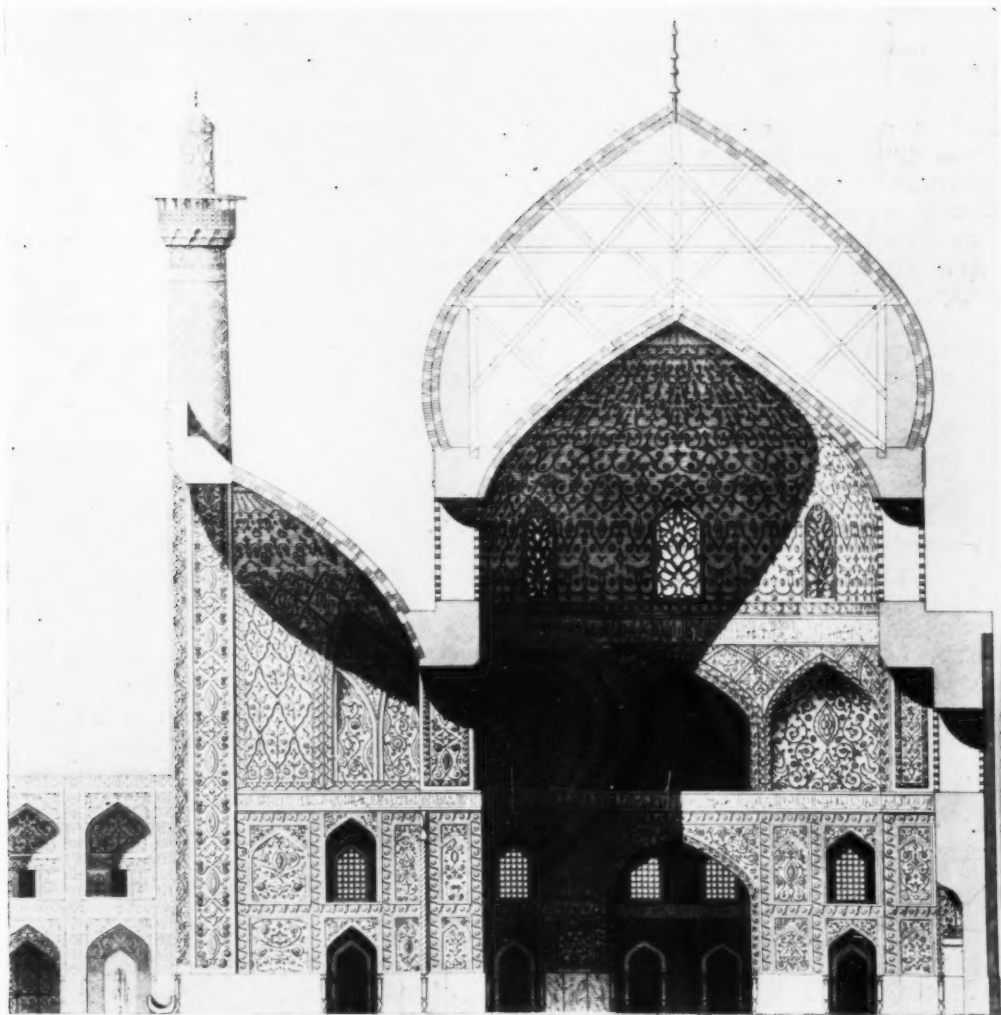


FIG. XI.

A MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE WITH CABRIOLE LEGS OF EXTREMELY ELEGANT CONTOUR

Circa 1740

In the collection of Sir William Plender, Bart., G.B.E.



SKETCH OF THE PORCH, SANCTUARY, AND DOME OF THE ROYAL MOSQUE, ISFAHAN

By Pascal Coste

THE ROYAL MOSQUE AT ISFAHAN

By W. LOFTUS HARE

ALTHOUGH there are in Persia other mosques of an older date, and of as rich decoration, the Mesjid-i-Shah at Isfahan stands out from among them as worthy of special interest; and especially so, because a model of the entrance court, 40 feet high, will be seen by visitors to the Exhibition of Persian Art at Burlington House, and will provide visitors with some

idea of the splendours of the whole building of which it is a small part.

The first point of interest with regard to the Royal Mosque is its site and orientation. Isfahan possesses one of the largest town squares in Asia; and it is known as the Meidan-i-Shah, or Royal Square. Situated approximately in the centre of the city, it forms a parallelogram pointing north and south,

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being about 422 yards long by 152 yards wide. The whole of this square is surrounded by arcades in which the various trades and industries hold their bazaars. These arcades are lighted by means of apertures in the upper part of the roof; here sit the hawkers, tailors, merchants, barbers, money changers, bath keepers, and hoteliers. It is Burlington Arcade enlarged and extended a hundred times over. Formerly the Square possessed a deep channel of water, and was filled with shrubs.

On the eastern side of the Royal Square is the domed mosque of Sheikh Lutf Ullah which possesses a marvellous *mirhab*, or prayer niche, of which we hope to produce a coloured plate in a future issue of APOLLO. The mosque is adorned with enamelled bricks of the brightest and most varied colours.

On the western side of the Square stands the Royal Palace of Shah Abbas the Great, of the Safari dynasty, who did so much to revive the power and prosperity of Persia, and who died in 1629.

It is now time to turn back to the Royal Mosque which owed its construction to the same monarch, who dedicated it to the Twelve Imams, so faithfully revered by the Shi'ah sect of Islam. The mosque stands on the south side of the Meidan-i-Shah and, as our plan reveals, its architect was faced with a difficult problem; for the square points north and south, and religious tradition required that the axis of the mosque should pass through the *mirhab* and be directed towards Mecca, the Holy City of Arabia. Consequently, after passing through the entrance court and under the arch—reproduced in the Exhibition—the visitor turns 45° to his right hand and sees the splendid interior and looks directly towards the most sacred place of prayer, the *mirhab*, and the pulpit on its right-hand side.

The reader may here consult the plan of the mosque and identify its several parts in the legend below it. Briefly, the central court, provided with a large basin of water, is rectangular; to left and right are large porches and beyond them domed chapels. Across the court is the porch of the sanctuary, and below it the sanctuary itself surmounted by the great cupola, the most striking feature of the building. Immediately to the right and left of these latter spaces are two long apartments for prayer,

the roof supported by marble columns and surmounted by smaller domes, sixteen in number, while in the two extreme southern corners are two paved courts containing fountains and surrounded by smaller arcades. Here also are found, in canonical positions, four prayer niches.

The plan shows that there is only one curious asymmetrical feature at the end near the Royal Square; at the top left-hand corner the prayer hall invades and is reduced by the arcade round the Meidan, while at the top right-hand it is rectangular and complete. Also, the twisted entrance is cleverly arranged; there is one triangular hall—a prism, as it were—where the mosque turns southwestwards.

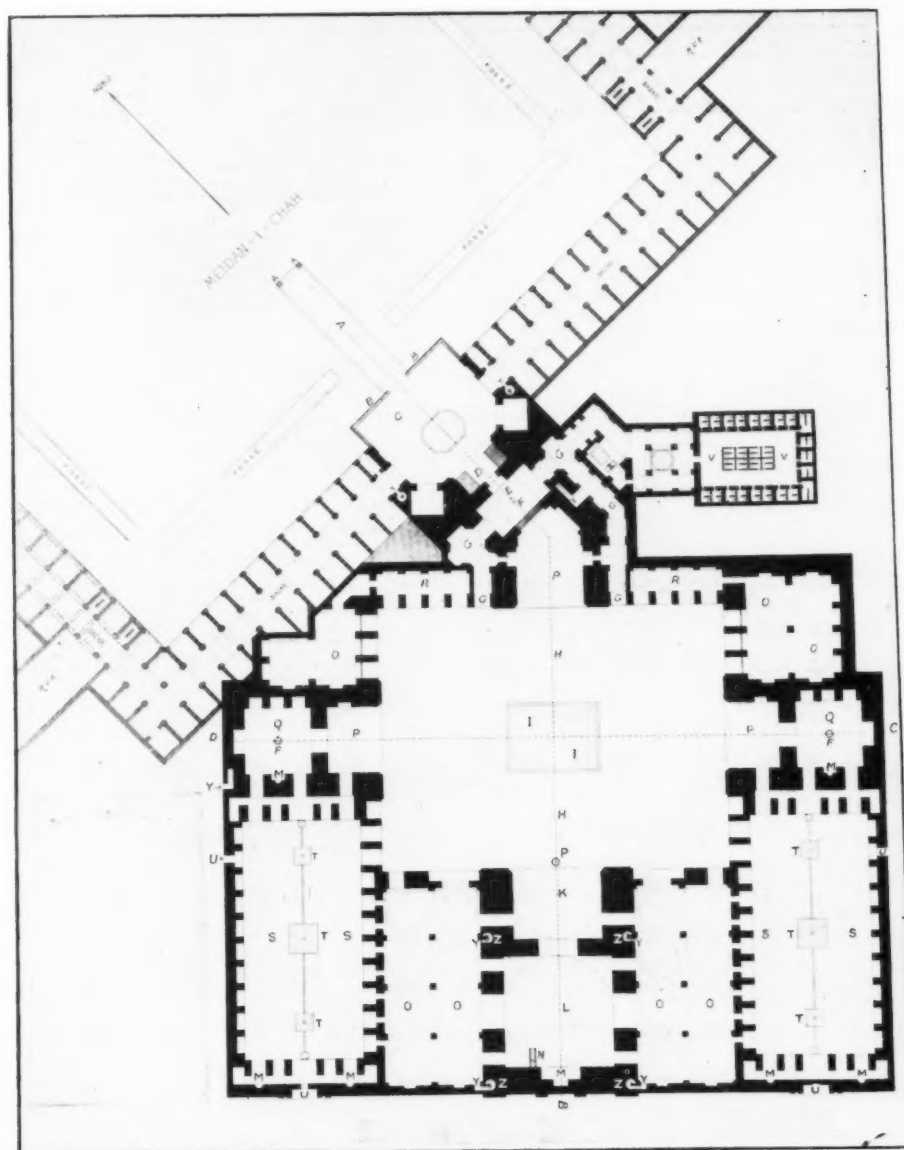
To describe in detail the interior of the mosque is impossible here. Its three alternately shaded and sunlit courts display façades of various tinted blues; the walls of the many chambers are covered from floor to ceiling with painted and glazed tiles of wonderful craftsmanship.

But we must now come outside and stand at gaze before the exterior of this great monument. Here, M. Charles Texier, a French architect who visited the spot, becomes almost lyrical from admiration. He writes:

"The general effect of the mosque is so light that at the first glance one seems to be dreaming; it appears as if the laws of equilibrium have been entirely forgotten. The minarets, of wonderful height, are so light that certain mullahs say they swing in a high wind. The cupola is ovoid, and rises in the air like a fantastic painting. All parts of the edifice are covered with enamelled brick on a blue ground, with flowers, and inscriptions of verses from the Koran. The effect of this building under a sky of unmatched purity produces upon the eye of a European—accustomed to the dullness and monotony of our constructions—an inexpressible feeling of admiration and surprise."

The minarets, about 137 feet high, are covered with square mosaics forming intricate geometrical designs; the general surface is turquoise and the interlacing lines are white, black and low red. There is a collar of yellow upon which are inscribed Arabic sentences, and the neck above the collar is of honey-comb formation in blue, while a cabin of fawn colour rests at the top from which the muezzin may chant his call to prayer.

The Royal Mosque at Isfahan



SKETCH PLAN OF THE ROYAL MOSQUE, ISFAHAN

Drawn by Pascal Coste

- A. Terminal stones of grey limestone.
- B. Forecourt wall about 3 ft. 6 in. high.
- C. Portal.
- D. Main entrance.
- E. Vestibule.
- F. Drinking water basins.
- G. Entrances.
- H. Main court, tile paved.
- I. Ablutionary tank.
- K. Sanctuary porch.
- L. Sanctuary below main dome.
- M. Prayer niches (*Mirhabs*).

- N. Pulpit.
- O. Prayer halls.
- P. Portals.
- Q. Domed halls.
- R. Vaulted colonnades.
- S. Tile-paved courts.
- T. Fountains.
- U. Exits.
- V. Latrines.
- X. Water supply.
- Z. Stairs to flat roofs.

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The hemispherical entrance porch stands between the two minarets and supports them; it is covered in every square inch with marvellous floral decoration and its receding surface (as seen in the section here printed) is as richly covered with floral designs.

As to the dome itself a special word must be said, following up Mr. Texier's remarks: its general surface is turquoise covered by interlacing arabesques in white, bound together by florets of yellow in two tints. The drum upon which the dome stands is deep blue decorated with Cufic inscriptions in white.

As the sketch here printed reveals—perhaps to the surprise of those outside the architectural profession—there are two domes, one seen from the floor and another above it, against the sky. In ancient days, it is believed the semicircular dome stood alone upon domestic buildings, stupas and churches. The flying dome is traced to Mongol sources and travelled across Asia to Russia, Persia, the Near East and India. Some archæologists, who love to get to the root of the matter, think they see the Mongol family tent, travelling on wheels

and drawn by oxen, as the primitive original of these grand exterior domes. St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London manage their double domes in a manner not dissimilar to that employed in Shah Abbas' great structure.

The material used in the building was white and red veined marble which had been discovered and quarried early in the seventeenth century.

As the result of much labour we are able to present our readers with a coloured photographic impression of this beautiful building, and we are assured on good authority that our plate is, in its small compass, a reasonable success. The photograph was taken by Mr. Arthur Upham Pope.

Grateful acknowledgment must here be made to the memory of Monsieur Pascal Coste, an eminent French architect, who made a prolonged study of Persian architecture and was the author of the plan and section here reproduced from his sumptuous book published in 1865. Doubts have been cast upon the accuracy of his measurements, but the drawings serve our present purpose well.

THE GREEK FORM-SENSE: THE WORK OF DUJAM PENIĆ

By KINETON PARKES

THE young sculptor of today has much with which to contend; he has all the past and all the present against him. It is very difficult for him to face and overcome this formidable array. As in nature, so in art, he is at the mercy of the great developmental force of progress, and yet how little he seems to progress. That seeming is the fault of our undeveloped sense of time. Time as well as space are but rudimentary senses of the human species at present. We can see and feel and touch, smell and hear, but we cannot sense the firmament nor eternity. When further æons have passed, the human species will be able to do this, and the artists among them will have equally evolved their faculties of expression. We may entreat them to give us new form, but unfairly, for artists are no more advanced in the evolution of form-

structure than are engineers. So, just as the engineer and the architect evolve their ideas throughout the centuries, so does the artist, and all face the problem of escaping from the past. The aeroplane bids fair to supplant the bridge, but it will be a long time before the old methods of conquering space are wholly abandoned. It will be a long time before what we call ancient sculpture rises to higher things. Yet every little helps, and although Rodin's work does not transcend that of Assyria, Egypt, and Greece, the sculpture of those cultures transcends that of primitive man, and so is evolution in art manifested.

The sculpture of today belongs to the Greek period. In the last seven thousand years there have been sporadic breakaways, but the main line is still that which emerges from Greece and upon which sculptors still travel.

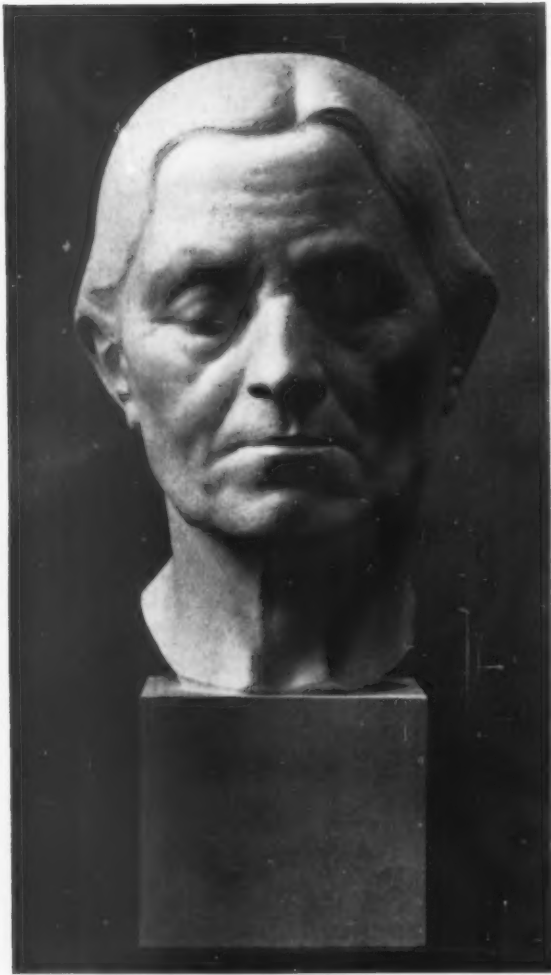
The Greek Form-Sense



SORROW

By Dujam Penić

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



BUST: MOTHER OF THE ARTIST

By Dujam Penić

They may anticipate an advance; hope for it; adventure it; but the time is not yet. The time is rapidly approaching when the great question "What shall we do with our railways?" will arise. In art the question is "What shall we do with our Greek sculptural forms?" Both the railway and Greek sculpture are doomed, but for the moment both serve useful purposes, while yet they are subject to the laws of evolution. Modification of type rather than absolute persistence, however, is the main law of evolution. When a type has reached the height of its possible development, it decays and dies. During the process some other type has diverged from the parent stem and is

secretly supplanting it. So, and only so, will new forms arise, and arise when the service of the old can be dispensed with.

Meanwhile the old type may be modified, in art, into something more beautiful, or something less. Until the new establishes itself it is no sin to endeavour to maintain the development of the old, for this effort is also a law of evolution. Another is imitation, and the imitative faculty in nature has its parallel in art; it may lead to something better, but it does not lead to something new. If ever it leads to something good it is acceptable, and is not to be decried if it is really imitative and not slavish copying. It is this factor to which the persistency of the Grecian type is due, for that type is so strong as to be able to dominate for a period almost as long as the Egyptian.

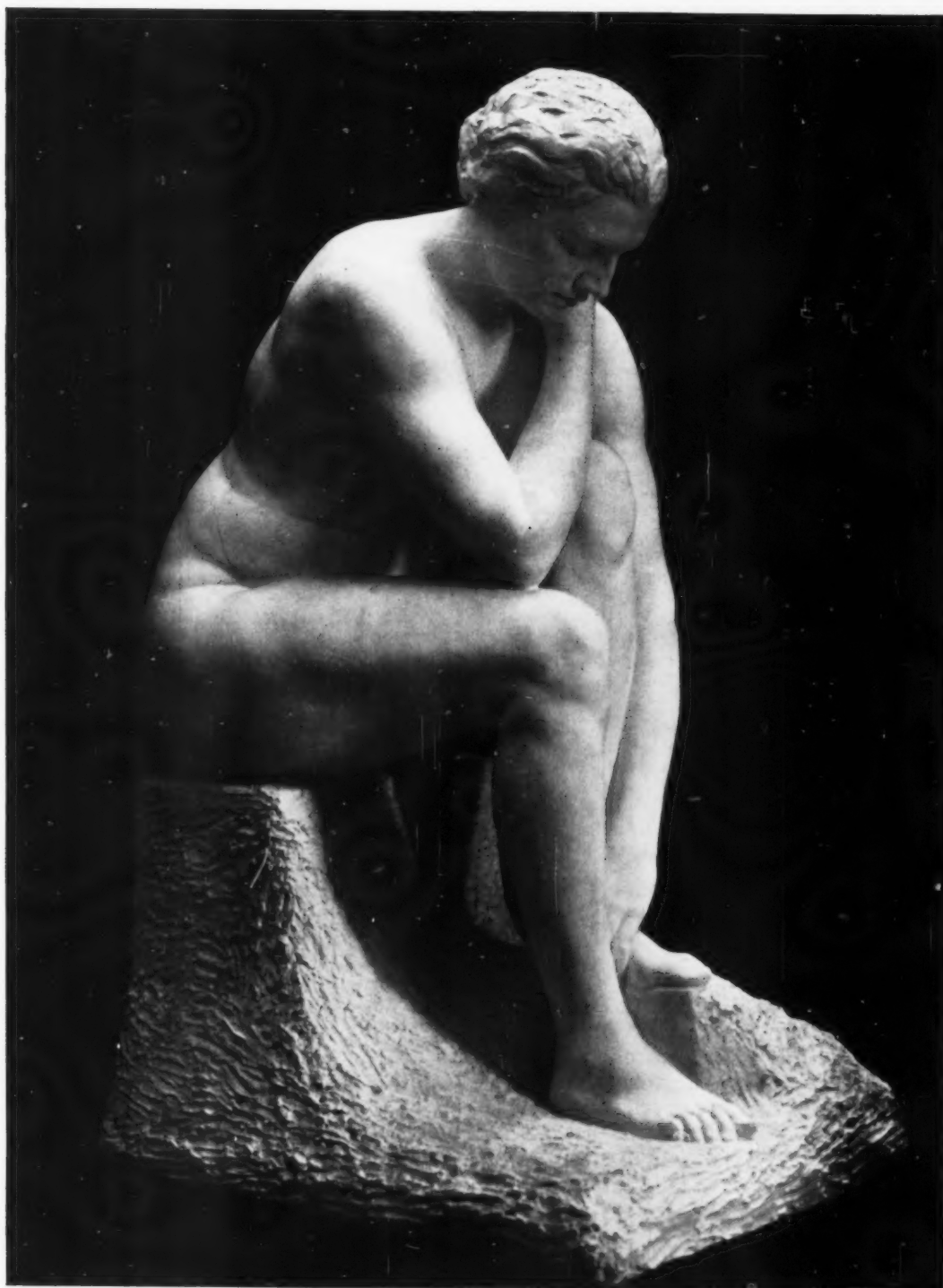
There are artists who are instinctively true to type, and in the work of Dujam Penić there is a forcible example. It was the secret of the Greek sculptors that they were true to nature; that they derived their form-sense from nature. It is the secret of the charm of the sculpture of Dujam Penić that he has not forgotten this; that he, as truly as they, bases his æsthetic appreciation on the beauty of the human figure.



TORSO

By Dujam Penić

The Greek Form-Sense



MAGDALEN

By Dujam Penić

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Penić is a Dalmatian born at Spalato in 1891, and educated in art at Venice and Rome. He was precocious, for in 1919 he exhibited at the Kingore Galleries in New York two important works, "Ecstasy" and "The Spirit of Sorrow." The former is a statue dangerously poised on the right foot, realistic in structure, and stylized in a manner peculiar to the Serbs, as to the hair. It is a representation of

broken line due to action. Two full-length figures of women in marble exhibit a more static study, although into one of them the artist has put some slight action denoting grief, and the other he calls "The Muse of Memory." These titles, however, are arbitrary, and the sculptor's foremost motive is not the expression of the emotions so much as of form. In the pursuit of this he has made



THE TOILET
By Dujam Penić

rhythmic movement, and is effective in this particular. The "Spirit of Sorrow" is a relief with similar stylization, a very low relief of simple incised drawing, a form which the artist used extensively at that period, for he made also a "Mother and Child," "The Mother of Pity," and a "Female Torso." But his most beautiful relief is the delicious "Mask of a Child," delicately carved, and left in the marble matrix. He supplemented the study of rhythm by a vivid group called "Danse Rhythmique," daring in composition, stylized, and full of

no less than five female torsos, including the one in relief, for in the study of the trunk he is able to note and denote those special plastic lines which are the basis of the full beauty of the figure. His efforts in the direction of facial and expressive beauty include three of particular importance—his mother, another portrait head, and a study of a woman's head, each one treated with fine naturalism. His full-length works in bronze and marble, some carved direct, embrace a sitting "Woman at Her Toilet," "Magdalen," "Innocence,"

The Greek Form-Sense

"Sorrow," and "Repose," all conventional titles, but as studies, original, and exhibiting the individuality of the artist expressed in traditional terms. They are fine pieces showing that Penić is not bound by the theories of direct carving, for the mass of each is sacrificed to the needs of expressive form, therefore broken in line. While they exhibit his devotion to the Greek tradition, they are very well based on

eye saw things in the round even when he made his sculpture in relief. He saw them whole and in proportion and position. He was at an advantage in that his vision was spatial; he visualized *en masse*, and not superficially. In this he projected sculpture into a further development which it needed for progression. The sculpture in the round of the Egyptians had become fixed in form at the dictation of



INNOCENCE
By Dujam Penić

the naturalistic feeling which is found in the best modern sculpture. Although no modernist, Penić is essentially of the time; while no expressionist, his work conveys the sense of sincerity, and in no way suggests that a return to primitivism would have helped him to express that sense of physical and mental beauty which is inherent in naturalism.

The Greeks were fortunate in being able to seize upon natural representation without any tradition of distortion. The sculptor's

material and progressed no further. Sculpture, mainly glyptic hitherto, needed the plastic urge.

While diorite and wood offer their peculiar objections to treatment, marble is more amenable, and the latter was the carvable material of the Greeks. But there was an even more amenable material and that was clay, and the Greeks used clay at a stage anterior to the fixation of form in marble, so that plastic sculpture was as free in form in Greece as it

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was fixed in Egypt. Plastic sculpture encouraged the full development of Greek form; it perpetuated the thrall of that of Egypt. When the Greek form-idea penetrated into Egypt, then the sculpture of that country became debased; that is to say, it lost its pristine significant form. In Greece there followed after the zenith a decline from the glory of the imagination of the great men, and in course of time a slackening in technical enthusiasm. The idea of Greek sculpture, however, has never been overtaken by any form of development which has derogated from it. At its highest it holds the imagination of the sculptors of today, and the cultured as well as the popular imagination.

Details of the career of Penić are generously

provided in an interesting study* by his fellow Yugoslav, A. Vite Mihčić, who ascribes his style to the influences of a combined classicism and "barbarism": Phœnician, Greek, Illyrian, Roman, Hungarian, and Croatian. Penić is a Croat like Meštrović, with whom he had the privilege of working, but his style is less "barbarian" and more classic than that of Meštrović. Penić exhibited his earlier works in Spalato in 1923, and in 1924 he went to Paris to work, and there showed his later pieces at the Salon d'Automne of 1926 and 1927, and the Salon de la Société Nationale des Beaux Arts in 1928. In 1929 a collective exhibition was held at the Galerie Bernheim jeune. His bronze "Torse de Jeune Fille" was purchased by the State for the Luxembourg.

* *Dujam Penić, Sculpteur*, par André Vite Mihčić. Paris: Editions E. de Boccard, 1 Rue de Médicis. 8vo, pp. 55 + plates xx.

SOME OF THE TREASURES OF H.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA

FROM among the many hundreds of beautiful objects which will be displayed at Burlington House it is difficult to make a selection of those to which attention should first be directed. The pages of *APOLLO* will contain many more illustrations of the artistic triumphs of Persia, but we feel that a beginning may be made from the treasures so generously lent by His Majesty the Shah. Our plates, therefore, are chosen with this thought in view.

Domestic art in Persia, as, indeed, in all countries, is the first to appear; the craftsman aims at utility with necessity in his mind. Jugs and basins for liquids, bowls for fruit, plates and dishes for food, lamps, candlesticks, boxes, and bells emerge from the workshop, enter the bazaar, and are distributed in all directions for household use.

We are able to distinguish between those objects that are designed to serve the needs of simple people, directly, from those which display added charms of design, colour, and decoration, until at length the normal art of the craftsman becomes so rich that it enters the category of the fine arts.

The public will be able to confirm this broad generalization when the glories of Persia are spread before their eyes; they will see how deeply art has penetrated into use, and will, perhaps, learn that true art, in its final definition, is nought but the beautification of necessity.

The plates referred to in this short note fall into two classes: earthenware and metalwork. Of the former we give three from the Shah's collection.

Plate I is an earthenware bowl of the thirteenth century with outer decoration in slight relief, covered with a turquoise blue glaze. The figures represented

are a lion, a wolf, and an antelope threading their way through a leafy jungle.

Plate II is an earthenware jug, also of the thirteenth century, with decoration in low relief, covered by a glaze of cobalt blue; the body is pear-shaped and the lower part fluted. The middle portion contains Cufic characters interspersed with floral design. On the neck appears a band of foliated scrolls.

Plate III is an earthenware jug, from which the handle is broken, carved in slight relief, painted in black and cobalt blue; the glaze a turquoise blue. The shape is bulbous, and on body and neck appear arabesques bordered with bands upon which appear Koranic inscriptions on a black ground. It is of the thirteenth century also.

Plate IV stands outside the Shah's collection and is here included to make a fourth member of the pottery group; it belongs to Mr. Harry van den Bergh, and is known as Ray pottery; dated the thirteenth century. This is an inscription on the body almost imperceptibly intertwined with the foliage.

Plate V. With this we pass to metalwork and go back a century to the twelfth; it is a bronze basin decorated within and without and inlaid with silver. The pictorial design evidently takes the observer back to some legendary heroic incident recorded by Firdausi in his great poem. It belongs, of course, to the Moslem period, which can be seen from the Arabic inscription at the foot.

Plate VI is also of the twelfth century and is a ewer of tinned copper engraved with bands of animal and geometrical decoration. The cartouches round the body contain Naskh inscriptions.

Plate VII. This is a candlestick designed for a

7





Some of the Treasures of H.M. the Shah of Persia

palace rather than for a cottage; it is attributed to the first half of the thirteenth century, and is marvellously engraved in all its parts. The material is of bronze inlaid with silver. The complicated decoration of the roundels represents cavaliers prancing on a field of diaper and entwined forms. Round the rim is a Naskh inscription. The location of the find is said to be Mosul, N.W. Iraq.

Plate VIII. With this we pass away from objects of domestic use to one of a class by itself. It is known as a *kashkul* or "begging bowl," but can hardly belong to a beggar, as commonly understood all the world over. In the East, however, the practice of religious mendicancy is widely known, and here the simple bowl has been beautified and raised to ceremonial use, no doubt justified by charitable purposes. The metal is watered steel, inlaid with gold, and is wonderfully carved in fine relief.

The inscriptions are Persian, and the date is of the seventeenth century.

Plate IX brings us, with a spring, into the very heart of the fine arts. It is a reproduction, as faithful as is possible, of the outer binding of a book which has never before been seen in Europe or, indeed, anywhere else, for it is one of the most treasured possessions of H.M. the Shah of Persia. We expect to be favoured with an article by the kindness of an expert who will describe this volume with authority and accompany his literary effort with some reproductions of the charming miniatures which the book contains. For the moment all that need be said is that the book is known as *Khamsa*, or "The Quintet," by Jāmi, the Persian poet, who died in 1492. It belongs to the sixteenth century, and contains the work of several artists of the school of the famous Bihzad.

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THE MADONNA, CHILD, AND ST. JOSEPH

By Correggio

A coloured sketch at the Royal Gallery, Bologna, recently discovered by Professor Enrico Mauceri

A DRAWING BY CORREGGIO IN THE ROYAL GALLERY, BOLOGNA

THE coloured drawing discovered by Professor Enrico Mauceri in the storerooms of the Royal Gallery at Bologna, representing the Virgin and Child between an Angel (?)—very, very slightly sketched in—and St. Joseph, shows all Correggio's characteristics, as was recognized, we understand, by Adolfo Venturi, the famous historian of Italian Art.

The signs of nervousness and torment which appear in the rare drawings by the great Emilian master (note, among others, particularly those at Windsor, in the Royal Library, and in the University Galleries, studies respectively for the "Antiope" and the "Madonna with St. Jerome"), and the heightening with tenuous and quiet colour, gradating like a thin cloud from ash-grey to light bluish and pink, prove beyond doubt that the drawing belongs to Correggio.

Certain similarities with the "Gipsy Madonna" in the National Museum at Naples point to that period. All the great painter's creative passion inspired his hand when he tried to give the Virgin the utmost expressiveness of gentle softness and the happiest and most affectionate

pose to the Child, as may be seen in the repetition and correction of his little head.

The figure of St. Joseph, which was first lightly sketched, and then repeated in that erect, noble, and almost proud pose, departing from the typical manner of representing this saint, is also Corregesque. The sweet and delicate scene—in which the Virgin, enveloped in her veils, gives out all her palpitating maternal affection while humbly seated on the ground—is very suggestive.

Is the theme a "Rest on the Flight into Egypt"? It appears to be. There is the outline of an arch, which might be the entrance to a cave. The lines are broken and confused, almost as in a textile, and the colours stand out between the black pencil marks. Through these shines the light of the genius who was able to give the splendour of a picture in a little drawing (0.23 × 0.30 m.) executed like a pastel.

For which picture was it made? Is it to be connected with a lost picture?

The research of scholars will show whether anything further can be discovered in this connection.

A PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO

By W. SUIDA



DETAIL OF FRESCO
IN CHURCH OF
HOLY TRINITY,
FLORENCE

By Domenico Ghirlandaio

AMONGST the Florentine painters of the fifteenth century there is none better known as a portraitist than Domenico Ghirlandaio. His art, so to say, culminates in portraiture. The figures in his religious "histories"—the stories of Christ, of Mary, of St. Francis and other saints—are full of dignity, but hardly characteristic representations of dramatic expression. Not infrequently we find in his extensive picture-planes the real subject given by a few figures in the centre, whilst the greater part of the scene is filled with groups of figures individualized with consummate mastery which are in no way concerned with the main theme, and do not attempt to conceal this fact. These figures represent the donors of those picture cycles, with their families, friends, and followers; occasionally the master and his own circle are seen; or they represent eminent personages with whom the donor liked to see himself associated. Much ingenuity

has been expended in the attempt to identify the many of his masterly portrait figures which form part of the picture series in San Gimignano, Rome, and Florence.

By the side of this array of wonderful portraits in the mural paintings, there is only an infinitesimal number of portrait panels, and of this there is probably only a single one, the famous profile of a woman of 1488 in the Pierpont Morgan collection in New York, that has never been doubted as Ghirlandaio's own work. It should be remembered that even as regards the portrait of the grandfather with the deformed nose and the grandson in the Louvre, as also the beardless old man in the former Benson collection, some opinions have been expressed which connect these paintings with a pupil or with a painter in the artist's immediate circle. That would seem to be sufficient evidence of the importance that should be attached to the discovery of a portrait panel which can with certainty be ascribed to the master himself.

A Portrait of a Youth by Domenico Ghirlandaio



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

By Domenico Ghirlandaio

In a private collection, Florence



DETAIL OF FRESCO IN S. MARIA NOVELLA

By Domenico Ghirlandaio

This is the case with the bust portrait of a youth* that came to my notice recently in a private collection in Florence. The sitter wears a bright-red garment, with an undergarment of iron-grey colour visible under the sleeves and collar. The broad plate-shaped head-covering with an overhanging piece, and a scarf that crosses the chest and is slung back over the shoulder, are of a brownish violet colour; the background is grey-blue. The carnation is intensely luminous. The yellowish and whitish tones of the skin are delicately glazed with red on the cheeks and lips; the cheeks being further illuminated by reflected light. The eyes are light and greenish; the carefully-curved hair is fair. The first glance at this portrait of a youth with its sureness and power reveals the hand of a great master. It is sufficient to compare some of the not rare portraits painted by Domenico's brother-in-law and pupil Bastiano Mainardi to see how greatly this newly discovered portrait of a youth surpasses Mainardi's. Even that delightful "Portrait of a Boy" in the National Gallery, London, which is quite rightly ascribed to the "School of Domenico Ghirlandaio"—(I would rather say the "immediate environment" of the master)—cannot measure itself as regards clarity of

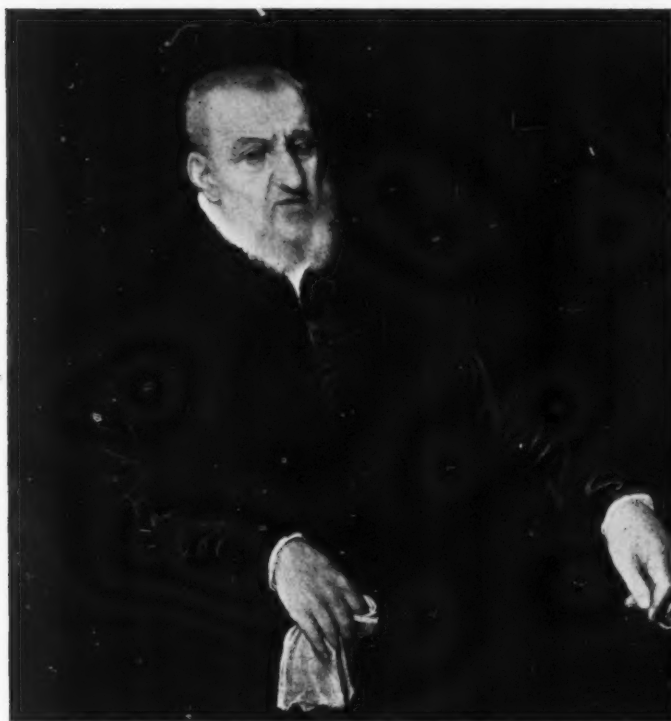
construction and breadth of conception with our picture. This, however, can well hold its own against the beautiful portraits in Domenico's frescoes. If we take several examples from them we find, in spite of the difference in technique, the same peculiarities in the treatment of details. I compare the figure of the youth from the "Miracle of St. Francis" in the Sassetti Chapel with this picture in order to draw attention to the identical contour-treatment of the eyelids and pupils, the identical drawing and treatment of light in nose and mouth. We encounter the same kind of head-covering several times in the scenes from the life of the Virgin in the choir of Santa Maria Novella.

I have not chosen the examples haphazardly from those frescoes which are regarded as the masterpieces of Domenico Ghirlandaio. Certainly the scenes from the "Story of St. Fina" in San Gimignano, as likewise the mural painting of the "Calling of the First Disciples" in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, show already groups of quite excellent portrait figures, but it is only in the two great cycles in Florence that one finds the free and masterly development, the big-spaced and monumental pose which distinguishes our portrait. Together with these wall-paintings our portrait would seem to have been painted during the second half of the fourteen hundred and eighties.

* Painted on poplar wood, measuring 51.5 by 37 cm., and in a very good state of preservation.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

By CARLYLE BURROWS



PORTRAIT OF A
VENETIAN
NOBLEMAN

By Titian

*In the Venetian Masters
Exhibition at the Van
Diemen Galleries*

IN spite of the present business depression throughout the country and the fact that art, in the scale of economic values, is prone to be regarded as less of a necessity than a dozen other things, New York is not at the present moment suffering from a want of exhibitions or of a public inclination to visit them. The National Academy of Design has just opened its 105th annual show with a voluminous array of paintings, sculpture and prints; the Van Diemen Galleries, which are closely affiliated with important art sources abroad, encouraged by the success of their past exhibitions of old masters such as those of Van Dyck and Rubens, in 1929, and Cranach the same year, are showing now a very attractive group of Venetian Masters; and at the Agnew Galleries art lovers are welcoming the opportunity further to familiarize themselves with the London Group of British painters, who leave a most exhilarating impression.

Returning to the Academy, it is fitting to award first mention at this time to this most ancient and honourable of American exhibitions owing to the special nature of this year's affair. For many years the Academy has been open to outside contributors, the non-affiliated constituting by far the larger number of exhibitors in both the Winter and the Spring exhibitions. This time, however, the four large galleries of the Fine Arts Building are devoted exclusively to the works of academicians and associates, who number altogether 300 painters, sculptors,

architects, and print makers. It goes without saying that the academic idea is valiantly and with dignity maintained in the exhibition. For here in the main are grouped together artists whom no amount of radical change of thought has been able to swerve from the belief that true art is grounded upon cultivated drawing and craftsmanship.

For years the Academy has been criticized and condemned for its inflexible adherence to that principle. So much so that friends of modern art in its more contemporaneous and adventurous forms rarely ever go near the exhibition. As a matter of fact the shows have grown very dull at times and never more so when interest on the part of the members themselves has waned. But this is not to imply that the Academy has few admirers, nor that such an exhibition as the present one, in which the full force of the institution is felt, is without merit. The visitor in passing through the exhibition may fail to be greatly moved; indeed, there are few occasions when one is stirred as on the occasion of the recent Daumier show. But he cannot be unappreciative of numerous evidences of technical accomplishments of a high order of excellence.

With the death a few days ago of Charles W. Hawthorne, the Academy lost one of its most vital figures. He was an influential teacher as well as painter of genre and portraiture, being founder of the Cape Cod School

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of Art, at Provincetown, Mass. Mr. Hawthorne more than any other subject painted the American and Portuguese fishermen and their wives of that village. But he did so always with imagination, finding in his subject something frequently approaching spirituality. His deeply colourful work is excellently represented in the Academy by "The Fishwife," a portrait of a woman in a dark red cloak holding a pan of glistening fish. Not precisely "a picture of the year" (Hawthorne was never

such as this are at once apparent and greatly to be welcomed by students of Italian painting. Although not every work among the twenty-seven on view is conclusively authenticated, the development of the Venetian schools may very clearly be traced from the early Renaissance, through the high Renaissance and on up to the eighteenth century. The catalogue, with dates, certifications and the names of previous owners, too, is informative and helpful



THE RESURRECTION

By Tintoretto

*In the Venetian Masters
Exhibition at the Van
Diemen Galleries*

given to painting showily), it is nevertheless one of the features of the occasion. Frank W. Benson, who is well known abroad for his etchings of game bird subjects, is another contributor of distinction. His best work is a painting of north-woods hunters with their canoe beside a torrential stream. Many more good pictures might be cited, but it is our purpose here merely to suggest the nature of a significant milestone in the Academy's history.

The Venetian Masters Exhibition at the Van Diemen Galleries is composed of both portraits and devotional compositions, and the great name of Titian stands out impressively among them. The advantages of an event

The room filled with examples of the late Rococo period is altogether charming, especially as it includes a fine large "View of Verona" by Canaletto, and one of Guardi's most luminous marines. Both are capital examples of pictorial composition, and the former, with its smooth expanse of dark water, brings out an unfamiliar richness of tone quality in the master's work. The strength of the exhibition lies, however, among the earlier paintings of the Renaissance.

Most important, no doubt, are Tintoretto's "The Resurrection," and the "Danae" by Titian, though the latter's "Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman" is also one of the high spots in the exhibition. Titian is known by









Letter from New York

other versions of the "Danae," but this one, formerly in the Earl of Chesterfield's collection, is characteristically masterful, filled with rich painting, and, in the nude figure at least, beautifully mellow in colour. The portrait of the old nobleman is of about the same period, around 1550, and typical of the master's most monumental portraiture. The eyes are drawn to the masterfully painted hands resting simply on the arms of the chair in which the subject sits, but in every respect, it is a commanding characterization.

The most impressive of the three Tintoretto's—which include a "Portrait of Alvisio Vendramin" and a "Portrait of a Doge"—the large "Resurrection," is considered to be his first version of this subject, others being in the Ducal Palace and in the Scuola di San Rocco. It is a supreme composition, whatever the merits of the foreign examples may be, and one clearly endowed with the master's authority and power. The figure of Christ ascending from the open tomb is both majestic and vital; the setting with its far-flung landscape background and vivid evening sky, lends, with the reposeful attitudes of the guardians of the tomb, an air of dramatic calm.

One does not often see two great figures such as Titian and Tintoretto so representatively illustrated (there is also a small Titian head of "A Youth," showing the early influence of Giorgione, that should appreciatively be mentioned) in an exhibition of this kind. "The Three Sisters," a strikingly decorative canvas, is attributed by Dr. Gronau to Cariani. The central figure wearing a vivid striped costume would also seem to justify its attribution to Veneto by Von Hadeln. And there is a tenderly painted little "Betrothal of St. Catherine" by Veronese, which, though lacking a little in vitality of drawing is nevertheless full of pleasing animation. In portraiture, imaginative subjects, and in landscapes the trends of a great tradition are richly set forth in the exhibition.

As a result of the auction sale of the Ambrose Monell collection two fine Turner marines were to be returned to England. This sale, which took place at the end of



GENERAL ANDREW HAY By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

Bought by Messrs. Knoedler at the Monell Sale

By permission of the American Art Association



MOUNT CANIGOU

By J. D. Innes

In the British Exhibition at the Agnew Galleries

November at the American Art Association—Anderson Galleries—comprised a modest but select group of art objects assembled some twenty years ago by the late Mr. Monell. Among the items included were Gothic and Renaissance furniture and stained glass and seven paintings of the British and Dutch schools, of which several of the most important came from the Charles T. Yerkes collection at its dispersal in 1910. The highest price of the recent sale was \$85,000, which was bid by an agent for an anonymous English collector for Turner's "Venice: the Giudecca." A beautiful large composition of mysterious grandeur, this was painted about 1846 and before Mr. Yerkes acquired it from Mr. Lockett Agnew and Mr. James Orrock it had belonged to the fourth Earl of Arran, of Castle Gore, County Mayo. The second Turner, which went to the same agent for \$23,000, was the "St. Michael's Mount," a picture both earlier and smaller in size than the handsome "Venice." The subject is a beach scene with figures of fishermen beyond which are beached vessels, and further, the mount with a castle on top enveloped in hazy grey clouds.

The larger picture registered a considerable advance over the price paid for it in the Yerkes sale when "Venice: the Giudecca"*

* Illustrated in APOLLO, December 1930.

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sold for \$60,000 and the smaller Turner for \$25,000. Considering the few Turners which are today in private hands it is regrettable that such rare examples as these should have been permitted to leave the country. A fine example of Rembrandt's early portraiture, "A Rabbi in a Wide Cap," which fetched \$51,500 in the 1910 sale, also went up in price, selling to an unnamed Cuban collector for \$75,000. This is a well-known work on panel 24 by 20 inches. It is included in Bode's work, was engraved by Young in the "Leigh Court Gallery" and, in 1884, passed from the collection of Sir Philip Miles into that of Prince Demidoff before being acquired by Mr. Yerkes.

Raeburn's brilliant three-quarter length of "General Andrew Hay, of Mount Blairy," passed directly from M. Knoedler & Co. into Mr. Monell's hands. At the recent sale this vivid, richly painted military portrait was again acquired by Knoedler's for \$46,000, while Raeburn's bust portrait of Helen Colvin, née Renny, formerly belonging to Sir Sidney Colvin, was knocked down to the same firm for \$16,000. The remaining two subjects, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady Mary O'Bryen, afterward Countess of Orkney," which Mr. Yerkes obtained from Thomas Agnew & Sons and before that belonged to the Viscountess Clifden, and the Ferdinand Bol "Portrait of an Artist," both went to the same buyer, W. W. Wildon, for \$31,000 and \$9,000 respectively. The Bol, an excellent work very close to the style of Rembrandt, would offhand seem to have justified a very much better price than was paid for it. At any rate here were six paintings out of seven which in a time of widespread business depression stood the test of public sale in a most impressive fashion. As has been seen, the former prices in at least two significant instances were greatly improved upon.

To the sanely progressive painting exhibited by the London Group and other British artists at the Agnew Galleries, New York should doff its hat in appreciation. Here are artists who do not attempt to be *outré* or merely clever, who in most instances have learned how to paint well in an original contemporaneous manner. Among them are some old favourites, such as Augustus John, Charles Conder, and the late Ambrose McEvoy whose works are perhaps the best known in this country. We

were especially interested in Mr. John's vigour as a landscape painter and in a comparison of his freshly painted "The Little Railway" with the "Mount Canigou" of the late J. D. Innes, an artist of unmistakable genius.

To one not previously familiar with the artistic relations of these two artists their common interests in landscape painting are at first somewhat disconcerting. But when we learn that it was Innes who encouraged his friend in the employment of his innate ability in out-of-door painting, the circumstance of their superficial similarities is clearly explained. Mr. Innes seems to have been more interested, however, in the decorative aspects of design. Conder, too, is very charming in a Whistlerian fantasy, "Swanage Bay." Even when he painted directly from Nature the subject was greatly elevated by his sensitive powers of imagination.

Among the several paintings by Duncan Grant our interest was most keen upon the "Sussex Road," a vivid picture filled with soft, dazzling sunlight.

The younger men contribute much in fact to the aspect of richly vitalized workmanship which characterizes the exhibition as a whole. Keith Baynes is a striking colourist, and his "Flowers in a Green Jug" makes a rich spot on the wall. In figure-painting we found especially attractive the little "Girl's Head" by Mrs. Dod Proctor, and the deftly painted and pictorial "Trooper" by A. J. Munnings, R.A., who is opening an important show of his equestrian subjects at the Howard Young Galleries to last until the Christmas holidays. There is yet to be mentioned the "Portrait of Captain Charles Romer Williams" by McEvoy which, if not quite so personal in colour as his work has seemed in the past, is nevertheless an eloquent, sensitive likeness.

We must confess to finding P. Wilson Steer not over impressive in his four works, a fact which has something to do perhaps with the lack of opportunity to view his large "Path of the Storm" with appropriate detachment. Nor is Walter Richard Sickert, who has two rather drably painted still-lives, seemingly represented at his best. Twenty-four artists figure in the exhibition and a considerable number of the pictures come as loans from the Edward Nash collection. The event is in every way worth while.



LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

READERS of this magazine well know that it is not through mere satirical humour that I write constantly of the great Salons that they give the least favourable opportunity for forming a useful review of artistic movements. Every modern critic has said the same and it is to be feared they will continue saying so for a long time. So long, indeed, as artists, whose works are daily offered to us by more than one hundred galleries, do not agree to compose and paint for the Salon some sort of masterpieces according to the sense given to that word by the workers of former guilds, thus imitating their precursors of classical or academical epochs. It would be still desirable that the Salons might gather together every time all the major elements of the societies which organize them. The Salon d'Automne of 1930 has specially suffered serious defections. Too many masters are absent around whom youngsters might have attempted to group themselves, even in opposition, following a happy logic. It is true the great Bonnard is there, playing the same magnificent and generous rôle as Paul Signac at the Indépendants. But how many regrettable absentees!

The "line" is generally covered with canvases very arbitrarily given to works *de gauche*. They are poorly academical if they be the works of young men having seldom pushed their studies far, and who, in an encyclopædic ignorance of the eternal masters, those whom Baudelaire has called *les Phares*, endeavour to imitate their most notorious contemporaries. It is, one could say, using the expression invented by the good literary pasticheur Paul Reboux, the Salon of the "à la manière de." I find little of consequence to enumerate among serious works besides the very fine composition of Kisling, "La Délaissée," a noble figure of feminine sorrow, of great simplicity of feeling and a loyal handling of colour: the harmonious Provençale composition of Maurice Savin, a young artist with large vision and of whom I have often told you, who, even while the Salon was held, had a specially fine private exhibition at the Gallery Weill: "La Kermesse de l'Indépendance belge" of Jean de Botton, a real youngster, who revealed himself at the last Salon des Tuileries; it is quite possible that he started partially under the influence of Favory, himself full of Rubens, but soon he tended towards a more ordered composition which is not without a touch of poor De la Fresnaye, too soon dead; perhaps it is Jean de Botton who will draw the conclusions which one expected from the most brilliant representative of Fauvism and Cubism: the works of Jean Girard, another youngster who, after a severe training in absolute seclusion, often dangerous, submits himself at last to our judgment, with the one ambition to impose himself by his quality; his name is to be remembered. The visitor at the Salon no doubt was struck by the numerous reminders of the last century. Is it merely accidental? Already certain critics from whom

this fact has not escaped begin writing that, after all, Impressionism has been destroyed by the Fauves "before it said its last word."

It is a debatable point which might become heated. It is important to know who is in error. The painters of the twentieth century, beginning with the Fauves, from Henri-Matisse to Friesz, have left their friends the poets themselves subscribing to the old criticism that Impressionism, if it had the virtue of bringing painting to Nature, to lighten up the palette and generally *ouvrir les fenêtres*, was all the same involved in an impasse and by disdaining composition, in the illusion of movement, had nearly led French painting *aux abîmes de l'amorphe*. Had Impressionism anything else to say, or is it we who have lost our way? We shall perhaps very soon know.

I have mentioned Roger de la Fresnaye—a recent exhibition has been held of sculptures, very little known, by this artist who has left an output at once considerable and yet little known. His death is an irreparable loss to French art. Roger de la Fresnaye had in him well-balanced virtues which, after extreme audacities, were to lead him quicker than others to a rare classical harmony. The audacities I speak of were always those of a poet as much as of a plastic artist; of a poet who introduces geometry into the scheme of his realistic dreams. In this he resembles greatly Géricault, exactly at the time when the master of the "Cuirassier blessé" was put in his true place, that of the first French realistic painter who took the greatest care in the interpretation of movement. It is in this light one sees today critics doubting the authenticity of Neolithic art (for there are more of them than one thinks), asserting that it is a case of an immense Romantic mystification! This is even more startling than the Glozel affair! Monsieur André Billy, excellent literary critic and friend of numerous painters, is ready to reopen vehemently the discussion. How one has marvelled at this interpretation of movement in the cave artist's works (Dr. Gozdezky, one of the writers of the beauties of the grotto of Eyziès, in Dordogne, insists on this point at length). M. André Billy intends to put to the test the Romantic example of Géricault, the supposed inspirer, though entirely innocent, of the *faussaires* of a genius almost equal to that of Macpherson-Ossian.

Let us return to this century and the sculptures of Roger de la Fresnaye. The works of this painter—who was a real gentleman of France, and counts among his ancestors men of the sword and the poet Vauquelin de la Fresnaye—are not works as finished, in the sense of invention, as his paintings once and for all classified: "Homme chantant et buvant," notable in the Autumn Salon of 1910, "Le Triomphe de l'Aviation" and his military and cubist canvases—the only ones of the kind—"Artillerie et Cavalerie," for which I asked in vain in 1912 a space on the walls of l'Hôtel des Invalides or of

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l'Ecole de Guerre. The sculptures of La Fresnaye are passionately witty experiments, in the interpretation that a refined plastic artist can give to that word. These sculptures must be considered in the output of La Fresnaye as the transition from archaism, which was common to several among the best of his generation. Roger de la Fresnaye, sculptor, resembles André Dérain, a painter copying, but with such freedom, Ghirlandaio, whom it seems a duty to reproduce in all the publications devoted to Dérain. For La Fresnaye, it is Jean Goujon whom he interprets. He had no need to go back further. His temperament had no use of a "higher epoch." When thirty years of age, Roger de la Fresnaye was in a position to show the way to a junior, who was not to imitate him, Pierre Fauconnet, who died also so young: an artist of the most rigid National feeling, but without the element of refusing a lyrism reputed Nordic by a too-cautious criticism.

The exhibition now held in London of the work, so thoroughly French, of Monsieur Henry de Waroquier, the preparations for which I watched with so much interest over here in Paris in his fine studio, consists of landscapes, figures, and still-life. More reserved than Roger de la Fresnaye, Henry de Waroquier has forbidden to himself wild creations.

He possesses in the highest degree that virtue of patience which so many of his brilliant contemporaries lack so completely. He started by showing his great gifts as a decorator; then his temperament had full play; it was not held back by the rigidity of the line. But the ambition of this artist was to infuse everything with life before everything else: a full life, the powerful humanity, to reach style without recourse to minor stylization. However, to speak briefly, for his stages were many, he is now at the point of perfection in this first attempt at being himself.

As a result of this we have many delightful canvases, suave and robust and of an incomparable surety of taste: this taste being never guaranteed in Henry de Waroquier's works by those minute carefulnesses which lead, in an artist, to cowardice. One must expect much from the maturity of this painter who, governed first by a pleasant prejudice for Japanese art, has been led to the big natural interpretation of modern times. Translator infinitely delicate of atmospheres either of landscapes or the air, in which the model breathes, he gets his style from the atmosphere.

I must now speak to you about Raoul Dufy, who is to the fore at the moment with an important exhibition of his watercolours. A complete survey of the work of this painter is about to be published. Starting with the most truculent Fauvism, Dufy has become the master of nuances. The work of which I speak will consist, besides a critical study, of a life of the painter and a *catalogue raisonné*, the first work published of his considerable production. The publisher, Mr. Fleury, has entrusted to Mlle. Marcelle Berr de Turique the task of writing the text.

I have in my hand several pages of this manuscript, the book not being announced for publication before the Spring. I am happy to read these wise quotations: "Raoul Dufy proves definitely that in France one can break the moulds and still remain in the tradition, bring about revolutions without being revolutionaries, and show independence of spirit, even to rashness, without losing

the natural balance which every son of the French bourgeoisie inherits from his ancestors."

We have never pretended otherwise.

It is, after all, ideas of this kind which enable us to welcome much without ever fearing anything, were it the most distant exoticism or a barbarism, still quite near, trying to flourish in the midst of civilization. Thus was received, as he deserved to be, a young Russian artist, rather eccentric, Tsapline, shown at the Gallery Sloden. A moujik of the Faubourg St. Honoré.



SCULPTURE IN WOOD

By Osip Tsapline

Tsapline was a moujik, and nothing more, until the War, which he spent in the most uncomfortable trenches, those of a Russian *état-major*, in which they took care never to sleep.

No commanding prince of the army took any interest in the early efforts of Trooper Tsapline modelling the earth or carving with a bad knife some poor tree struck by shells, but the officers noticed the work of the modest reservist and several got interested. The Russian debacle liberated the soldier and devoured the moujik. Tsapline came to Paris, as did most of the others. For a long time he led as miserable an existence as in the trenches, for it is difficult to realize what it is to live in a Parisian sculptor's "studio," described by landlords as *atelier de sculpteur*—the worst sheds refused by all the painters. There Tsapline received no encouragement. Monsieur Sloden is to be congratulated for having discovered him, or rather for having so quickly understood what was revealed to him by the poet Marcel Sauvage.

Tsapline is attractive but rather uneven. It was Osip

Letter from Paris

Zatkine, perfect intellectual and cultured man, who first associated himself with the Russian forest, hacking even the most powerful trunks into new idols. Tsapline is at the same time more naïve but most ambitious of the *belles manières*, which are, by the way, what he lacks here and there. He selects badly his masters; one has no difficulty in suspecting him anxious of the *travail bien ficelé*. He could, he ought logically, to fall into the worst Academism. His temperament saves him; Tsapline has already achieved compositions and torsos of monumental proportions which give hope in the near future of very perfect original works. I asked just now whether Impressionism had, yes or no, said its last word. It is possible that Impressionism may have to continue its

course in statuary. Sculptural Impressionism was dislocated by Rodin before the doctrine of the school was denied. A Tsapline much less learned but so pure! This reminds us of the old friend of Picasso at Montmartre, the sculptor Manuel Ugué, better known under the name of Manolo, who owed much less to Maillol's example than to the paintings at l'Ecole de Pont Aven. Was the headmaster of that school, Paul Gauguin, a happy sculptor? He has carved wood with a sort of barbaric audacity before losing himself, body and soul, in the Polynesian forest. Nevertheless, at a time when the abundance of exhibited works, a little everywhere, makes one suffer from a monotonous surfeit, the exhibition of Tsapline, the barbarian, has been a refreshing experience.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By FERDINAND ECKHARDT

NO other country appears to feel the general economic crisis so strongly as Germany, where it has lately had such a paralysing effect upon art as almost to give the impression of inaction. Not only is there a disinclination to embark on any large enterprise on the part of the State, the official exhibiting bodies, and, of course, also the dealers, who usually provide a great deal of animation by a number of small, but often very interesting exhibitions, but even what the artists are producing at present seems to point to absolute sterility. The great artistic movements which carried nearly all the German artists of name along during the last two decades, "Expressionism" and the "New Objectivity," seem to have run to seed completely, and though not everything created in those years has been in vain, and may yet celebrate a resurrection some day, the best of these artists seem now, with very few exceptions, to be following a dead track. Even among the young there seems to be no new growth, as far as can be seen, upon which great hopes can be set. And yet everybody here is convinced that great things are being prepared. It is only now that a "Revaluation of all values," as Nietzsche called it, seems to be taking place somewhere; though unnoticed, yet all the more persistent. It is not yet possible to grasp the new values, but it is curious that the General Direction of the State Museums, together with the Prussian Ministry of Education, are completely reorganizing the courses of instruction in the museums, which have so far been in the first place scientific institutions, and are now to be directed to the service of education. In the future the museums are to concentrate on the task of educating the masses. But it is equally remarkable that another State institution, the public Art Library, is organizing, not for the first time, a notable exhibition of modern photography; this time it is the work of Helmar Lerski, a series of portraits of the same person showing not only differences of expression, but also of inner form, and thus touching upon a province which has so far belonged exclusively to the higher forms of portrait-painting.

It is natural that after such a transformation, words, or perhaps only thoughts, play a more important part than deeds. But it is not so much a matter of theorizing about abstract values such as we heard years ago when the modern tendencies came into existence, as the general attitude towards these things, which concerns us now. It is certainly not only a political coincidence that after the victory of the right-wing Radicals in Thuringia some of the best modern pictures in the museum at Weimar were put away into the storerooms; nor is it only due to politics that in Berlin less attention is directed to the recent works of artists than to the law-suit which is still proceeding against the painter George Grosz, who is accused of blasphemy in his illustration of Christ in a gas-mask with a hand grenade in his hand and the inscription "Maul halten." All this shows that in many respects opinion has become more moderate recently in purely artistic appreciation, but that a far greater step forward has been taken in the matter of subject than was ever thought of before.

Compared with the importance of these changes, which have not yet found expression in great artistic creations, and perhaps never will, contenting themselves with the representation of a universal phenomenon, the exhibitions showing us the new works of artists are a great come-down. The Academy, officially still the first art institution in the country, has not held its autumn exhibition—at which black-and-white works were usually shown—this year. The Berlin Secession held an exhibition which had little to commend it. So far as the prominent men were represented at all, they were disappointing. Max Beckmann, who has hitherto been a prop of the moderns by his strong colour-compositions, having treated modern man as a type and reduced his forms and colours to the simplest scale in order to express the principal effects which play a part in human life over and over again, shows a kaleidoscopic still-life, made up of patches of colour with a colossal telephone beside a saxophone, a table with several vases of flowers, and a woman holding a fan in front of her face. This gesture

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seems almost symptomatic of the whole picture, its inner connection being as completely hidden from us as the woman's face.

Otto Dix, one of the principal representatives of the "new objectivity," shows three large pictures: one of which is a horrible composition called "Street Fighting." It seems to have originated psychologically out of the same inhuman sphere which causes us now to be specially attracted to war films and war books, gloating over the horrors, as, for example, the flesh of a thigh that has been torn open by a hand grenade. The purely artistic, pictorial element occupies quite a secondary position here, in relation to the subject, the idea, but perhaps it is only a morbid delight in atrocities. Max Pechstein, one of the strongest expressionists, shows a portrait of the actor Heinrich George as "Götz von Berlichingen"; his powerful nature being rendered with terribly crude, though not therefore strong, colours. But when Pechstein wants to move us he has recourse almost to sweetness besides his strong colours, as in the fishermen of his "Dawn." Otto Müller, who died recently and is to be honoured by a memorial exhibition in Breslau, has painted a self-portrait in such dark colours that one is almost inclined to believe he foresaw his early death. Besides these there are a few works which really surprise and delight us; for example the circus picture with few colours, but full of life, by the sculptor Ernesto de Fiori; or a still-life with apples by Franz Domscheit, painted with a few dabs of such ordinary colours that they recall the cheap paints in our children's paint-boxes—a poisonous green, a brilliant red—yet its effect is very telling just because of this naïveté. The plaster figure by Milly Steger representing a thirteen-year-old girl, who comes towards us corrupt and yet naïve, is another luminous point in such an exhibition.

The liveliest of the Berlin societies, the *Jurifreien*, has also held its show. But though in former years we have been delighted by the young forces expressing themselves here, today we are struck by the uniformly poor quality of the works. It may be that when the firm reins of control are withdrawn no progress is possible in the long run, and that the few real talents lose themselves in mediocrity.

The Flechtheim Gallery has arranged an exhibition of the works of three women. The sculptor, Renée Sintenis, has made a name for herself even outside the borders of Germany. And yet her figures of animals and nudes make only an outward appeal, through interesting attitudes and movement, without real plastic value. The bronze figure of Daphne alone can make higher claims owing to the complete freedom of the mass and the strongly felt vibration of the surface. The second artist is Marie Laurencin, who is very charming and attractive in her small pictures, particularly her water-colours, in which she enters into the very spirit of the late rococo, as in a picture of a couple of women or even in a simple still-life; but her weakness is at once apparent when she attempts anything on a large scale, and her inability to conceive really pictorially is revealed. The third artist shown by Flechtheim is Martel Schwichtenberg, who paints in broad masses of colours using impasto only when she can follow the curves of wavy hair with her brush, for example, or render the plasticity of a flower, afterwards building up the plastic forms of the

flowers in the usual way. She possesses the rare sensitive-ness for strange colours peculiar to her race, and it is owing to this, mainly, that her pictures are so attractive.

One of the most promising young men among the German painters is Werner Scholz whose paintings and watercolours have been on view at the Neumann Nierendorf Gallery. He, too, is one of the painters who try to express psychic experience through the medium of form and colour. A strong social sentiment appears in all his pictures: in the wretched mothers, girls, street figures, criminals, and degenerate citizens, whose setting he renders so admirably because he himself belonged to it. It is as a colourist that this artist shows the greatest promise; his colour is strong and effective though it may yet have to be finally purified.

The Berlin art market can record no remarkable event during the last month. The sale of the second portion of the Castiglione collection reached three quarters of a million marks, in spite of the fact that all the principal works had been dispersed at the first auction. This was most satisfactory and should please both buyers and sellers. A good public appeared for the many smaller objects. In general, the market shows a slight change, in the course of the year, in the greater interest shown for smaller things; as a result of American influence during the last few years it was only possible to sell really great things. There appears to be once again a type of European collector who has an interest for pieces of the second order for pictures of thirty to fifty thousand marks. Thanks to this the Dutch painters have again come to the foreground. On the other hand, there are no buyers today for pictures of a hundred to two hundred thousand marks. For the greatest masterpieces the market is now, as always, receptive. While the sale of unique impressions at Hollstein and Puppel's showed a considerable decline in prices, perhaps owing to the absence of foreign buyers, the prices fetched by the classic engravers, Rembrandt, Dürer, etc., at Boerner's, in Leipzig, corresponded more or less to last year's standard. An event which took place at the sale by Cassirer of the Kappel collection from Munich, consisting of a number of good Dutch pictures including a Rembrandt, has given rise to a polemic in the Press. At the last moment the reserves on the principal pieces were raised so high by the owners that the auctioneers were obliged to make this known before the beginning of the sale, and invited offers for the separate lots. The result was that the principal lots remained unsold. Now the auctioneers are suing the heirs of Kappel in order not to be held responsible for the loss.

Another interesting correspondence has been carried on for months now in "Weltkunst" on the subject of scientific expertising and its value. Some of the most distinguished representatives of pure scholarship, museum officials, and dealers have had their say in this connection. Actually, expert opinions had gained such importance in the market that the certificate came to be considered more valuable than the picture itself. The result of this dispute—which is by no means at an end, and during which many truths have been revealed though many more remain untold—upon the art market has been greatly to lower the prestige of the expert, as the dealers themselves confess; and though no definite issue is as yet in sight, the immediate effect has been to raise the value of pedigree.



PLATE V
A BRONZE BASIN, INLAID WITH SILVER, OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY
From the collection of H.M. the Shah of Persia

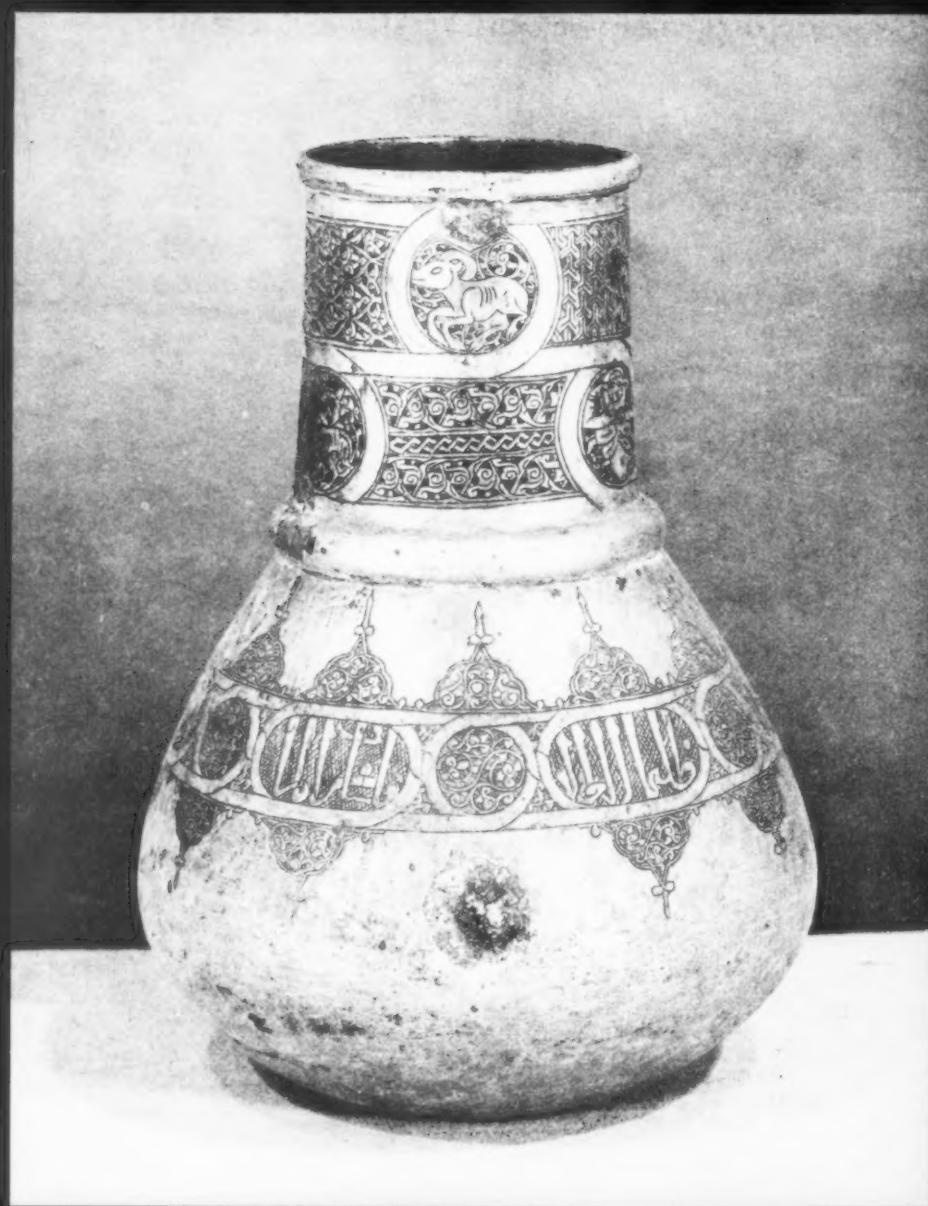


PLATE VI

A EWER OF TINNED COPPER OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

From the collection of H.M. the Shah of Persia



BOOK REVIEWS

PERSIAN PAINTING, by BASIL GRAY. With 16 illustrations. (London: Ernest Benn, Ltd.) 6s. 6d. net. 1930.

Mr. Basil Gray, an assistant keeper in the British Museum, has rendered a good and timely service by the issue of this book. Its compass is relatively small, its subject limited, and its information sufficient for the general reader, and useful to the student.

Our pages have lately contained some references to Persian painting wherein the problem of its origin was discussed. We learned from M. Blochet's book that the earliest executants of "Persian painting" were Christians or descendants of Christians who in earlier days had practised their art for the purposes of religion; and from Sir Denison Ross we heard his opinion that drawings and paintings were employed by Christian missionaries in Persia as a means of explaining the tenets of their faith. Mr. Gray throws further light on the always obscure theme of origins, and expresses his conviction that "there can be no question that the predominant formative influence is that of the adherents of the Christian churches in the East. They probably furnished most of the artists at Baghdad, as they certainly did practically all the craftsmen of Damascus and Aleppo, where they introduced the glories of Byzantine mosaic work in the eighth century."

But the author goes back to an earlier day and points to Mani, the founder of the Manichæan sect, who made an amalgam of Christianity and Zoroastrianism, sought to convert King Shapur, and who died a martyr's death at the hands of King Bahram I in A.D. 290. Mani, says Mr. Gray, "was the first Persian artist." Perhaps the statement needs qualification by restricting it to iconographic painting devoted to religious use; for the sect certainly produced illuminated books and frescoes, some remnants of which have lately been found in Turkestan, forming an important pre-Islamic document in the history of Persian art.

After much useful introductory discussion Mr. Gray takes his readers through the Abbasid period (A.D. 750-1258), the two Tartar invasions (A.D. 1206-1405), to the period of "maturity" under the later Timurids. Curiously, under the prosperous rule of the Safavid dynasty (A.D. 1502-1736) Persian painting showed signs of decline. The great Bihzād worked under the patronage of the two ruling houses. The book ends with a chapter on European influence, and contains a short bibliography of works containing reproductions of the most important miniatures.

It is hardly possible in this brief review to note anything specially significant in Mr. Gray's interesting chapters, where all he says has importance. The reader will, however, be struck by the many kinds of knowledge that are needed before one can be a judge of Persian painting—history, poetry, personality, calligraphy, the chemistry of colours, and the elusive elements of style—and the many pitfalls laid for the unwary. Even signatures to miniatures may be later ascriptions by scribes, copyists or owners; so we learn from the cautious discussions of this book.

W. L. H.

MUSIC COME TO EARTH, by ADOLF WEISSMANN, translated by ERIC BLOM. (London: Dent and Sons.) 6s. net.

This translation of the posthumous second edition of "Die Entgötterung der Musik" (literally, "The Undeification of Music") is eminently readable, and well worth careful study. Although the book was only written in 1926, so marked are the changes in all departments of life at the present time that, as the translator points out, the reader must often substitute "yesterday" for Weissmann's "today." Thus, in writing of women, he foretells that, "as they drive their car today, so they will steer their airplane tomorrow"! To the popularity of sport in all its branches, including dancing, the decline of music study, especially among women, is certainly due in England at any rate. The wireless and the gramophone, instead of encouraging music study in the home, have ousted it as completely as the motor has superseded the horse in our streets. "The spirit of sport, which requires exactitude, incites the wind-players to virtuosity," while the tone of the strings is lost by wireless transmission and "approximates to wind," just as the piano sounds more like a harpsichord. In public performances the waning supremacy of the strings, in favour of the wind, and the rise of the "almighty conductor" are curious phenomena.

The most interesting question of the moment is the future of opera in England. According to the author, "the world's opera and the operatic world await new surprises." We trust that these may not take the form of a super "talkie" accompanied by a super electric orchestra. With him, "we hope for the genius who will conquer the machine."

A very interesting and well-produced book.

C. J.

A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND. Vol. II. 1500-1799. Written and illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNEL. (London: Batsford.) Price 8s. 6d.

On the title page of this book we read: "Second Edition. Fourth impression, revised and enlarged." This makes more than the mention of these facts superfluous. Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's "History" must by this time be known to all whom it may concern, and it concerns in the first place those who have children to teach and to entertain; yes, "entertain," since the facts we are told about such everyday things as dress, ships, schools, coaches, games, sailors and pikemen, if men may also be called "things," and so on and on, are not only instructive, they are, as the authors present them, most entertaining. The illustrations, too, are admirable. We have no criticism to make, except one, and that concerns the binding, which is entirely unattractive and, in fact, hardly "readable" in respect of its design, mainly because the latter is printed on material unsuited to the purpose.

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MASTERS OF MUSIC: BACH, by RUTLAND BOUGHTON.
(London: Kegan Paul & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

Those who, like myself, remember with gratitude the exquisite music of "The Immortal Hour" will wish that the author of this book had left it unwritten. Of Bach we learn little or nothing new. The writer devotes many pages to the *chronique scandaleuse* of the day, and hints darkly at what he terms the "tragedy" of Bach. What the tragedy was he does not explain.

We all know that Bach was, like all musicians of his time, and even later, dependent upon the patronage of other men. He was never rich, he never had any great opportunity or time for making a show of his talents as composer or as performer. But it is ridiculous to say that his life was made wretched by the scandalous behaviour of the princes and nobles with whom he came in contact. Does Mr. Boughton ascribe Purcell's early death to grief caused by the amours of King Charles?

Surely the artistic temperament is not an invention of the last few decades. Bach possessed it in the highest degree, and it is quite comprehensible that he was often cast down into the depths of despair by domestic and other matters which would have been considered unimportant by a man who was of a colder nature.

The book is full of contradictions and mis-statements. On the first page we read: "The tragedy is that of an artist . . . who is forced by circumstances to devote his life to a kind of spiritual service in which he has no faith, and is necessarily false either to that service or to himself." On page 127 we find that "he maintained his inner veracity to the end of his life." An ominous threat on page 199 that "we shall find him sinking deeper yet" is happily not fulfilled. On page 282 we are told of "the gloom which settled upon Bach" after he had written the Passion according to St. Matthew. Far from being overcome by "gloom," having finished the St. Matthew Passion in 1729, Bach wrote the B Minor Mass (1733-1738), the Christmas Oratorio (1734), the Clavier Concertos (1729-1736), the Easter Oratorio (c. 1736), the Partitas, and the second part of the *Wohltemperiertes Clavier*, besides a host of other works, all of which testify to the sublimity and sanity of his genius. Does Mr. Boughton suggest that a man who writes music that he does not feel can reach such a height as that which is normal for Bach? And can a man whose soul is sunk in misery write music so full of joy as the preludes and fugues in Book II?

If the author had devoted more time to the study of music and less to the study of scandal he would have avoided several bad mistakes of fact. On page 223, writing of the gradual disappearance of the modes and the establishment of our major and minor scales, he states that "Bach emphasized the greater importance of the major by using in his minor pieces that final major chord which only can give a proper sense of complete settlement." Anyone would gather from this statement that Bach introduced the *tierce de Picardie*. In the "Parthenia," published in 1611, every minor piece ends with the major chord preceded by the chord of the dominant. Occasionally, even in pieces by Byrd, the earliest of the three composers represented, the major chord is preceded by the chord of the dominant seventh. So the *tierce de Picardie* was in regular use in keyboard music a hundred

years before Bach's time; and has the author never heard of *musica ficta*?

Again, on page 219, he writes: "Only a small and select audience of what we should now call county people had culture enough to answer to the musical appeal of the Elizabethans." This is sheer nonsense. The "Parthenia" was reprinted in 1613, 1635, 1650, and 1659, and Pepys tells us that when the citizens were escaping by boat during the Fire of London, two boats out of every three contained a harpsichord.

Apparently nothing except the gramophone pleases the author of this book. The piano is a "poor instrument," the organ even worse. We read of "Shakespeare and his brother butchers," of the "wasted craftsmanship of Mozart," of the "meanness of Italian music."

The publishers and printers have done their part well.

C. J.

MODERN THEATRES AND CINEMAS, by P. MORTON SHAND. Large 8vo, pp. viii + 40 + illus. 128. Linen. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 15s.

With a minimum of text and a maximum of illustration this initial volume to the library of the Architecture of Pleasure projected by the publishers is a distinct success. The whole field of the theatre and cinema in Europe and America is surveyed and all the most important subjects treated liberally. Exteriors, interiors, and plans provide not only the architect, but that part of the general public interested, with a wide view. All is modern. There is next to nothing which owes its existence to tradition. Even when a building has been altered, the change has had the effect of making it range with the entirely new. A striking development in design is that, seeing that theatres are most largely visited at night, not only their insides but their outsides should be visible at night. Concealed lighting has aided the architect in making his elevations with this idea in view. As to whether these buildings are to be considered good depends entirely on whether the observer has been initiated into the subtleties of modernism; but one thing is quite certain, and that is they are immensely striking and for the most part highly attractive, and, moreover, they are essentially practical and effective. Morton Shand has done a good thing in thus collecting and presenting so wide and efficient an account of what concerns the modern public so intimately. The book is produced in excellent style.

EVERYMAN. A Moral Play. Woodcuts by THOMAS DERRICK. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 15s. net.

We have rarely enjoyed illustrations to a book as much as in this case, where Mr. Thomas Derrick has designed woodcuts to accompany the text of the old morality play, "Everyman." There are all sorts of theories as to what woodcutting ought or ought not to be, but there is only one very simple standard: they ought to be "right." Mr. Derrick's are "right"—and entirely so. He makes his illustrations accompany the text as the actors "accompany" the spoken words with their bodily presence. In their perfect simplicity the lines or masses of these cuts correspond to the perfect simplicity of the text. Moreover, the exclusion of all

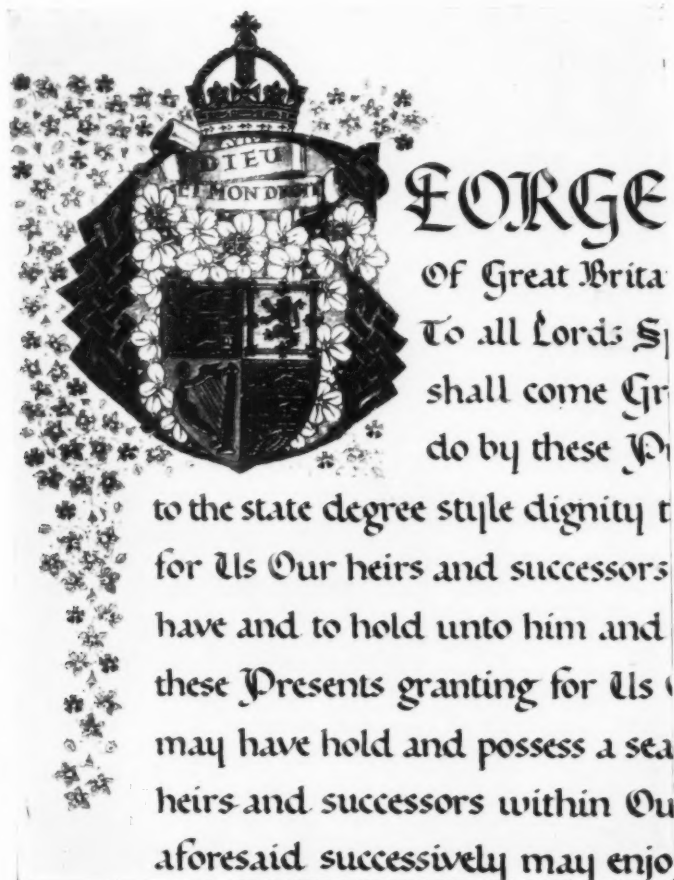
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background detail makes the white paper suggest the simplicity of the medieval "backcloth." The artist has also known how to give the right expression to the transient moods and actions of the characters with quite unmistakable force. In short, we have nothing but praise for this delightful book.

invaluable aid to any teacher or student of the craft. Nevertheless, it deals only with one aspect of lettering, and, in spite of Mr. Hewitt's explanation, it seems to us that the title should have been "Formal Penmanship," or, at any rate, something indicating that it deals only with pen-written letters. At all events its object is to

THE ILLUMINATED INITIAL LETTER OF A PATENT OF NOBILITY

The "G" is of burnished gold and encircles the richly-coloured Royal coat of arms. The surrounding floral decoration is a delicately toned spray



*Written and Illuminated by
the Author and Miss I. D.
Henstock*

*From Lettering for
Students and Craftsmen,
by Graily Hewitt (Messrs.
Seeley, Service & Co.,
Ltd., London)*

LETTERING FOR STUDENTS AND CRAFTSMEN, by GRAILY HEWITT, B.A., LL.B., Lecturer on Writing and Illuminating at the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts. With 403 illustrations. (London: Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.) 15s. net. Edition de luxe on hand-made paper, £3 3s.

To the uninitiated this volume of more than 300 pages devoted to "lettering," and one part of it only at that, will appear surprising; they could have hardly imagined that there is so much to be said on the subject. For a good many years now every exhibition of the "scribe's" craft has been graced by Mr. Graily Hewitt's beautiful script. He has been called "the greatest living master of handlettering," and that is no exaggeration. This book is, with its more than four hundred illustrations, a treatise on the subject, so exhaustive in relation to the aspect of lettering with which it deals that it is an

advocate "the acknowledgment of but one style, permitting degrees of elaboration in execution according to circumstances."

We must confess, therefore, that after reading his most admirable introductory chapter up to a point, it came as a great disappointment to us when at this point he states that he does "not presume to deal with the difficulty," the difficulty being how to improve our method of lettering apart from the pen-written characters.

So long as the whole world bows to the doctrine that "time is money"—in other words, worships in time only speed, and in speed only money values—so long will it also militate against penmanship, which soon may only be taught so that we may be still able to write and read signatures; all the rest will be printed and type-written. It is a depressing thought. There is, however, no reason why in all other than pen-written words we

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should not achieve a better order, more consistent beauty, than we do today. That, indeed, rather than penmanship, is the most pressing need of the moment.

It seems to us that Mr. Hewitt overrates his own craft, for in spite of his brilliant advocacy we are not convinced that the edged pen can supply the inspiration for the above-named purpose.

H. F.

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

By KINETON PARKES

DAVID, par RICHARD CANTINELLI. 4to, pp. 128 + plates lxxxix + front. Sewn. (Paris: G. van Oest.) F. 300. 1930.

This is a fine book on a very fine and grandiose subject. Its author has adopted a rhetorical manner which well befits the subject. The paintings for which David is celebrated are rhetorical and grandiose to an intolerable degree; he was well employed in depicting Napoleon I; well suited to the Empire style which he helped to create and of which he was an ornament. Rome, the Revolution, the Empire, the Exile: these are the four chapters of the book, and they give a good idea of the spasmodic character of its method: "Honoré Fragonard is born in 1732; Louis David in 1748": the confrontation is useful, entertaining and illuminating; the free gaiety of Fragonard, the pomposity of David. But what a fine painter was David! If all the classical and historical pieces are torn from the book, the drawings and the portraits only being left, David's powers are better to be appreciated. He was a great artist wasting his talent upon stupendities suitable for the adornment of provincial town halls, but not for exhibition now in the great art galleries of the world. Yet there is a marvellous skill and technique lavished upon these impossible paintings, but the conceptions of them are childlike in their naiveté; they are not even good as illustrations, for they are too un instructive. But regard the portraits and you see the real genius of Jacques-Louis David. Fortunately he did a good many, and most of those illustrated in this volume are good, some of them as good as those of the English painters of the same period. Take the "Portrait de Vieillard" and notice its wonderful tenderness; the group of Mme. Morel de Tangry and her two daughters, and note its fidelity to character, and its disregard of classical allusion; that of Catherine-Marie-Jeanne Tallart, the simplicity of which is very attractive; the many drawings of heads which even when touched by classicism retain a naturalistic charm. Richard Cantinelli catalogues 216 pictures, dated and undated, which is a good number considering the large size of many of them. To some quite long notes are given, and directions for the study of the drawings are provided. The bibliography indicates a considerable maintenance of interest throughout the century since David's death. The many plates are admirably produced.

LAPRADE, par LOUISE GEBHARD CANN. 8vo, pp. 61 illus. + plates, 2 in colour + 52. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.) F. 100. 1930.

Pierre Laprade was born at Narbonne in 1875; he frequented the Ingres Museum at Montauban when

young, but failed to assimilate the suave, yet strong, style of the great master. In 1892 he was a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for just over a week. His mind, as expressed in his art, is too fanciful for academies; his hold on realities too slight. He sees realities as fantasies; through a glass lightly; as pictures afar off framed in an immediate interest of foreground to give enchantment to the perspective view. A little of the suavity of Ingres is in his figure pictures, but instead of a firm line there is a fine wiry line, helped by colour or a wash. He draws and paints beautiful and cultivated women; his children have more life, but are not, indeed, robust; his costumes do not date, not even his Harlequin and Pierrot and their associates from the Italian comedy. It is well known that if an artist in music or in painting sighs for the artificialities of the Italian comedy he is not made for realities. So Laprade surveys life as seen in a frame; his pictures of Rome, Naples, and Florence might be precious backcloths for the comedy. Only his flowers are real; they are not vague, nor languorous, nor fanciful; they are actual in an environment of most delightful artificiality. His graceful figures of women are indeterminate, but they have the advantage of being seen without a proscenium; some archaic, all are charming. Laprade has a good range of subject but little variety of style.

GUARDI, par MARIO TINTI. Pott 4to, pp. 63 + plates 60. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions Rieder.) F. 20. 1930.

The distinguished Italian art critic and historian Mario Tinti has written a charming and entertaining account of Guardi, his family, and his works. He has incorporated all the matter that was of value in older lives, and introduced all that is important in the newer discoveries and aspects in which Guardi is observed today. In the sense that Whistler is reckoned an impressionist, Guardi may be said to be the first impressionist. Yet while Whistler was concerned with light as such, Guardi was concerned with colour as such. This is more apparent in a select few of his works than in the greater number of them. In the few the colour problem is dealt with in the way that Turner dealt with it later, but in a cruder fashion, so that a similar solution resulted. There is a further reference in Whistler to Guardi, in the matter of vision, for Whistler saw things as Guardi often saw them, however differently he may have expressed them. It is not a mere matter of subject, but in subject and treatment the Grand Canals of both artists offer the most interesting comparison; structure is almost identically conceived by both. The full charm of Guardi is rendered by the author, and the illustrations serve as a reminder that in Guardi we have one of the pleasantest painters of his prolific period. Georges Bourgin has translated the original text into French with skill.

MARIO SIRONI, di GIOVANNI SCHEIWILLER. Globe 8vo, pp. 18 + plates 28 + 1 in colour. Sewn. (Milan: U. Hoepli.) L. 10. 1930.

Born in 1891, and educated in Rome, Mario Sironi in 1914 joined the Futurists in Milan. He is a modernist struggling against the principles of classicism. Traditional form attracts him, but he fights against it, and his



PLATE VII
A BRONZE CANDLESTICK, INLAID WITH SILVER, OF THE
THIRTEENTH CENTURY

From the collection of H.M. the Shah of Persia



PLATE VIII

A KASHKUL, OR BEGGING BOWL, OF WATERED STEEL, WITH PERSIAN
INSCRIPTIONS: LATER PART OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

From the collection of H.M. the Shah of Persia



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weapon is his brush and palette rather than his mind. He experiments in more than one direction, but his figure-work is the most interesting. His urban landscapes are too reminiscent of the Paris school, although they have their own particular charm. Giovanni Scheiwiller's critical analysis of Sironi's style is acute and sums up what he has already pronounced in the art periodicals, which have already devoted much attention to the artist both in Italy and France.



INTERIOR OF THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF
MALÉ TÍRKAVCE

From *Kostel na Dědině av Městečku* (Nakladatelé Kvasnička a
Hampl, Prague)
(See page 56)

LES PEINTRES FRANÇAIS DU XVIII^e SIÈCLE, publié
sous la direction du M. LOUIS DIMIER. Tome Second.
4to, pp. viii + 403 + plates lxiv. (Paris and Brussels:
G. van Oest.) F. 200. 1930.

The first volume of this handsomely got-up work was reviewed in *APOLLO* in June 1929. The present volume continues the history of eighteenth-century painting in France with nineteen memoirs, catalogues, and bibliographies of masters, the chief of whom is Nattier. These memoirs are written by specialists and are admirably succinct, and the plates are, as before, beautifully made. The high level to which the lesser French masters of the

period attained is well brought out; the virtues and the vices of the unreality and classicism of the school well illustrated.

GINO SEVERINI, par JACQUES MARITAIN. Small 8vo, pp. 68,
illus. 28. Sewn. (Paris: Librairie Gallimard.) F. 6. 1930.

Severini's entertaining work was seen at the Leicester Galleries in May and noticed in *APOLLO* in June last. It is interesting to learn from Jacques Maritain's brochure that Severini was born at Cortone and commenced to paint in Rome, from whence in 1905 he went to Paris and joined the Futurist movement, having as his friends, among others, his fellow-countryman Modigliani, and Picasso and Braque, and the writers Apollinaire and Salmon. He was, and is, well in the movement.

MAITRES DE L'ART MODERNE. ALFRED
STEVENS, par FRANÇOIS BOUCHER. JAMES ENSOR,
par ANDRÉ DE RIDDER. Pott 4to, pp. 64 + plates 60.
Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions Rieder.) F. 25. 1930.

The last two issues of this useful library of modern painters are concerned conveniently with the two leading Belgian painters of the nineteenth century, Alfred Stevens the painter of women, and James Ensor the painter of characters. The work of Stevens is elegant, refined, interior; that of Ensor realistic, middle class, freakish; that of both highly accomplished as painting. That two artists of their stature should appear in so small a school as that of Belgium as contemporaries is one of the happy accidents of chance. The Belgian school of painters of the nineteenth century is not wanting in fine painters, and they are nobly led by these two great men. Both had genius and both a most effective technique; both realized the life and times in which they lived and recorded it with true strokes. Stevens was the more circumspect and, indeed, respectable; Ensor was more free and, indeed, fierce, though his ferocity had its touch of humour, sardonic sometimes but generally human. Full justice is done in the accounts given of them respectively by François Boucher and A. de Ridder; accounts of their lives and works, and of their times. The times were important, for they just succeeded in anticipating the modernist movement which Ensor especially helped to establish.

LE DÉCOR INTÉRIEURE AU XVIII^e SIÈCLE À PARIS
ET DANS L'ILE DE FRANCE, par MARIE-JULIETTE
BALLOT. 4to, pp. 125 + plates lxxii. Sewn. (Paris:
G. van Oest.) F. 250. 1930.

This handsome book, written by an official of the Musée du Louvre, is a full and sufficient account of the interior decoration of the palaces which were occupied by the sovereigns, princes and nobles of the eighteenth century in Paris and its environs. To have made it a history of the interior decoration of the châteaux and hôtels of the whole of France of the period would have been interesting, but supererogatory, for the great is, in this case, included in the little, and the little includes the great. There is no doubt but that the decoration of the Regency, Louis XV and Louis XVI, was great, although its result has been pernicious. Imitation of the eighteenth

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century became the scourge of the nineteenth, even in England. Household decoration was debased, and the work of the Birmingham brass founders was added to the horrors. This in no wise detracts from the charm of the veritable work of the period, however, and to get back to the real, and to forget the imitation, is a wholesome exercise which this book provides and for which we are to be devoutly thankful. There were fine architects in France during the whole of the eighteenth century: Robert de Cotte, Les Gabriel, and Richard Mique; there were fine painters and sculptors of the decorative kind to aid the architects in carrying out their ideas: Lancret, Natoire, Boucher, Bailly, Carle van Loo, Jacques Verberckt, Lambert, J. B. Lemoyne, Antoine Rousseau, Christophe Huet, Guibert, Pajou. The arts of decorative painting in colour and in gold, and of carved sculpture in wood, were well understood. In the Place Vendôme and the Faubourg St. Germain, in the Rue de Grenelle, on the Quai Voltaire, in the Rue de Lille, and elsewhere, these decorations were lavished on interiors, the exteriors of which gave but little indication of the inner sumptuousness. They may be seen at the Elysée Palace, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Châtelet, the Musée Carnavalet, at the Arsenal, in other buildings now used publicly, and at Versailles, Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and Rambouillet. Paris retains some splendours yet, in the great hôtels of the rich or aristocratic, and all these are fully illustrated in this fine book.

KOSTEL NA DĚDINĚ AV MĚSTEČKU, by BOHUMIL VAVROUŠEK and DRA ZDEŇKA WIRTHA. Large 8vo, pp. 36 + illus. 615. Linen. (Prague: Nakladatelé Kvasnička a Hampl.) 1929.

This book contains a short account of the small churches of wood, stone or brick in the small towns and hamlets of Czechoslovakia. It is richly illustrated with no less than 615 examples. The territory covered is from Bavaria to Russia; from Silesia to Austria. Within these borders there is a wealth of this modest material which has all the charm of the unobtrusive as well as intrinsic artistic merit. In some cases a certain richness creeps in, the result of long-continued accretions due to love, care, and the essential Slav love of beauty. The periods are in the main two, the Gothic and the Baroque, corresponding, roughly, with the architecture of Prague. The Renaissance singularly missed its chance in Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and Ruthenia, and this satisfying book tells the story, mostly in pictures, of the two great styles, the older merging by the slowest transitional process into the later; or it might be said that the latter slowly imposed itself upon the ancient basis of the former. The result is delightful, and the Baroque may be said to have maintained itself well beyond the middle of the nineteenth century—a good five hundred years of architectural persistence, secured by the religious zeal and the passionate art-spirit of the mid-European Slav. This is a book which will interest every architect and lover of architecture.

DAS JAHRHUNDERT REMBRANDTS, von LEO BRUHNS. Cr. 8vo, pp. 4 + 315, illus. 104. Linen. (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann.) 1930.

This is the sixth volume of the popular sketch history of painting by Leo Bruhns, professor of art history in the University of Leipzig. It commenced publishing in 1927 with cave drawings, and the present volume comprises the wonderful century to which Leo Bruhns has given the name of Rembrandt. It was, indeed,



GREEK-CATHOLIC CHAPEL OF ST. DEMETRIUS THE MARTYR: NIŽNÝ MIROŠOV

From *Kostel na Dědině av Městečku* (Nakladatelé Kvasnička a Hampl, Prague)

Rembrandt's, but it was also the century which included baroque and naturalism; the century to which belonged not only Rembrandt, but Caravaggio and El Greco, Rubens and Van Dyck, Zurbaran, Velazquez and Ribera, Franz Hals, Vermeer, Terborch, Pieter de Hooch, Van Ostade, Van de Velde, Van Ruisdael and Hobbema, Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain; what a century! Leo Bruhns has collected many of the masterpieces for his wonderful collection of illustrations, remarkably reproduced, seeing that they are, although almost all full-page, printed with the text. From the Hermitage at Leningrad to the Prado at Madrid, from Vienna to

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Dresden, from Rome to Berlin, from Paris to London, the art galleries have been requisitioned for their great paintings, and it is a striking gallery that has been assembled. This series, as a history for the people, it would be difficult to improve upon; it has the general title of "The Masterpieces." It is a book for the pocket and quite unusually amenable in the hand.

DIE ARCHITEKTUR BORROMINIS, von HANS SEDLMAYR. 8vo, pp. 162, illus. 50 + plates xvi. Sewn. (Berlin: Frankfurter Verlags-Anstalt A.G.) M. 7. 1930.

This book proves how good baroque architecture was at its best. In Francesco Borromini it is at its best, and the extravagances of the lesser men may be forgiven in view of the real grace that Borromini sometimes achieved. The cloisters of San Carlino and the approach to S. Ivo della Sapienza in Rome are masterly. The exterior of the cupola of Capella del Sudario at Turin looks broken and misshapen, but the interior of San Lorenzo, in the same city, is rich and harmonious, if overburdened. It is the problem of Borromini's aesthetic that Hans Sedlmayr has attacked; a difficult problem, as is any in which baroque is concerned, but taking a broad view he throws much light on it, and he certainly has devoted the greatest pains and a large number of pages to its elucidation.

DER BILDHAUER KURT KLUGE, von MARTIN WACKER-NAGEL. Large 8vo, pp. 10 + illus. 66. Sewn. (Berlin and Leipzig: Verlag von Walter de Gruyter.) M. 10. 1930.

Kurt Kluge, of Leipzig, was born in that city in 1886 and educated at the Academy at Dresden: painter, engraver, and sculptor, and the author of a number of portrait busts in bronze and iron of distinguished ability. At Hamburg there is a striking marble grave figure, and at Berlin two reliefs for graves that are quite excellent examples of this class of sculpture, as is also the Alexander Regiment Memorial in bronze. His bronze Fishermen Fountain is very charming, his medals are good, and his craftwork is original. This is a short, but interesting, account of an artist much above the ordinary.

I MONUMENTI DI RAVENNA BIZANTINA, di GIUSEPPE GEROLA. Small cr. 8vo, pp. xxxv (illus. 21) + 60 + plates 60. Sewn. (Milan: Fratelli Treves.) L. 8.

The series of little books on the museum treasures of art in Italy, edited by Ettore Modigliani, needs no recommendation in England after the magnificent introduction to the British public made in the Italian Exhibition of a year ago. It would not have been possible without Signor Modigliani. Neither would this collection have been of the excellence it is, deprived of his direction. The latest of the series deals with the Byzantine monuments of Ravenna, and Giuseppe Gerola has written a good general introduction of thirty-six pages. The rest of the book is conveniently arranged as to the churches and other buildings which are themselves Byzantine, or which, of later date, contain Byzantine work. These places are severally dealt with and their contents well described, the most important of them being illustrated. A most valuable and interesting handbook which should be translated into English.

TECNICA DELLA PITTURA E DEI COLORI: Secondo Raffaello, Tiziano, Giorgione, Tintoretto: di CARLO LINZI; prefazione di O. BATTISTELLA. Small 8vo, pp. xxiii + 157. Cloth. (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.) L. 12. 1930.

This stimulating little book purports to get at the very guts of the problem of the technique of painting, and particularly of the technique of the four great masters named. It is by no means confined to these, however, for directly, as well as incidentally, it attacks the whole question of oil, impasto, and tempera, dragging in Greece, Pompeii, and Rome. It is a comprehensive survey of the whole question of colour up to the end of the seventeenth century; a small book which treats its subject in a large way.

ALCUNE REFLESSIONI SULLA SCULTURA, di ROMANO ROMANELLI. Sewn. Cr. 8vo, pp. 39. (Florence: Vallecchi Editore.) L. 3. 1930.

Romano Romanelli is the distinguished Florentine sculptor recently elected to the Italian Academy. Modeller for the most part, he is also a carver at times. These reflections on sculpture are vivid and to the point; they reflect a vigorous and determined mind and an emphatic statement regarding the art. Modeller himself, he yet declares that a modeller cannot make an original work because sculpture in its essence is carved. That is to say, a modeller has to have his work reproduced in some permanent form over which he may have little or the least control. A direct carver, on the other hand, has the whole control of his work until its completion. This is a very useful statement at the present moment.

PIETRO LORENZETTI. By EMILIO CECCHI. (Series of "I Geni e le Opere," under direction of ARDUINO COLASANTI.) Full-page plates cxliii. (Milan: Fratelli Treves.) 1930. Price 150 lire.

No subject could be more interesting and few more difficult than that treated with conspicuous ability in the present volume, that subject being the true place of Pietro Lorenzetti in Italian art. Vasari has completely confused his work and misread even his name; Ghiberti and the Anonimo—as Sig. Cecchi observes—had simply ignored him. What actually happened with Vasari—and our author here might have pointed it out more clearly—is that he misread the inscription, as Milanese shows in his note on "The Lives," of the panel from S. Francesco of Pistoja, now in the Uffizi, reading this as "Petrus Laurati" instead of "Petrus Laurentii." Out of this Laurati he makes the painter whose life he has written, but totally ignoring his being the brother of Ambrogio, though their names were actually recorded as brothers in his time on the front of the Spedale of Siena. Even more serious was his giving to Pietro Cavallini, "pittore Romano," in the same volume of "The Lives," the magnificent series of frescoes of the "Passion" in the Lower Church of S. Francesco at Assisi. It was Cavacaselle whose masterly analysis restored to their true author, Pietro Lorenzetti, these inspired scenes of the Passion. After describing the figures there, "vehement in action," the "broad sweeping draperies" and extraordinary power of movement, he

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concluded: "all this sufficiently characterizes a painter whose style can be distinguished even from that of his brother, and that is Pietro Lorenzetti."

In the present volume the author does justice to this attribution; and to that of the "Life of Hermits" in the Pisan Campo Santo. But a work no less important than the Assisi frescoes and the polyptych of the Pieve of Arezzo lies before us in the frescoes of S. Francesco of Siena, described by Ghiberti. Here the "Crucifixion" is very rightly given by Gregorio Cecchi to our Pietro, although the two brothers may have been working here together, Ambrogio in the scenes from the "Story of S. Francis." Berenson's attribution of both series to Pietro does not find acceptance with Sig. Cecchi. It is interesting to note how Lorenzetti's "Massacre of Innocents" in the Servi church at Siena influenced Matteo in his later treatment there of the same theme.

While doing full justice to the critical research on this Master of Berenson, Perkins and Dewald, Sig. Cecchi takes an independent view on the difficult question of the "Ugolino group"—where Berenson had suggested a different personality under that assumed name, with that of the "Master of S. Pietro Ovile," connecting himself with the fine "Enthroned Madonna" of that church. Put briefly, our author inclines to view this whole group of work under "the conception of the bottega"—of pupils working under the Master's guidance.

What emerges here from this interesting study is the personality of a great Sienese Master, a true successor of the greater Duccio, though influenced and inspired notably in the polyptych of Arezzo, by the sculpture so full of action, of Giovanni Pisano; but, above all, nearest to Giotto (we think of that line of spearmen and the tossing crowd of his "Crucifixion") in his contact with the real world, "nel senso"—as our author puts it—"di appartenenza alla terra." S. B.

GEORGE MINNE, par LEO VAN PUYVELDE (Collection les Contemporains). (Edition des Cahiers de Belgique, S.A.) Price 32s.

We in this country have the very bad habit of not taking art seriously. If a "stunt" can be made of it, even serious art may become popular, or at least discussed by way of dinner, or after-dinner, conversation; but if it is difficult to make a sensation of it, and if it had the further disadvantage of not being French, or at least English, then the chances that an artist may come into his own in this country—"his own" because, luckily, æsthetic values are international—are pretty hopeless.

These reflections were engendered by the perusal of the "Cahiers de Belgique's" handsome volume dealing with George Minne, the Belgian sculptor. The volume contains 140 plates, and is accompanied by an appreciation of the artist's work by Monsieur Leo van Puyvelde, whose name became so familiar to us during the Flemish exhibition as an authority on Flemish art.

There is not the slightest doubt that George Minne is a sculptor whose fame will increase rather than diminish as time goes on. The reason is that the present moment is too impatient, too feverish, too anxious to be doing something, no matter how inane, rather than to reflect and contemplate.

On George Minne the flippancy of the present day seems to rest heavily. His art is quiet, sad even,

withdrawn from the "movements" of our time. There is no "ism" that one can attach to it, except that one feels the influence of his compatriot Meunier, and also, perhaps, of Rodin. He is concerned with the essential human being: the mother, the son, with their psychic troubles as expressed in their physical forms. Always there is a transcendental note or overtone with even the apparently simple rendering of the human figure.

In his graphic work—his drawings and woodcuts, that is—his attitude of mind appears to us perhaps a little sentimental, a little "ninetyish," but these qualities are not evident in his sculpture.

The volume, which is admirably printed, and in which the reproductions are excellent, should be of interest to all who care for sculpture, because, as M. de Puyvelde aptly concludes:

"La splendeur de l'art de Minne se trouve dans la conciliation des deux éléments fonciers de l'art: la spiritualité de la conception et l'expression plastique de la forme."

GIOVANNI BELLINI, Des Meisters Gemälde in 207 Abbildungen, Herausgegeben und Eingeleitet, von GEORG GRONAU. (Klassiker der Kunst XXXVI Band.) (Deutsche Verlags Austelt.) M. 20.

No one could be better equipped as an author for this new addition to the famous and indispensable "Klassiker der Kunst" series than Dr. Georg Gronau, who tells us in his preface that he has given nearly forty years to the study of Giovanni Bellini, and, further, that he has seen the majority of the paintings, here reproduced, again and again, and thus has been able to judge them in the light of other criticism.

The Bellinis, but especially this "Zuan," are perhaps the most likeable of all their Venetian contemporaries. Simpler than Giorgione, less imperious—that seems to be the word—than Titian, Giovanni's pictures have a kind of attraction that would seem to be unmistakable. But his methods, in common with those of the other Venetians, made the subtle charm of his picture surfaces peculiarly liable to damage. That perhaps is the cause that, in spite of Dr. Gronau's sponsorship, one cannot help wondering why Bellini was apparently so unequal, or whether the painter would really accept the responsibility for all the pictures ascribed to him here?

It is perhaps an idle question, for, when all is said and done, the value of a picture, the æsthetic value at least, depends on its quality not on its authenticity.

The illustrations are, as one expects it of this series, admirable.

EINZELMÖBEL UND NEUZEITLICHE RAUMKUNST. Herausgegeben von ALEXANDER KOCH. (Alexander Koch, Darmstadt.) £1 2s.

Dr. Alexander Koch is an enthusiast whose spirit informs all the publications for which he is responsible. This volume is a case in point. Not only the numerous admirable plates, but the two or three pages of his Introduction inspire one with the belief that modern ideas of furniture and interior architecture are not merely as good as the best of the past, but possibly better. There cannot, in fact, be any doubt that there is a new

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kind of "space sense" such as has hitherto not existed, a sense that takes account of the pattern made of "cubes and cones and cylinders" in their mutual relations within a shaped space called room, and considered altogether apart from the functions, either of room or furniture. Aesthetically, therefore, we are "thrilled" by the "dynamics" of design where formerly it was the cumulative effect of associative values that thrilled us: the "richness" of the carving, the "splendour" of gilt or silk damask, the intricacies of design, the "beauty," the "elegance" of the thing by itself. Moreover, in the "old style" every room had its individual function. The bedroom, the dining-room, the drawing-room were separate entities, had their own individuality. Today, thanks to economic pressure rather than to heightened æsthetic sensibility, all the rooms tend to partake of each other's character and become "living-rooms" pure and simple. Hence we find in this collection of "interiors" bedrooms which might be sitting-rooms; sitting-rooms which might be kitchens; drawing-rooms which might be conservatories; also beds which look like divans; wardrobes which resemble refrigerators; tables that include bookcases, and so forth. Dr. Koch is enthusiastic about all this, and at first one is inclined to agree. But second thoughts and a critical faculty eventually convince one of the tremendous irrelevance of it all, not so much æsthetically as practically. A bedroom should, after all, be a bedroom, and should have characteristics quite different from those of a dining-room or a kitchen, or a hospital for that matter. But there are interiors, especially those with which the redoubtable French architect, Le Corbusier, is associated, which, instead of a "home," suggest a laboratory on the steamship of a tropical expedition. There are others which, with their cubical Chinese forms, suggest the east of Asia rather than the west or the centre of Europe; and in most cases one meets with forms which, considered individually and in relation to their practical use, are hideous, especially where metalwork and upholstery are concerned.

Moreover, the impression of the forms in general, whether of wall spacing or of furniture design, is their lack of an inner necessity. Their formal irrelevance! They are not the result of building and craftsmanship, but of design and engineering.

It is the natural consequence of the machine, and the machine is responsible for the quality of our civilization. We are therefore "in for it," and until our anarchical manner of over-production has been reduced to order we cannot hope for "humaner" æsthetics.

INTRODUKSJON TIL NORGES KUNST I. 99 Billeder.
(Gyldendal Norsk Forlag.)

Scandinavian art is little known beyond its own frontiers, and the Norsk Forlag, as well as the Committee of Editors' "Introduction into Norwegian Art," beginning with these ninety-nine pictures of sculpture, illumination, and oil-painting are therefore greatly to be commended. As this Introduction is marked as a first volume, but contains no explanation of the programme of the series, it is difficult to judge whether the obvious hiatuses in the chronological sequences are intentional or not. If it is perhaps not so, strange that we should miss

three centuries between the carved animal's head of Viking times and the marble portrait of King Eystein (1103 to 1123); it seems certainly odd that we should have to turn from the Gothic crucifix of Glemmen Church of the fifteenth century, on the very next page, to the portrait of a lady by Gottfried Hendtzschel, which belongs to the second quarter of the seventeenth century (though the sitter herself is dressed in sixteenth-century costume!) About two-thirds of the volume is devoted to the nineteenth- and the twentieth-century artists.

As regards the works represented, and looking at them as individual creations, the foreign reader will find plenty to interest him. There are, for example, the wood-carving of St. John from Giske Church of about 1200, who has an extraordinary likeness to a St. John by El Greco; the wonderfully alive-looking St. Olave from Fresvik Church, dating from the beginning of the thirteenth century; and the "Head of Christ" from Heggen Church, of the same date, in which the grain of the wood seems to follow the texture of the skin in a manner found in Japanese "No" masks. In fact, all these heads from crucifixes, especially the serene and almost Greek profile of Christ from Feiring Church, middle of the thirteenth century, are noteworthy.

Amongst the paintings the foreign public will register with pleasure a number of "discoveries." Such are, for example, Matthias Stoltenberg's (1799-1871) "Portrait of a Customs Officer"; Kunt Baade's (1808-79) "Portrait of a Lady"—the former loose and impressionistic, the latter firm and full of strong character; both of them virile. Then J. C. Dahl (1788-1857) "The Dominating Personality of the Age" and "Our First and Greatest Landscape Painter," and, still better, though in another branch of painting, Adolf Tidemand (1814-76), a kind of Millet. Christian Krohg, Erik Werenskiöld, Frits Thaulow enjoy, of course, an international reputation; but no doubt their greatest painter, or, at least, the one who has had the greatest influence outside Norway, and more especially in Germany, is Edvard Munch, better than any other entitled to be called "The Father of Expressionism." The more recent painters, however, seem to tend too much to general Continental expressionism. The stronger and saner elements are to be found, therefore, here as elsewhere amongst the sculptors, notably Vilhelm Rasmussen.

DIE KUNST, von BRODER CHRISTIANSEN. (Felsen-Verlag, Buchenbach i. Br.) M. 6.80.

Broder Christiansen, though a Scandinavian, is called the Hermit of Wieseneck, a village in the Black Forest, whither ill-health compelled him to retire. He enjoys on the Continent a great and growing reputation as a philosopher. Twenty years he spent in retirement, and he writes like some modern Simon Stylites looking down from his pinnacle upon that ant-like business we call civilization, and endeavouring to explain to the "ants" what they are about and why they are about it. So he wrote "Das Gesicht unserer Zeit" (The Face of Our Time), and so now also "Die Kunst" (Art).

One is tempted to think of Broder Christiansen as if he were, indeed, a monastic brother, for he writes a quiet, beautiful German much nearer to the language of Luther than the written, not to mention the spoken, language of

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today. It is a pleasure, almost a relief to read. It is also, however, "word-bound," a complaint from which philosophers and "schoolmen" are apt to suffer. At least: on nearly every page we find statements that call for question marks. His thesis is "Kunst ist wie eine Sprache"—art is like a language, and to the proof of this analogy he devotes 200 out of his 260 pages, discussing the resemblances and differences between the forms and structure of speech and the forms and structure of the arts—including poetry, music, and the fine arts in the term "Die Kunst"; the remaining 60 pages deal with the "Sinngelt der Kunst," approximately "The Substance of Art."

It is not possible to deal exhaustively with his "art-philosophy" within the compass of a short review, but a few points, picked here and there at random, will show why his theory does not seem to be well grounded.

He recognizes, for instance, the "Stimmungsqualitaet" (the quality which evokes a mood), both in colours and in sounds and analyses poems and pictures to prove it. We cite as an example the famous:

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt etc.

known as a song all the world over. On Christiansen's interpretation this suggests "Lerchenjubil im lichten Blau"—the jubilation of the lark in the light blue skies. But if there is any onomatopoeic relation between the words and their meaning, the German suggests the whispering of Zephyr: not even the Kl of "Klinge Kleines" gives one the sense of the skylark's song. In short, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit" has much more of the soaring lark and the glittering light in it, much more that is of the "Lerchenjubil." And if it comes to that, our "blue" sounds, to us at any rate, infinitely "bluer" than the German "blau."

The difficulty Mr. Christiansen has to contend with is the fact that "Stimmungsqualitaeten" of sound or colour are not universal constants.

The following is another example of his argument and one which makes one doubt his whole attitude towards art. He is attempting to prove in the chapter called "Willensstille" that the aim (Ziel) of art is to induce the spectator to forget himself, or his own "Willensleben" (will-activity) at least momentarily in the contemplation of a play (Spiel) that simulates will (willensartig), and, leading up to this, argues: "There are views of nature, landscapes, townscapes, of such strangeness that our will is silenced: they appeal to us as art. Thus may the sky above the Alps appear or a remote (entrückte) city like Venice."

But this seems to prove too much. The Alpine sky or the remote city are "strange" only from points of view which have nothing to do with art. The "thrill" they may give us has not necessarily even the remotest connection with an æsthetic sense. Those who are æsthetically sensitive may, and do, get their "thrills" unexpectedly in familiar places. They can find what our author calls "æsthetische Wertmöglichkeit" (roughly "æsthetic possibilities") anywhere, at any moment. For the truth of the matter is not that the æsthetically sensible need "Willensstille," the stilling of their "will," but, on the contrary, their will to æsthetic sensation is paramount and constantly on the alert. That is the distinction and also, often, the tragedy of the "artistic temperament."

H. F.

SCHWÄBISCHE FEDERZEICHNUNGEN, STUDIEN ZUR BUCHILLUSTRATION AUGSBURGS IM XV JAHRHUNDERT, von HELLMUT LEHMANN-HAUPT. 8vo, pp. 8 + 229 + plates 116. (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter.) M. 30. 1929.

The Duchy of Swabia has an interesting medieval history from which emerges fine architecture and allied arts. One of the most important phases of the arts was that of book production in Augsburg, the capital, during the fifteenth century. The author has examined thirty-one of these books, and given detailed descriptions of them. The books are now widely distributed in Germany, some in Augsburg, Berlin, Gotha, Heidelberg, Munich, and Wolfenbüttel, and some in Prague. The accounts of them are scholarly, and the history of the time and circumstances in which they were produced is set forth with a completeness which is altogether admirable. The books themselves are written and illustrated with the pen, and the quality of the work varies from the delicate to the crude, and some of the script is admirable. The subjects of the drawings are very various; figure, landscape, and architecture are all treated and all marked with an engaging primitive feeling, and they are mostly religious in character. A number of wood engravings corresponding to the subjects of the drawings are given, and these, crude as they are, add to the general knowledge concerning that craft.

EL GRECO, by AUG. L. MAYER. (Berlin: Klinkhardt and Biermann.) M. 32.

No artist of the past can be compared with El Greco in the position he occupies in relation to modern art. After two and a half centuries of comparative oblivion, he was rediscovered towards the end of last century at the time when Cézanne was making similar use of distortion for the same purpose of arriving at a greater inner plastic unity in his compositions. Since then El Greco's fame has been widespread, countless books have been written about him, and many new works of his have come to light. This latter fact alone would justify the appearance of yet another book summing up all the new material that has been discovered since the first comprehensive life of the master of Toledo was written by Don Manuel Cossio. But Dr. Mayer's book does far more than this: it gives a singularly detailed and unbiased estimate of the master's work, and by following the evolution of each successive composition (for El Greco was fond of returning to the same theme over and over again) it succeeds in bringing out particularly clearly the complex nature of this extraordinary artist—his inborn orientalism, the mannerist language he acquired during his training in sixteenth-century Italy, and his strange anticipations of modern art in the sacrifice of rational proportion for the sake of greater expressiveness.

One phase of the artist's life still remains almost a blank, and this is precisely where research is most difficult. Dr. Mayer has nothing to say about El Greco's Cretan period beyond the fact that he was born in Candia in 1541 and came to Venice some time during the decade 1560-70. Did he work in a Greek atelier, and did he visit any of the great centres of Byzantine art before coming to Italy? Nothing definite is known, and probably never will be, about these points, but a fuller study of late Byzantine art may throw further light on El Greco's debt to that

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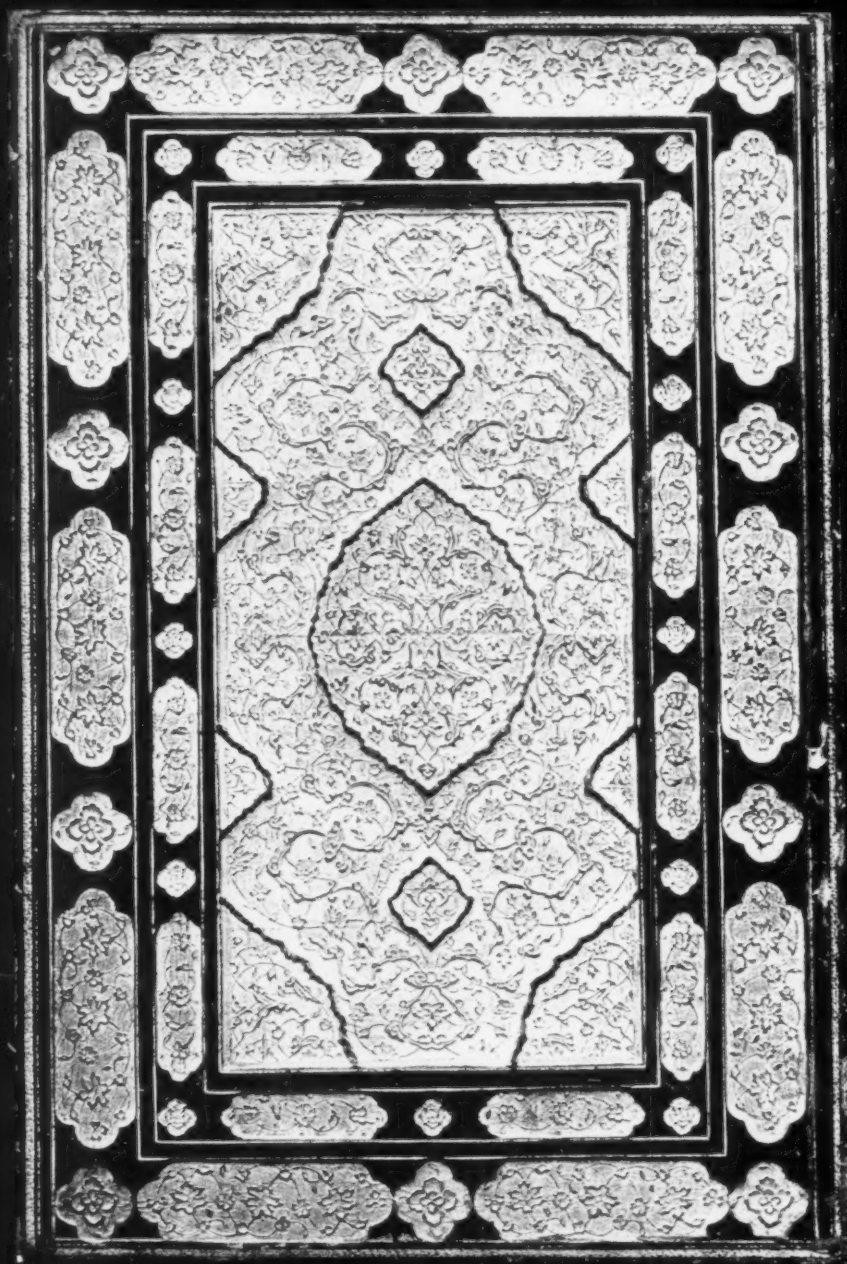
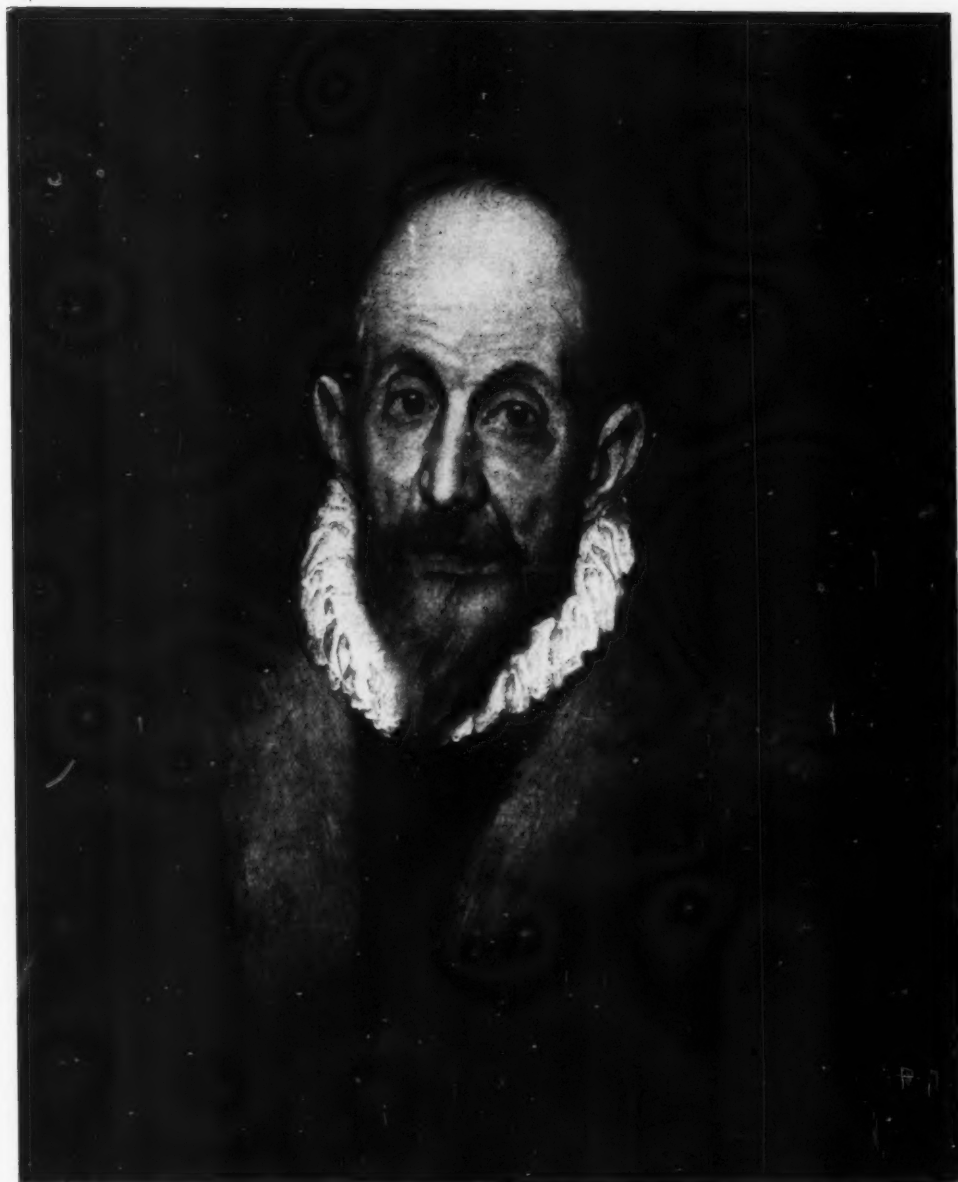


PLATE IX
EMBOSSED BINDING OF JĀMI'S KHAMSA' OR "FIVE POEMS"
Lent by H.M. the Shah of Persia.

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SELF-PORTRAIT

Metropolitan Museum, New York

By El Greco

tradition. Mr. Robert Byron has shown how fruitful such an inquiry can be, and has, incidentally, published a woodcut indicating the type of original upon which El Greco's little picture of Mount Sinai must be based.

After coming to Italy the Cretan learned the local manner of painting so successfully that some uncertainty exists as to which paintings may be attributed to him. In Parma, on his way down to Rome, he made a copy of Correggio's "Night," and a comparison of this with a much later "Adoration of the Shepherds," reproduced

on the opposite page, is in itself a revelation both of his employment of Italian forms and of his absolute transformation of these to suit his individuality. The evolution of El Greco's compositions is a subject of absorbing interest, and the arrangement of the reproductions in order of subject rather than chronology adds a good deal to the usefulness of the book. It is interesting to note in this connection that Dr. Mayer considers the National Gallery "Agony in the Garden" a studio version of the picture in the Sachs collection, New York.



FRAY HORTENSIO PARAVICINO

By El Greco

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.

All one can say on the strength of the rather poor illustration of this latter picture, is that it seems to be less crude in its contrasts of light and shade than our version, but this may be due to overcleaning in the case of the National Gallery picture.

The only branch of art in which El Greco approaches Spanish realism without overstepping its bounds is portraiture. The magnificent half-length portrait of Fray Hortensio Paravicino in Boston is dated 1609, and it shows that the painter had not forgotten what he had

learned of grace and beauty during his stay in Italy. Such a masterpiece remains unchallenged for all time. Whether some of El Greco's more ecstatic works will continue to be as much admired as they are today is more doubtful. The publication of the present volume is particularly opportune in view of the important exhibition of El Greco's work which is to be held in Madrid in May. About 150 of his works will be brought together, and visitors to Spain will be able to form their own estimate of this remarkable genius.

M. C.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ARTISTS AND CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH DRAWINGS AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES

Taste, I think, might be defined as the faculty of refraining from "bad form," or of knowing what "is not done," or rather what one cannot do. The French do not possess this faculty; one sees more pictures that offend against good taste in the Paris salons than ever one sees in London. Here, in Messrs. Tooth's little show of French "graphics" there are several instances of this lack in taste. What, for example, could Maillol have been thinking of when he made such a lithograph as "L'Homme et la Femme" or "Baigneuses," which are both pretty and silly, yet his "Femme à Genoux"—which, by the by, is wrongly described as a lithograph—is a marvel of sensitive and ascetic draughtsmanship. Again, how could a master like Raoul Dufy so obviously both follow and misunderstand Van Gogh in "La Batteuse de Blé"? "Le Golfe de Saint Tropez," etched in the thin, Corotique technique by Dunoyer de Segonzac is attractive, although the scale of the technique is not in keeping with the size of the plate, a mistake he has not made in "L'Abside de Notre Dame, Paris." That "taste" should be a little doubtful in Foujita's work is only natural, handicapped as he is by his Far-Eastern mentality, but his "Nu," with its delicate solidity or solid delicacy, I know not which, is a marvel.

Henry Matisse's lithographs seem surprisingly uncertain; his "Danseuse étendu" being at least as weak in design as "Le Repos du Modèle" is strong. Pablo Picasso's etching "Groupe de Femme" seems to me to mean nothing, whilst "Les Trois Graces" is admirable. On the other hand, George Rouault's qualities as seen in the lithographs "La Clownesse" and "Le Jongleur" seem to gain rather than lose by the absence of his much-vaunted but most boring colour sense.

Much better taste is shown by the English artists' drawings in the next room, though they are different enough, and even often antagonistic to one another. Can one expect Mr. Augustus John having a good word to say—I mean, of course, in abstract aesthetics—for Mr. W. R. Sickert? Mr. Wilson Steer ought not to be "on speaking terms" with Mr. William Roberts; and I am sure Mr. Paul Nash would detest Mr. Fred Mayor were it not that the *nisi bonum* of the dead protects the latter; nor can I imagine Mr. Wadsworth "on speaking terms" with Mr. Duncan Grant.

Nevertheless, all these artists are united by a common bond—they have "taste"; they know what they can and what they cannot do; they establish their own limitations; they, so to speak, stake out their claims and cultivate their own ground, with the result that we, as spectators, know exactly where we are, and do not demand from one the qualities of another.

Mr. Sickert's "Bonne Fille," a technical variation on one of his favourite subjects, therefore pleases one quite

as much as Mr. William Roberts's "Study for the Tea Garden," Mr. Paul Nash's "Wood on the Downs," as much as Mr. Steer's "Spring, Richmond," or the late Fred Mayor's "The Red Ship." Nevertheless, Mr. Dobson's admirably sculptural nude studies are, I think, spoilt by his sometimes over-assertive colour passages, and Mr. Augustus John is temperamentally the least certain of those English painters who are entitled to be called masters.

It may be "as it happens," but the Englishmen in this gallery seem to me to surpass the Frenchmen in the front room in interest.

PAINTINGS BY THE EAST LONDON GROUP AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES

Going round this interesting new exhibition of the East London Group, which appears to be aesthetically in a flourishing condition, I was arrested again and again in front of a number of pictures which, on reference to the catalogue, turned out to be invariably works by Mr. Elwin Hawthorne. As there are at least ten pictures by this artist in this exhibition, and as his subject-matter is invariably what is called "dull," and as there are quite a number of similar subjects by other artists, this instinctive attraction to Mr. Hawthorne's work seemed to me sufficiently curious to demand investigation. The artist chooses mean streets. His skill as a painter is not obvious; in fact there are quite a number of reasons why—on theoretical grounds—one ought to ignore him. Mr. John Cooper, the enthusiastic president of the group, for instance, is much cleverer and his subject-matter much more exciting; Mr. Murroe Fitzgerald also knows much more about "art"—too much, almost. Mr. William Coldstream knows more about painting, Mr. Silk about quality of paint, and Mr. Steggle about designing—all these painters have distinguished themselves here as artists, Mr. Steggle, in fact, coming very close to Mr. Hawthorne in impressiveness; but in my opinion Mr. Hawthorne has them all "skinned." All the others seem to me to know that they know. Mr. Hawthorne doesn't; or if he knows he has dismissed such knowledge of art from his consciousness. He uses his art to express what he has seen, and, seeing, felt. He paints "St. Mark's Church, Victoria Park," or "Highbury," or "Fog at Clapton," and the results are authoritative. There is no relevant art criticism to be made because the artist has not produced a work of art, but a "slice of life." For example, in "Fog at Clapton" there is an ill-drawn animal, ill-drawn from the point of view of accuracy, but the little beast just completes the picture; just gives you the "feeling" of the scene. Mr. Hawthorne is an artist because he feels something about the things he sees, and uses his brain and hand to record his feelings. Fortunately he has a good brain. If he were a Frenchman, or at least domiciled in France, one would have to fear for his future. They would make a "success" of him. Fortunately he is English and his future therefore presumably without the danger to his soul that such "success" generally means.

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THE "ELEVEN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS" AND "NAN WEST" AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY

The eleven artists that exhibit here are Messrs. H. E. du Plessis, Hooper Rowe, R. O. Dunlop, H. S. Williamson, Robert Medley, Eric Kennington, and Mesdames Rosalie Emslie, Florence Asher, Ethel Walker, Anna Denhof, and Elizabeth Muntz. There is, in spite of the doubting foreword to the catalogue, a certain unity of general effect if not exactly of "aesthetic aims," and the show is therefore pleasant as a whole—even Mr. H. S. Williamson's Gallic "Modernism" fits into it fairly well.



THE GREEN NECKLACE By R. O. Dunlop
At the Goupil Gallery

His "Road to Chaussy" is an unqualified success; his hell-red vision of "The Valley" is to me unintelligible. But the other painters belong to an altogether different "school." Miss Emslie and, to one's surprise, even Miss Florence Asher, in spite of certain "Modern" *allures*, might belong to the Royal Academy of Lord Leighton's time. Nor is Mr. Medley really as "Modern" by nature as he would have us believe. He is inclined to mix up calligraphy with painting. His "At Bermondsey" is, nevertheless, a good picture. The best *painters* here, painters who know how to handle pigments, are unquestionably Miss Ethel Walker and Mr. R. O. Dunlop. They are both really "impressionists," a fact which Miss Walker probably would not, and Mr. Dunlop certainly need not, dispute. Six of Miss Walker's paintings are authoritative and admirable; only the seventh, "An August Afternoon," seems to me to lack the truth that would justify the

treatment. Amongst Mr. Dunlop's six contributions the two landscapes also seem deficient in basic truth, but the figure subjects are admirable, notably the "Gipsy" and the frail almost Burne-Jones-like portrait of the lady in "The Green Necklace," a painting distinguished by the very un-prerafaelitic strength of its lighting (see *illus.*). Miss Denhof and Miss Muntz are accomplished sculptors, the former a carver in wood. Mr. Kennington has, it seems to me, been induced by associative relevance to commit an *aesthetical faux pas*: that foxglove pyramid in his "Memorial to the late Thomas Hardy." It spoils the rhythm and, from certain points of view, suggests a somewhat formidable "shillalah."

Miss Nan West's watercolours are pleasant but, in general, a little unexciting and lacking in solidity. There are, however, exceptions, such as the unusual view of the "Pitti Palace, Florence," "Squirrel's Farm," and "Lavenham," which have more firmness of form; and the two contrasted pictures of mantelpieces, "Mrs. Whymark's Mantelpiece" and "Mantelpiece at Oakley Crescent." "Lady Copying a Lawrence" (the Lawrence being invisible, but the lady's red dress suggesting that master) is a subtle piece of humour.

DRAWINGS AND CARICATURES BY KAPP AT THE CURTIS MOFFAT GALLERY, 4 FITZROY SQUARE

There was only one criticism which one could legitimately make as regards Mr. Kapp's caricatures: his psychological subtleties were apt to be overwhelmed by a fundamental weakness of technique. "Max" has this weakness, too, but in his case it has become his tower of strength. He knows his limitations and makes them a virtue. "Kapp's" psychological analyses are more subtle, depend far less on "captions," and therefore require greater technical ability. Feminine artists often try to persuade us, as they no doubt have persuaded themselves, that one can produce works of art of "psychic" significance by mere passivity of one's intellectual faculties. Kapp being a masculine artist has no such delusions. He gives us psychological studies, even "psychic" overtones, but keeps his intellectual faculties in control. That makes unusual demands on technical knowledge. This exhibition proves that he is now in full possession of it. I think, with perhaps one or two insignificant exceptions, all his drawings and caricatures here are excellent. It can only be a question of greater or lesser excellence; possibly also individual opinion may weigh; we do not all see even familiar faces alike. Here is my choice, and more or less in the order of merit as I see it. Amongst the drawings: Lord Rothschild, Lord Reading, "Jix," Sir John Simon, Einstein, the Duke of Connaught—the style of these drawings, incidentally, varies with each person. Amongst the caricatures: Louis Golding, Winston Churchill, Leslie Henson, and Sir Thomas Beecham. Kapp's drawings of Bernard Shaw are also good—especially the more expensive one; but it is not quite Shaw. I have never yet seen a really good Shaw caricature and I must have seen dozens. Curious; because Mr. Shaw has features that "feature" him so admirably.

One word about the new gallery at Messrs. Curtis Moffat's, which Mr. Mayor now manages. No. 4 Fitzroy Square is a palatial house—which in itself, and apart from Curtis Moffat's other attractions in the way of Negro art, for example, is worth a visit.

Art News and Notes

THE GUILD OF CATHOLIC ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN EXHIBITION AT THE GIEVES AND ARLINGTON GALLERIES

As a sequence of the Catholic Times' Arts and Crafts Exhibition, held in September 1929 (and "reviewed" at the time in these Art Notes), there has been formed the Guild of Catholic Artists and Craftsmen, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Westminster, and the presidency of Mr. Glyn Philpot, R.A. "This is our first exhibition," writes Dr. St. Luke in the foreword



DESIGN FOR A PICTURE, "THE CHRISTMAS CONSTELLATION"
The Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child; attended by SS. Anastasia, Stephen, John the Evangelist, the Holy Innocents, and St. Thomas of Canterbury

By Glyn Philpot, R.A.

At the Guild of Catholic Artists and Craftsmen Exhibition

to the catalogue, "and it is perhaps not too much to say that even if a definite note is not yet observable, there is, in the gallery reserved for religious art—which may be considered the aspirational expression of the Guild—a definite attitude. It may well be that some years' earnest striving will pass before the Guild finds its true mind and expresses the Catholic spirit in modern religious art, which will show a virile Catholicism as an integral part of English life."

It will be interesting to see whether these expectations will be fulfilled. At present Dr. St. Luke is right in saying that "a definite note is not yet observable." The exhibition is, if not worse, at all events no better than other exhibitions except in one respect. Small though the architectural section is, it is definitely and conspicuously valuable. For example, Messrs. Nichols and Dixon Spain's "Church of St. Joan of Arc, Farnham," Mr. Thomas H. B. Scott's "St. Bonaventura, Welwyn Garden City" and "The Baptistery Aisle, St. Agnes, Cricklewood," and the same architect's "Church of the Annunciation, Burnt Oak," are all admirable architecture in the universal sense, though the last-named building looks a little "foreign" for an English environment. Admirable, too, is Mr. Scott's "Entrance to St. Agnes, Cricklewood," with Mr. Lindsey Clark's Lombard sculptured caps.

When it comes to painting and sculpture, one is less firmly convinced of any marked difference except in choice of subject-matter. Mr. Philpot's bronze "Saint in Ecstasy" is a noble effort, but it is an effort; the saint straining heavenward makes a contour in which chin and nose seem, at first sight, interchangeable, and the strain on the upraised head has the effect of being stultified by the all too heavy looking body. His design for "The Christmas Constellation" is, if less ambitious, certainly happier (see illustration), though we hope Mr. Philpot, in the finished work, will give further thought to the cherubs supporting the drapery. His "Incredulity of St. Thomas," and especially "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," appear to be pictures of the kind the Catholic Church should welcome and recommend, not so much for church as for the home or convent decoration, for which the "Resurgam" is perhaps a little too painful.

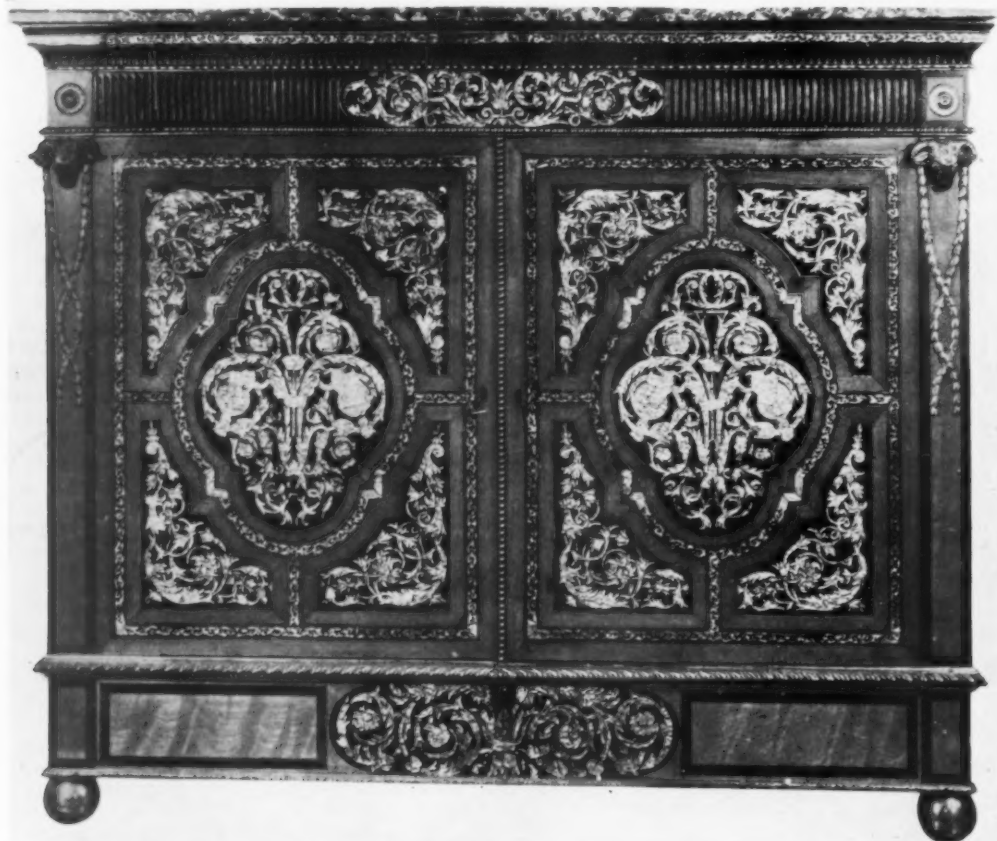
The case of Dom Theodore Bailly is a difficult one; purely æsthetically his Byzantine images are of great interest; in fact, they are quite remarkable. But whether, from the Catholic point of view, their anachronism is justifiable, is not for me to say. Mr. Thomas Derrick's panel of "The Crucifixion," though unfinished, is highly decorative and pleasing. There are more elaborate paintings here, more realistically treated, such as Mr. Widmer's large tempera painting "The Toiler's Dream," which do not carry as much conviction, or so it seems to me. Miss Diana Murphy's "St. Teresa" is a charming watercolour, but to me it does not suggest the saint, and her "Repentant" is hardly to be considered seriously both in respect of subject treatment and technique. Amongst other works in this "sacred" section, Mr. Trinick's "Deposition from the Cross" and Mr. H. J. St. Francis Lee's "Dead Christ" are worth noting, as are also Mr. Derrick's wood engravings for the "Battle Sketches" by Ambrose Pierce, and Mr. Fossey's illuminations.

As regards the "profane" section in the gallery

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above, one can only say that it is not different from most other shows by living artists. The following are, however, contributors who have furnished some of the best things. Mr. Cyril Power (several colour-linocuts), Mr. Peter Anson (several watercolours), Miss Catherine Giles ("The Viaduct"), Mr. Thomas Derrick (amusing caricatures of Chesterton and Belloc as redoubtable militant Catholics), Mr. Warren Dow (watercolour), Brother H. R. Williams (two strong and straightforward watercolours),

number of things which are of first-rate importance. For example, there is a portrait of Charles V and its companion Isabella of Portugal, the wife of this emperor, both by the little-known Jan Vermeyen, according to Dr. Glück. The pictures from Knoke, and lent by Mr. E. Peter Jones, are quite remarkable apart from their general excellence for the extraordinary skill with which the hands are treated, both technically and psychologically. Then there is a broadly and loosely painted portrait



ENGLISH COMMODOE OF MAHOGANY AND SATINWOOD INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL

At Messrs. M. Harris and Sons' Gallery

(See page 69)

Mr. F. L. Griggs (well-known etchings), Mr. Russell Alexander (Griggs-like drawings), Miss Selly Hall (oil painting "Deborra"), Mrs. Lawnsen (an oil painting, "Girl kneeling"), and Miss Edith Richards (woodcuts).

THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB'S EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, FURNITURE, AND OTHER WORKS OF ART

The Burlington Fine Arts Club has a way of hiding its light under a bushel. Its Winter Exhibition screens its treasures under the modest title: "Pictures, Furniture, and other objects of art"; yet it contains quite a

sketch of a girl, lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, by Jacques Louis David, reminding one again how admirable a painter he was when he forgot his theories. Next we mention "The Armenian Girl," a beautiful head, lent by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, "variously ascribed to Velazquez, Savoldo, and the Spanish School generally." Whenever people see a little grey they "plump" for the Spanish School; but I think the catalogue which gives it to the Venetian School, with a question mark, might confidently drop the question; it is "good enough" for Titian, though it is probably not by him. Again, "An Old Woman Lighting a Pipe," lent by Col. R. E. N. Leatham is here only "ascribed to Nicholas Maes"; if it is

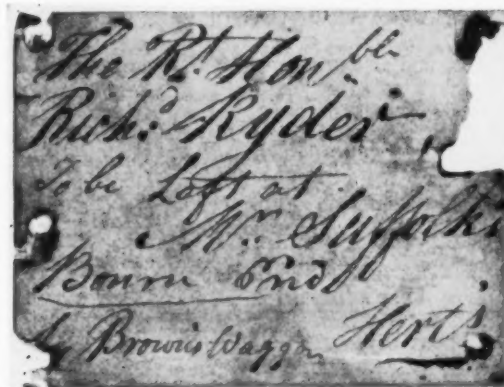
Art News and Notes

not by him it is by another painter of at least his sincerity and power; but who could that be? "The Tribute Money," by Rembrandt, lent by Viscount Allendale, is, in spite of its proud signature and unquestionable pedigree, one of those pictures which do not quite satisfy. That is also true of Mr. George Simonson's Corot entitled "Landscape with a Man Fishing," whilst, on the other hand, the same master's sketch, "Looking towards the Villa Madama, Rome," lent by Lord Berners, belongs to that newly discovered group of his work which only at first sight raises doubts because it is unlike the kind of thing one had come to expect as Corot's sign manual. There is no space to comment on some other interesting pictures, and I can only mention a number of remarkable "other objects of art." First, that beautiful Thracian bronze statuette of Apollo, lent by Lord Melchett; next, perhaps, and for

attractive, especially if you concentrate attention on the black rather than on the white, that almost anyone can produce a "clever" woodcut.

Both exhibitions, this year, are distinctly pleasing and should encourage the collector. In both exhibitions there is evidence that the artists are much more conscious of the possibilities of their craft. They seem to be much more certain of the fact that it is not only the blacks and the whites but—from the craftsman's point of view—the greys that are the difficulty and also the beauty of a design.

At the Redfern Gallery, a few, such as Mr. Edward Bishop in his amusing "So they Took a Studio in Chelsea," or Mr. Edward Carrick in his not aptly Gordon Craigish "Vintage," have, for example, forgotten their greys, and even Mr. Eric Gill triumphs in my opinion a little too easily by ignoring, not the greys, but the whites. On the



LABELS FOUND UNDERNEATH THE COMMODE ILLUSTRATED ON OPPOSITE PAGE

(See page 69)

sheer contrast, two lovely "Figures of Dancers" belonging to Mr. Roger Fry, ascribed to the Wei Dynasty (A.D. 386-557); they are a kind of Chinese tanagra. The "Globular Jar and Cover of Lacquered Bronze" of the fifteenth century, lent by Sir Percival David, Bart., is an unusually fine piece of lacquer-carving and engraving, and the Emperor Chien-Lung's praise, inscribed upon it three hundred years later, is well merited. Mr. Oswald Birley lends a Siamese "Head of Buddha" of the fifteenth century, which has a feeling of portraiture, a sense which also distinguishes "Bust of a Female Saint" of the same century carved in walnut and Spanish. There is a charming piece of "Point de Venise à réseau" of the eighteenth century lent by Mr. Wilfred Buckley, C.B.E.—but enough has been said to hint at the great variety of interest in this most attractive little show.

THE SOCIETY OF WOOD ENGRAVERS AT THE REDFERN GALLERY, AND THE ENGLISH WOOD-ENGRAVING SOCIETY AT THE ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY

Since I first began to interest the public in the revival of woodcutting and engraving the crafts have made a steady progress—I was going to say—but as a matter of fact the "progress" has been rather erratic. It is so easy to make a black-and-white print look superficially

other hand, Mr. Eric Daglish's "Fly Agarics" seems to me the finest piece of wood-engraving he has ever done; black, white and grey respond to each other in a beautiful rhythm without obscuring the subject, which latter is a difficulty he often has to contend with. Lady Mabel Annesley, too, seems to me never to have done anything better than "A Country Road." When one says that Mrs. Raverat in her twelve "Months" inclines to repeat her past successes one grumbles a little, but not much, because it means that at all events she has not allowed her quality to drop. Mr. John Nash's six "Decorations for 'Celeste,'" on the other hand, are unequal, 2, 3, and 6 being much finer than the others. Of other exhibits in this Society's show the following seem to me of particular attraction: Mr. McNab's "Landscape Cassis," Mr. Bernard Rice's technically interesting "Albania" and "Dancing Peasants," Mr. David Jones's "The Bride" (but badly printed), Mr. Ethelbert White's "A Corner of the Forest," Miss Tirzah Garwood's "The Wife" and the lively "Company"; I don't get her idea in "The Big Man"; Mr. John Farleigh's "George Chapman" is as good in its way as the very different "Wet Day, Bloomsbury"; Miss Althea Willoughby's "In Kensington Gardens" is as good as one has come to expect, but perhaps not quite so original; Miss Phyllis Alden has tried an interestingly new technique in "Night,"

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and it has succeeded; but what a pity Miss Hilda Quick, in her "Masons," left off where the difficulty began—in the sky. Miss Joan Herrin's "Saturday Night" is a good effort; and Mr. Burra's "modernities" are amusing.

Fortunately the exhibits in the Wood Engraving Society no longer overlap with the "Wood Engravers." At the St. George's Gallery there are more prints which, owing to their size and the consequently bolder design, could be used as wall decorations. Here, too, one has the definite impression of real progress. Mr. Claughton Pellow, for instance, has given up his former rather tiresome technique; his "Night" and "Landscape" are full of interest. Mr. John F. Greenwood also has become more lively in the design of his "Mrs. Titterington's" and "To Grassington"; that also applies to Mr. Norman Janes in the admirable "Ships before a Port" and "Delta." Again it applies to Mr. Clifford Webb's "The Seashore," "The Alarm," and "The Angler." It is difficult for me to put into so many words what I mean by "more lively," but the artists themselves will understand me, and the public will appreciate these points without the need of making comparisons. I think, too, that Miss Mary Groom's drawing has improved so that the always great superficial attraction is now much better founded in "The Nativity" and "Ino, Antinoe and Agare." Even Mr. Charles Ginner has added to his always attractive design greater technical variety in "On the East Heath," whilst Mrs. Raverat's "Harvest Moon" is more dramatic than her other work of today. "Tulips" are likewise a "new departure" for Mr. C. W. Taylor. Miss Hilda Quick has shirked no difficulties here in "The Staircase Light," and Miss Margaret Bryan's interpretations of Michelangelo and El Greco are far from incompetent. Miss Gertrude Hermes's "Willows and Water Lilies," and Mr. Blair Hughes Stanton's "Re-birth" are, as one expects, admirable examples of creative engraving.

Altogether both shows are heartening.

CECIL BEATON AT THE COOLING GALLERIES

Mr. Cecil Beaton has undoubtedly brought photography as near to the categories of art as this mechanical device will allow. His secret is that he never uses the camera to imitate nature or art. He knows exactly what the camera cannot do and evolves his art precisely from a due consideration of its limitations. Naturally, therefore, he goes against the rules of the game and makes his sitters the foil or background of what others would call the accessories. Since Mr. Bernard Shaw has made the sanguinary expletive good literature, I may perhaps be allowed to assert more mildly that Mr. Cecil Beaton's photography is best characterized by these two words: *Damn clever.*

Mr. Osbert Sitwell sums up this photographer's various works—he is not only a camera man, but also a painter—in a witty appreciation. "Mr. Beaton's photographs," Mr. Sitwell says, "seem to me more important than his pictures." They are; but the tinselled importance of the latter, as also the significance of the photographs, lies in their superlative futility, a futility that, however, does not apply to the art, but to the subject-matter. It is as if one fixed his gaze on the frothy bubbles that vanish softly in the sands of the beach and ignored the waves that have caused them, to say nothing of the deep which even tempests cannot disturb.

As Mr. Sitwell says: "It is to his photographic portraits that the people of the next century will turn when they want to rediscover the character of this one, want to know not only how people looked, but how they desired to look." True again; and it seemed to me that the majority of these beautiful women desired to look as if they had a soul—but there I may be wrong.

SHORTER NOTICES

Miss Ethel Sands' exhibition at the Warren Gallery is a very pleasant show. One would not expect it to be otherwise, for the artist's happy interiors, flower-pieces, and still-lives have long been familiar. She is, however, least successful when she leaves her impressionistic manner in order to demonstrate her modern interest in design. Her "Interior in Sunlight," "Corner of an Empire Room," "A Lobster," and "A Flower-piece," show her qualities at their best.

The most impressive exhibit amongst the drawings and sculpture shown at the new Zwemmer Gallery (26 Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Road) is, without question, the late Gaudier Brzeska's "Head of an Idiot"; it is a powerful and moving piece of work of almost disturbing force. It is, as Mr. Wilenski points out, still in his early Rodinesque manner, and one wonders what posterity would make of it if, somehow, its date and provenance had been lost. The horrid strength of his "Chimpanzee" is not nearly so impressive, and his "Russian Dancers" are almost weak. His wonderful drawings of animals are done in his well-known manner of continuous line.

Amongst the drawings neither Mr. Frank Dobson nor Mr. Epstein show a new departure. I still admire Mr. Dobson's, though he overdoes the colour-addition occasionally, and Mr. Epstein's still do not appeal to me with anything like the force of his sculpture—allowing for all the differences.

If Mr. Henry Moore had not lately been attacked in the daily Press I should not mind criticizing his drawings, though less unfavourably than his sculpture; but I refrain from doing so for fear of being associated with his attackers.

At the Cotswold Gallery there is a memorial exhibition of drawings and designs by the late Selwyn Image.

I know, to my regret, too little about Selwyn Image to judge of his mind as writer, lecturer and conversationalist. I know him only as a name associated with the—oh! so earnest—art and craft movements of the eighties and nineties of the last century, and more particularly as one of the pioneers of the woodcut revival. He belonged to that type of mind which takes art fastidiously, because it is more conscious of the beauty of art than of its other functions. Also he was a scholar. All this means that he was not first and foremost an artist. That is borne out by the present memorial exhibition which contains nothing in any way remarkable as a work of art, but much that witnesses his earnestness, his love of Nature, and his concern for "honest craftsmanship." In his watercolour landscapes he is seen at his best in the slightly tinted drawing called "A Country Road," also in "Easewell Farm, Morthoe," but his tendency to "woolliness" was probably due to a fundamental weakness, just as was the opposite quality of starkness in his woodcuts. In the latter case, however, he had a

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justifiable excuse in the entire newness of *original* wood-cutting at the period. Nevertheless, there is quality and originality in many of his designs, such as the cover for "The Century Guild Hobby Horse" and the book cover "The Tragic Way." Mr. Sturge Moore has added charming elegiac verses to the catalogue, to which Mr. Binyon has written an equally delightful preface.

Mr. Robin Wallace, who exhibits his paintings at *Barbizon House*, is a name new to me. He is an artist with taste. He uses a broad brush and rich impasto which give his landscapes an air of the grand manner, a classicity of the kind that one admires in the landscapes of Sir D. Y. Cameron at their best. Mr. Wallace lets his admiration for the Scottish artist be seen in his own work—for example, in the "Corfe Castle"; and there are suggestions of Mr. Padwick's simplifications in such paintings as, for example, "Mountain Valleys." Other satisfying paintings are the small picture "From Kingston Hill," the "Purbeck Hills," "Staveley, Westmorland"—the artist's native county, "Lake Mountains," and another small picture, "Penrhyn Quarry." In all these there is, apart from a careful regard for tone relations and good colour, also a fine design. In "Falmouth, the Cutty Sark," the artist has unfortunately spoilt a picture with a fine sky by the unstudied hulk of the "Cutty," and in the "Tower of London" he has got into difficulties with the design, which the puppet guards in the foreground only emphasize. Amongst his watercolours, "Lindisfarne" and the almost monochrome "Lever House" are outstanding.

Mr. Roland Green is too well known as a painter of birds to need any notice of his work beyond the statement that there is an exhibition of his watercolour drawings and etchings at *Messrs. Arthur Ackermann's Galleries*.

Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose, one might say of this exhibition of *Flower Paintings* at the *Fine Art Society's Galleries*, which, though there are different pictures, makes, on the whole, the same impression as previous exhibitions there of the same nature. Flowers have form and colour; they make patterns of their own accord, and also at the discretion of the artist. Flowers have life, but they are also in a sense dead, because they can be arranged, and they keep still, at least for a time. One can therefore treat flowers in several different manners, of which perhaps the least successful one is that which forgets that when they are painted they have ceased to be nature. Yet it seems to me that most artists forget this and act as if they really expected us to believe their flowers were not painted, except in other cases where, on the contrary, we are invited to admire the cleverness of the paint, as, for example, here in Mr. Davis Richter's "Summer's Bounty." That is why I infinitely prefer his "Note of Scarlet," which is not half so clever, being really only "a note," but a delightful one. Other good pictures are Mr. A. F. W. Hayward's "Giant Syringa"; Mr. Carl Hampl's "White Chrysanthemums," and the same artist's "Zinnias"; several of Sir George Clausen's; Mr. Laurence Biddle's "Geraniums," which succeeds mainly on account of the black back-ground; and Mr. Terence Londair's "Hollyhocks." But there is not one picture in the collection that really satisfies as a work of art.

The first show held by the now defunct Little Art

Rooms, which during the war became known as one of the few "intellectual oases" in London, was devoted to an exhibition of works by "Author Artists." In this show Mr. Temple Thurston's watercolours figured as a prominent attraction. Since then Mr. Thurston's handling of the medium has progressed, as seen in *Messrs. Mucklows' Gallery*, Cranbourn Street. It is now almost undistinguishable from the work other artists, to whom it is an only profession, produce. Critically one would suggest that Mr. Thurston is not always careful enough in choosing his view-point, or, alternatively, that he is not courageous enough to take liberties with the accidents of nature; he does not quite know how to get rid of awkward "facts." "Sun and Mist—Hammersmith," "The Pool," "Chiswick," and "Salmon Fishing, Loch Fiachan," are amongst his most successful works here.

I noticed, however, with pleasure that there were still some of Miss Agatha Walker's delightful *portrait-statuettes* on view at these galleries. They really are portraits and succeed because the artist can *draw*, sculpture being, after all, only a method of drawing in solids. Her Edith Evans as "Florence Nightingale," and Gwen Frangon Davies as "Lady Herbert of Lee," as well as several of the characters from the "Beggar's Opera," are diminutive counterfeits of life. That is the artist's danger: she does not always know where to stop, and therefore occasionally comes perilously near "cheapness," especially in respect of the colouring.

A RARE PIECE OF ADAM FURNITURE AT MESSRS. M. HARRIS AND SONS

An object of art always gains additional interest when its associative history happens to be known, as is the case with the fine old English commode of mahogany and satinwood, richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl and decorated with festoons of husks and borders in gilt metal. The commode is in any case a rare piece and was probably produced in 1775-80 under personal direction of the Adam Brothers—see illustrations on pages 66 and 67.

The additional interest is derived from the fact that on the bottom of the commode was found a label, at first hidden under some colouring matter, which we also reproduce. Its wording suggests that the article had been renovated for the occasion of the Hon. Richard Ryder's marriage which took place on August 1, 1799, the bride being Frederica, daughter and heiress of Sir John Skynner, Knt., Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The Hon. Richard Ryder, M.A., for thirty-five years Member of Parliament for Tiverton, held many offices of importance. He was a Welsh judge, a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury under the Duke of Portland, member of the Privy Council, and Home Secretary under the Ministry of Spencer Perceval.

LONDON'S NEW ART CENTRE

It is interesting to hear that the West End of London now possesses a centre devoted entirely to the display and sale of books on the fine and applied arts, in the opening by Messrs. Batsford, on December 1, of a range of salons with a specially designed gallery at 15 North Audley Street, Mayfair. The firm is one of the oldest art book-sellers and publishers in London, following in its head establishment in High Holborn a line of predecessors stretching back to the mid-eighteenth century.

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A MONUMENT TO FRANCE BY MEŠTROVIĆ

The mind of Ivan Meštrović is creative; it is possessed of the fire of imagination; it is an altar upon which the bodies of men and women are sacrificed to art. Once laid thereon they take a new form; that which the artist chooses to give them; the form of his own expression. Portrait



VICTORY : Monument of Yugoslav gratitude to France
By Ivan Meštrović, Belgrade

busts and statues made by him from life or from conception become possessed, not only by their subject, but by the personality of the artist. His mere decorative works are made to convey the sense and spirit of originality, while his monuments are symbolic, each of a great idea. That is one side of Meštrović's originality, but there is another. Essentially original in style his works convey, not only himself, but his country. Nationalism is added to originality, an external to style, but in this case also an essence. The fierceness and the gentleness of the Slav nature are united in this national impulse, together with a prodigious industry common to most great artists.

There is no question as to the industry of Ivan Meštrović. His works approach the 500 mark. They date from his fifteenth year, when—having been instructed by his Croat father in craftsmanship and construction, and by his uncle in the legends of their country, from his birth in 1883—he began to carve figures in wood and stone which are now preserved with pride in the Knen Museum in Dalmatia. In Vienna and Prague, in Munich, Dresden, Venice and Paris, and later in Rome, he studied and worked and exhibited, all in the forward movement, culminating before the war in the fifty figures and models for the great conception of a National Temple of Kosovo. These were seen in London in 1915 at the surprising exhibition of the master's works at the Victoria and Albert Museum and are well remembered.

Since then monument has followed monument, the most important being the Racic Chapel at Cavtat, near Ragusa, the architecture of which is Meštrović's as well as the sculpture; the monument to Bishop Strossmeyer; that of the ancient Croatian poet Marulić at Spalato; and the two colossal North American Indians mounted on horses at the Grant Park, Chicago. To these is now added the Memorial to France, unveiled at Belgrade in November. Its architecture is strictly plain and rectangular, the base—seven metres in height—including two over-life-size reliefs, one representing French and Yugoslav soldiers in one firing line and the other the Charity of France. The surmounting bronze figure is of the first importance, for in its immense dynamism all the ardour of the Yugoslav nature is vividly, almost violently, expressed. A great figure of a woman, four and a half metres high, plants her left foot firmly on the plinth, thrusting backwards the superbly modelled right leg, and forwards the strong and forceful body. Draperies give an effective motion to the left arm, also thrust behind, as well as to the extended leg. The figure is in more ways than one the most significant of all produced by the war; as a work of art it is one of the first half-dozen of the post-war generation; as pure form it is magnificently plastic. The genius of Meštrović is shown in it to be as great in plastic as in glyptic, which is one of the artist's exceptional qualities.

K. P.

Our colour plate (facing p. 24) is another example of the medieval charm of the Siene school, a charm that is due in the main, perhaps, to the absence of sophistication which tended to make so many works of the High Renaissance look paltry in comparison with the sincerer work of the Primitives. The original of which the colour plate is a careful reproduction is ascribed to Sano di Pietro (1406-81) and belongs to Christ Church, Oxford. It represents the Madonna and Child surrounded by (from left to right) SS. Catherine of Siena, Francis of Assisi, Ambrose, Jerome, John the Baptist, and Bernardino da Siena. The painting, once ascribed to Duccio, is now given to Sano, though the catalogue of the exhibition comments: "The blue background appears to be unique in Sano's work," implying, perhaps, some doubt as to the authenticity of the ascription.

M. CHAGALL ET LA PEINTURE INDÉPENDANTE

Messrs. G. Crès & Cie., publishers, of Paris, ask us to express their regret that in the book by Messrs. Basler & Kunstler, owing to an incorrect title under an illustration (plate 55), the work was attributed to M. Chagall instead of to M. Figari.

MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS
• BOSTON



FIG. V. LADIES DANCING

By Maqsūd

From the MS. of Jāmī's "Khamsa" dated A.D. 1522

Lent by the Persian Government

TWO UNKNOWN PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS

By VLADIMIR MINORSKY

GREAT is the pleasure in making a personal acquaintance with the many famous illuminated manuscripts now exhibited at Burlington House and at the British Museum. But a student's curiosity is still more whetted by the treasures of Persian art for the first time brought to light by the exhibition.

To the group of such brilliant newcomers belong two manuscripts which have been sent to the Royal Academy by the Persian Government, and which will soon return to Tehran. Their summary description has been given for the first time in the catalogue of the exhibition,* but henceforth they will be often quoted as important landmarks in the history of Persian Art.

Each characterizes an epoch and a school.

The first is the marvellous copy of the "Shāh-nāma" ("Book of Kings"), written in 833 (A.D. 1429) by the scribe Ja'far Baisunquri, whose name indicates his direct connection with Tamerlane's grandson Baisunqur, who governed Herat on behalf of his father Shāh Rukh, and died at the age of thirty-six in 1433. Baisunqur was a great patron of the arts, and his particular interest in the "Book of Kings" is testified by his well-known preface to the "Shāh-nāma."

Ja'far Baisunquri's copy was certainly intended as a presentation volume to Baisunqur himself, whose name can be read on the inscription decorating the top of the building on Fig. II. This detail is important as indicating that the miniature is contemporary with the written text.

The style of the miniatures, as seen on our plates, and the choice of colours are very varied throughout, and we may safely suppose that the best painters of the epoch are represented in this little picture gallery, which epitomizes the achievements of a whole glorious epoch of art associated with the early Timurids.

The miniature reproduced on Fig. I refers to an episode of the legendary struggles between Iran and Turan. The Turanian king, Arjāsp, having invaded Balkh, made captive the two sisters of Isfandiyār, and shut them up in the Rūyin-Diz ("brazen hold"). After a series of adventures Isfandiyār penetrated

into the fortress in the disguise of a merchant, killed his foe, and freed the captive ladies.

It is a well-known fact that Persian painters have no knowledge of perspective, but this picture shows the method by which they tried to solve their difficulties. A bird's-eye view is given of the fortress, of which only the right side stands straight. The entire left side is represented on different planes, and the walls, receding at fantastic angles, give an impression of space and distance. The other point is the application of what has lately been called "the principle of the greatest visibility,"* which allows a simultaneous representation of the murder of Arjāsp inside the palace, of the two sisters Humāy and Bih-afarīd in their chamber, patiently awaiting their fate, and lastly, of different groups of warriors within and outside the fortress.

The second miniature shows Ardashīr arriving at the courtyard of the palace where the Arsacid king Ardavān keeps his favourite slave Gulnār ("Pomegranate bloom"). Gulnār, seeing Ardashīr from the window, falls in love with him, and later follows him to his native province of Fars where he founds the new Sāsānian dynasty (circa A.D. 226). The whole picture is a symphony of youth and spring. Blossoming trees form the background of this scene of dawning love; Gulnār's attendants, gracefully leaning forward, seem to suggest submission to the inevitable future.

Fig. III is one of the wonderful battle-scenes which are profusely scattered in the manuscript. Instead of the usual dull stylization, they are full of life and movement. One feels in them the pulse of the epoch which had just seen the exploits of Timur's (Tamerlane's) armies. This particular scene represents a gallant charge of the Iranian cavalry led by the favourite hero of the Sāsānian times, Bahrām Chūbīn, against the army of the Turanian king Sāva, mounted on elephants. Sāva was vanquished and Bahrām sent his head to his overlord Hurmizd IV (578-90), against whom he was soon to rebel.

The manuscript dedicated to Baisunqur must certainly be proclaimed as one of the gems of the exhibition. Its pictures are striking in their freshness, variety and vigour,

* Where they figure as Nos. 538b and 544b.

* I. Stchoukine, *La Peinture indienne*, 1930.

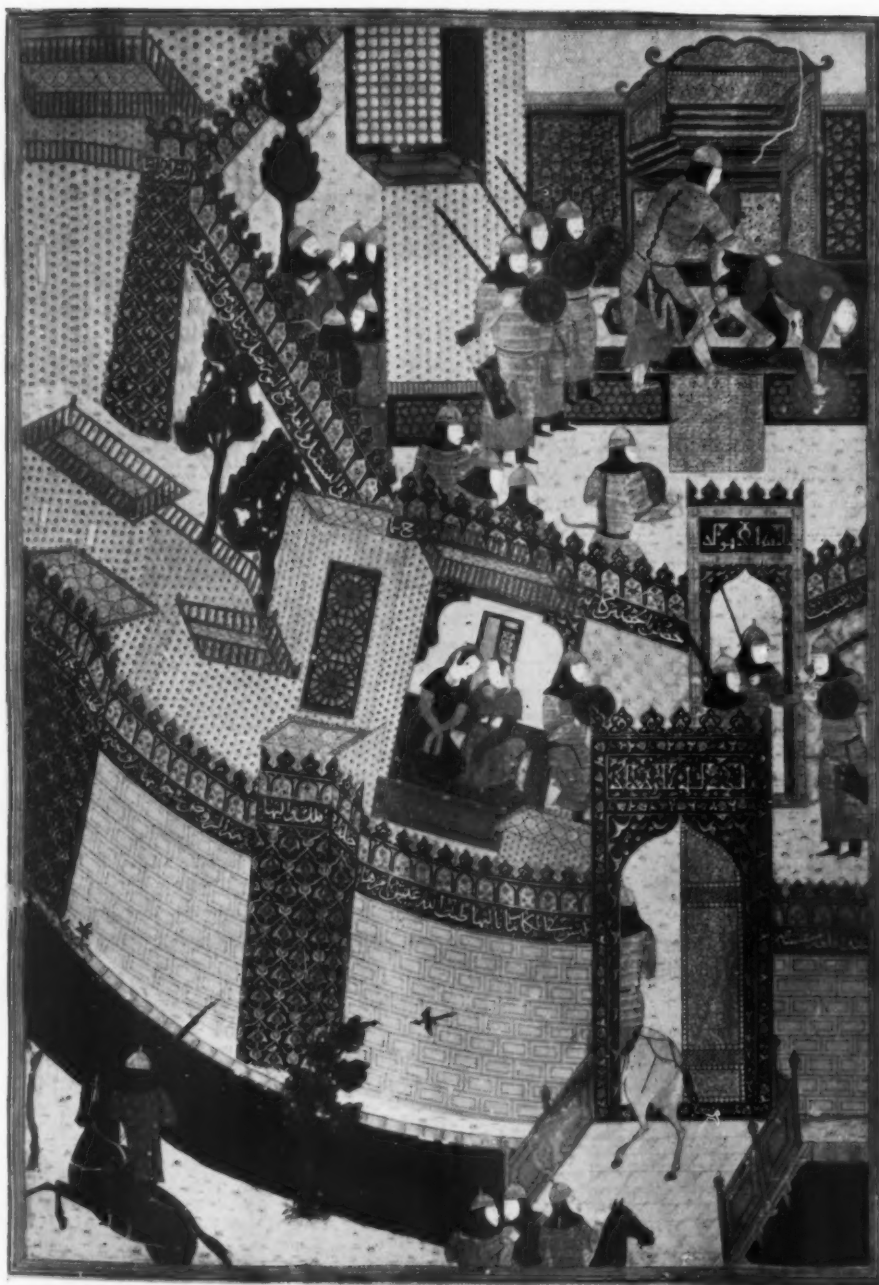


FIG. 1. ISFANDIYĀR TAKING THE BRAZEN HOLD

From the MS. of the Shāh-nāma dated A.D. 1429

and permit us to appreciate the tradition which some sixty years later led to new triumphs under Bihzād and his school which originated in the same city of Herat.

The second of the two manuscripts illustrated in the present article contains the "Five

Poems" (*Khamsa*) of the last Persian classic Jāmī. The book is didactic and romantic, with a tinge of mysticism.

The copy was written by 'Alī of Herat in 928 (A.D. 1522), about a century after the completion of the "Shāh-nāma" dedicated to Baisunqur.

Two Unknown Persian Manuscripts

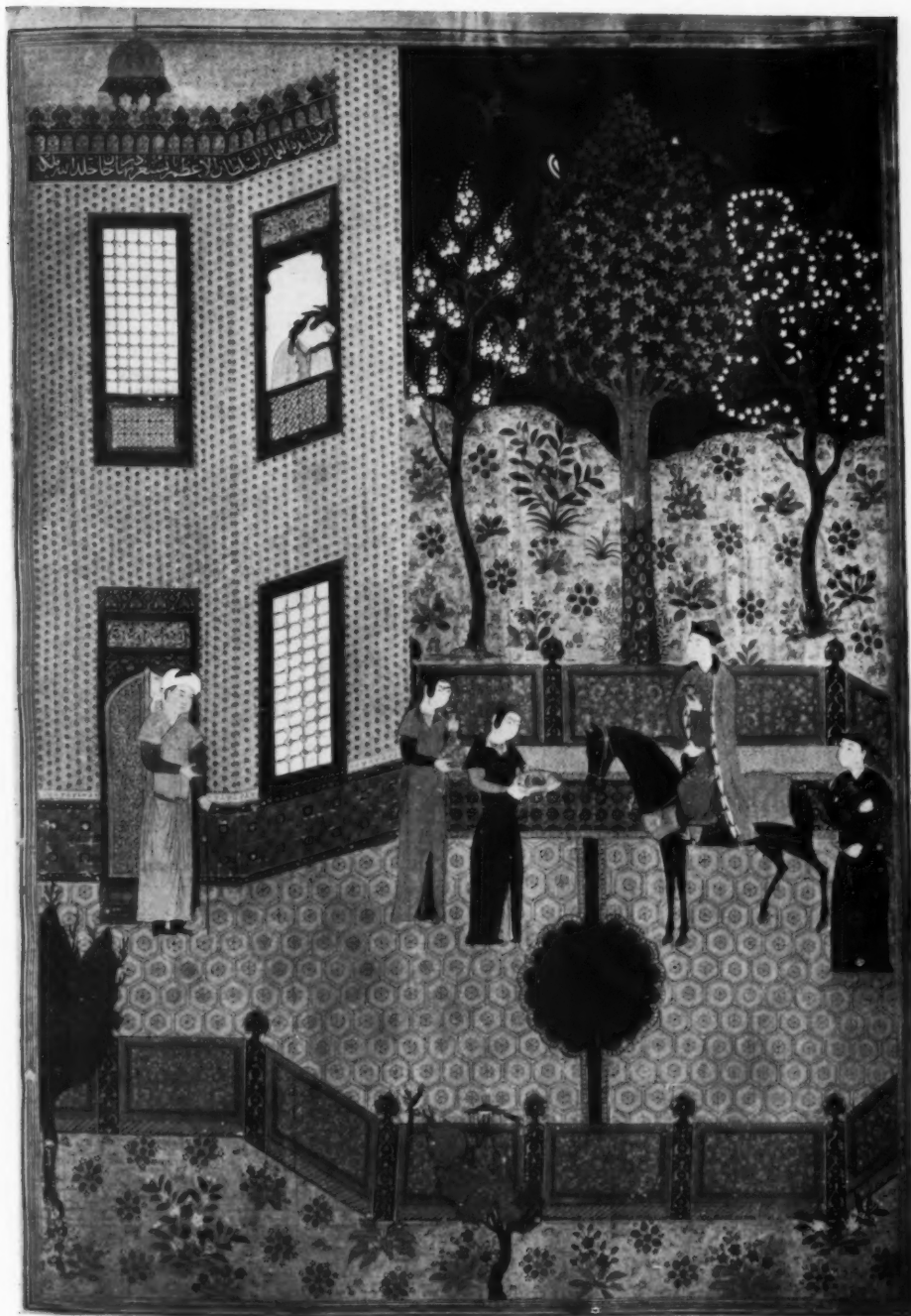


FIG. II. GULNĀR FALLING IN LOVE WITH ARDASHĪR
From the MS. of the *Shāh-nāma*, dated A.D. 1429

Since 1502 Shah Ismā'īl, the founder of the new Safavid dynasty, was ruling over Persia, and the mere date of our manuscript would oblige us to recognize it as a product of the

Safavid epoch. Yet it is a monument of a transitory stage when the Safavid style was only gradually asserting its rights.

In 1507 Herat was conquered by the

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Turkish dynasty of Uzbeks who had come from Turkestan. But three years later Shah Ismā'il took the famous city and abducted to Tabriz the artists who were still living there.

Our manuscript is the work both of a Herat scribe and of a group of Herat painters. More than this, some of the miniatures may have been simply transferred into this copy from some other books illuminated earlier in Herat.

The habit of illustrating a work by a joint effort of several artists is well known, but the painters' signatures are missing in the majority of cases, and the interest and importance of our manuscript is that each of the five double-page miniatures, forming frontispieces of the Five Poems, bears inscriptions with the respective author's name.

These attributions are all in the same handwriting, but they contain details which bear witness to their correctness and their conformity to the good tradition.

The first miniature is attributed to Sultan Muhammad Shāhī; the second to Haidar 'Ali, "son of Master Bihzād's sister"; the third to Qāsim 'Ali; the fourth to Muzaffar 'Ali, "son of Master Bihzād's brother"; and the fifth to Maqsūd, "Master Bihzād's pupil." Strong doubts exist only with regard to the first attribution, as the miniature is both repainted and damaged. It represents a dignitary kissing the boot of some prince seated in a pavilion, and in whom we may perhaps recognize the youthful prince Tahmasp, who in 1524 succeeded to his father, Ismā'il I. All present wear the typical Safavid head-dresses, namely, turbans rolled around a protruding bâton, with feathers stuck in them.

All the remaining miniatures bear clear traces of their pre-Safavid origin.

The miniature reproduced on the colour-plate (Fig. IV) is inscribed with the name of Qāsim 'Ali, a very famous painter whom the historian Khondamīr, writing in 1498, calls "the cream of the artists of the age." More particularly Khondamīr speaks of him as "painter of faces," which entirely corresponds with the surname *chihra-gushāy*, "revealer of faces," which our inscription adds to Qāsim 'Ali's name. The fact that this painter excelled in the representation of human faces is fully confirmed by his miniatures in the manuscript of Nizāmī's "Khamṣa," now in the British Museum (Or. 6810, dated A.D. 1493). Our

colour-plate is also an excellent example of his art.

It illustrates the story of Joseph and represents the moment when the ladies of Egypt, dazzled by the radiant beauty of the youth, cut their fingers instead of the apples they were preparing to peel. One of them has swooned and is being brought to her senses by the massage administered by her friends. The scene is painted in bright gay colours anticipating the glorious scenes of feasts and revelries of later Safavid times.

Very curious is the figure of the porter sitting on the left. His turban has no bâton, but is adorned with a Safavid feather, which may have been added later to make the scene look more up to date. Sir Thomas Arnold had already pointed out that in 1498 Khondamīr is loud in praise of Qāsim 'Ali, while in his second work, written thirty years later, he does not mention the artist. We know, moreover, that before 1498 Qāsim 'Ali had retired to the remote province of Sistān, and it all renders probable that the scene representing Joseph is of a considerably earlier date than the manuscript on which it is now pasted.

The other miniature reproduced on colour-plate (Fig. V) belongs to Maqsūd, whose name we hear for the first time. It figures as a frontispiece of "Alexander's Book of Wisdom," in which some legendary details are given of Alexander the Great's life and the sayings of the Greek philosophers are commented upon. On the right page a king is shown seated on a throne and a young prince beside him. Even if it has some relation to Alexander's early years, the left side of the picture represents merely a scene of ladies dancing. It is bold to draw conclusions as to the painter's characteristics from a single work, but Maqsūd seems to be more realistic than his contemporaries. The dance is notable for its popular and simple character; the dancers are ladies and not professionals, and the man playing a stringed instrument in the centre of the group looks more like the master of the harem taking part in the general merriment. His costume is remarkable: the head-dress is decidedly not Safavid, and the top-boots with high heels are unknown in Persia. One would feel some Caucasian touches about the whole scene, if general considerations did not point rather to Khorasan.

A close and detailed study of Persian

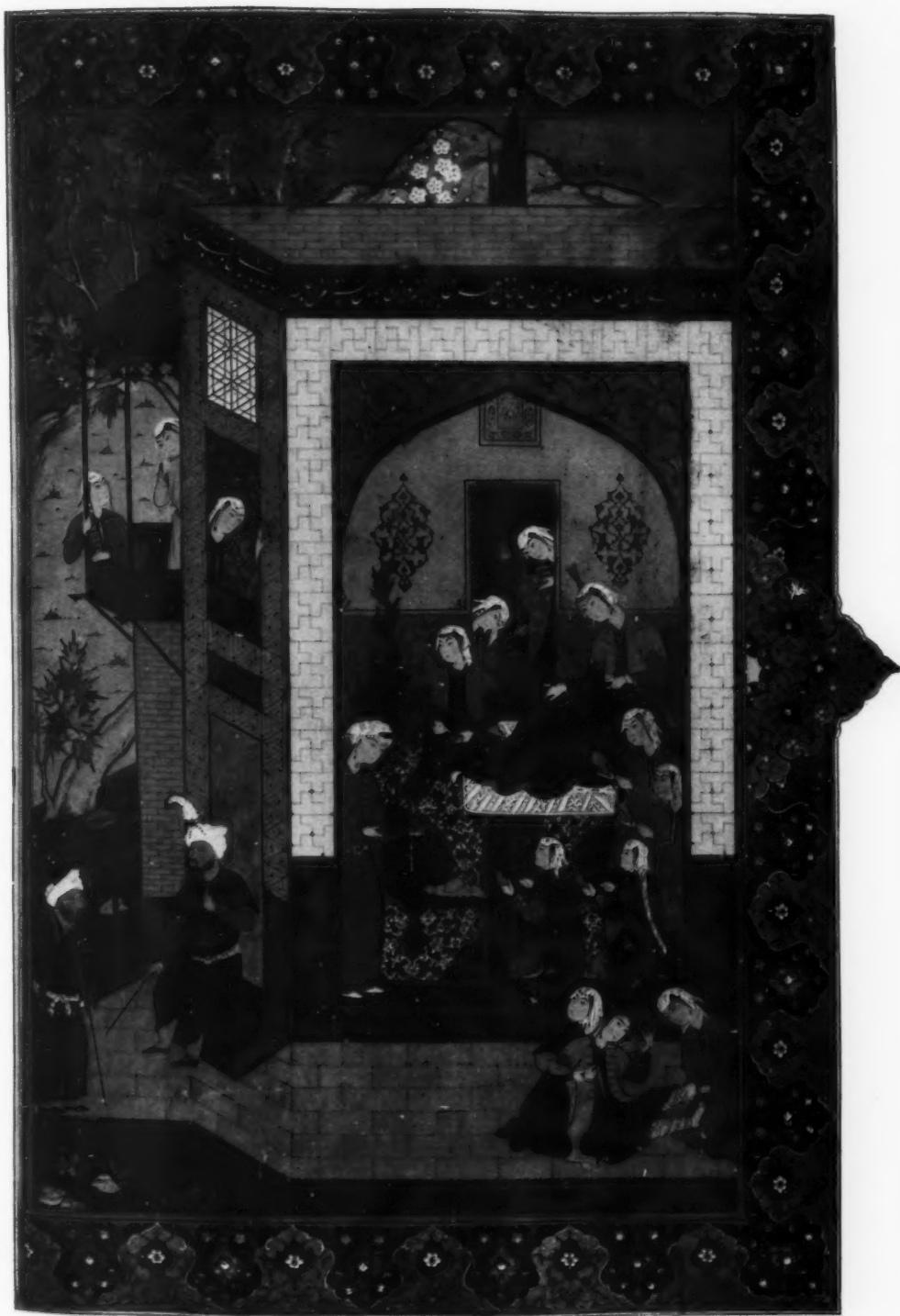


FIG. IV. LADIES OF EGYPT DAZZLED BY JOSEPH'S BEAUTY

By Qāsim 'Alī

From the MS. of Jāmī's "Khamsa" dated A.D. 1522

Lent by the Persian Government

MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS.
BOSTON

Two Unknown Persian Manuscripts



FIG. III. IRANIAN CAVALRY CHARGING THE TURANIANS
From the MS. of the *Shāh-nāma* dated A.D. 1429

dress will alone enable us in future to reach more definite conclusions. On the whole, Maqsūd's picture is also in a style previous to the reign of Shāh Tahmāsp (A.D. 1524-76).

Both Baisunqur's "*Shāh-nāma*" and the

manuscript of Jāmi's "*Khamsa*" not only gladden the eye of a lover of beauty, but are very important for the history of Persian painting. They not only raise new problems, but help to solve others.



FIG. 1. THE SMALL PIECES OF MOSAIC ARE ASSEMBLED FACE DOWNWARDS FOLLOWING THE OUTLINES OF THE PATTERN

COLOUR IN PERSIAN ARCHITECTURE

By A. UPHAM POPE

THE decorative genius of the Near East found, perhaps, its most impressive expression in architectural ornament. From Achæmenid times, and perhaps earlier, the builders of Persia have finished the surfaces of their monuments with varied forms of coloured enrichment: elaborate brickwork, either varicoloured or devised of plain brick to make intricate shadow patterns, so effective in countries of dazzling sunlight; stucco relief lightly tinted, a technique in which the Persians surpassed all rivals; murals, of which very few examples survive; and finally, and more universal, tiles.

These tiles are of three principal types. The earliest style is painted, sometimes in solid colours, but more often in elaborate

patterns, and then covered with a transparent glaze. Frequently the design is rendered in lustre and usually the lustre is applied over relief modelling of animals, figures, or the great decorative calligraphy of which the Persians were the unchallenged masters. The units, often quite large, were arranged in varied combinations that in the finest examples are of such brilliance and beauty they seem to represent the fullest possible realization of faience encrustation.

But in the fourteenth century a new style of even greater splendour appears, known as mosaic faience, a natural development of the decoration in small coloured brick. In this technique the encrustation movement reaches its zenith. Nowhere else are colours

Colour in Persian Architecture



FIG. II. REPAIRING THE MOSAIC FAIENCE ON THE EXTERIOR OF THE DOME OF
THE MADRASA MADER-I-SHAH

A segment of the correct curvature is constructed and the pattern outlined on the plaster surface

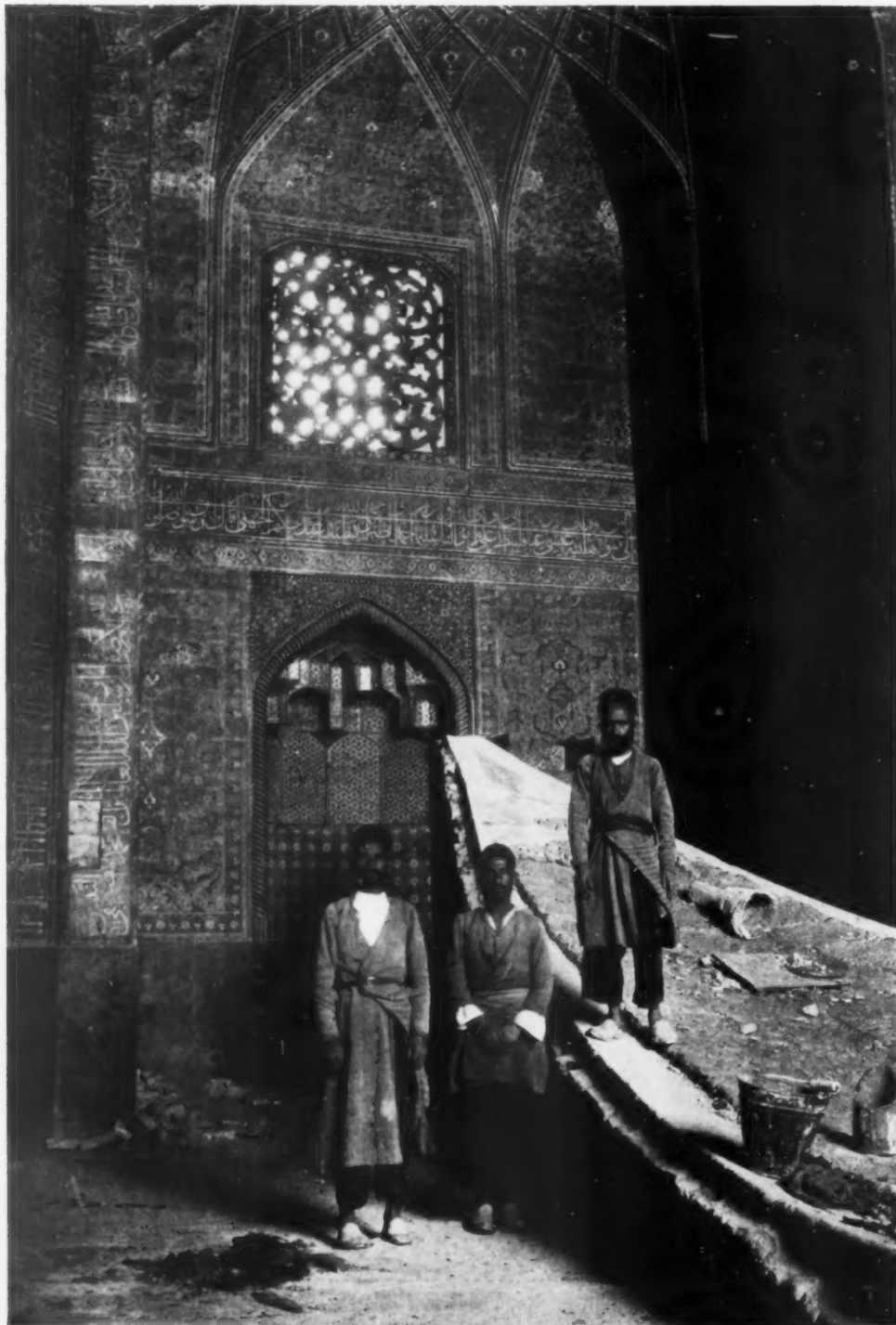
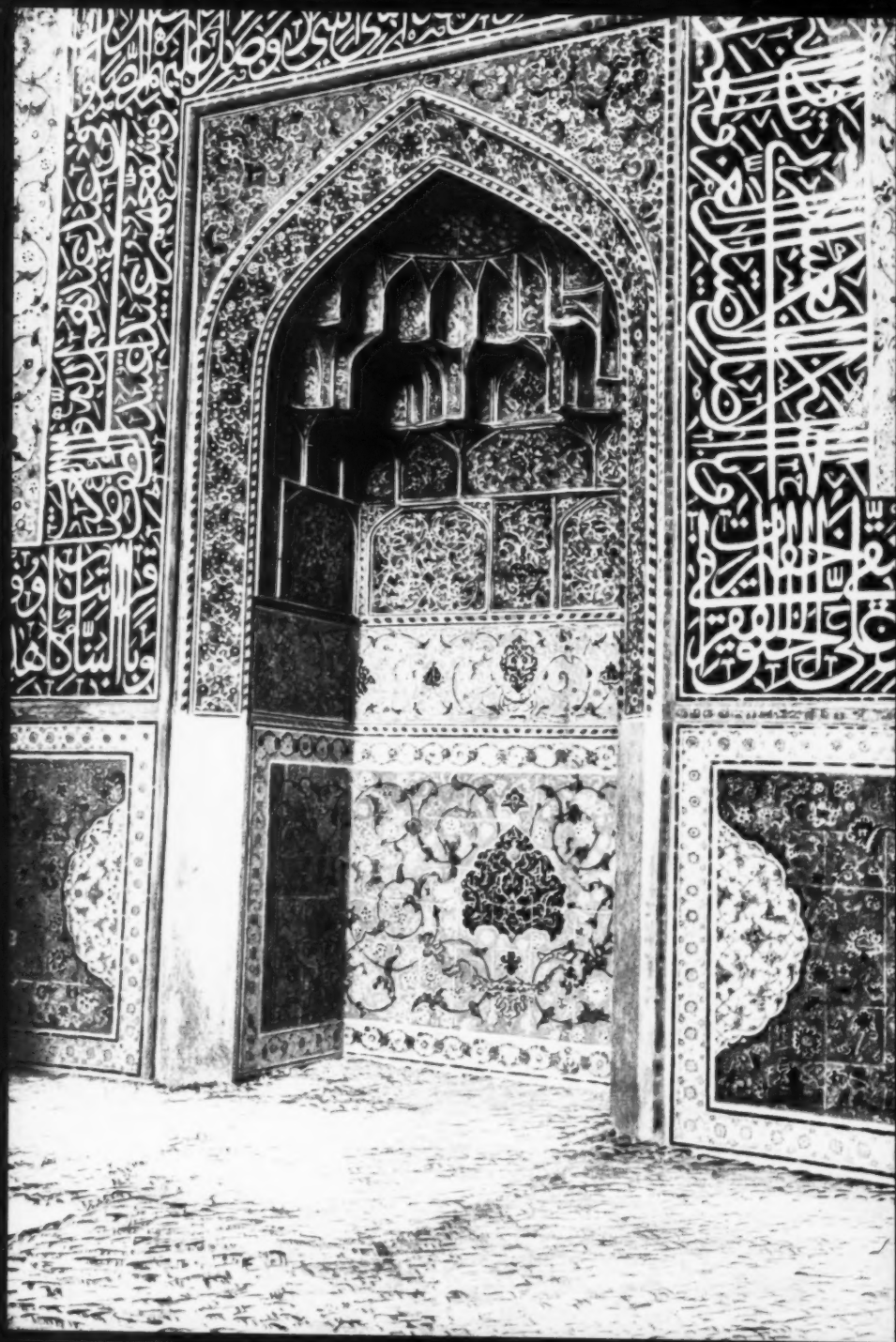


FIG. III. THE BACK OF THE MOSAIC PIECES IS COVERED WITH PLASTER WHICH HOLDS THEM IN UNITS ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF SQUARE



Colour in Persian Architecture

of such depth and intensity to be found in architectural ornament. Fig. I, a small mihrab, is seen in the present exhibition. Compared

The technique, which is slow and costly, consists of cutting large tiles of solid colours, usually about 24 in. square, into small shaped

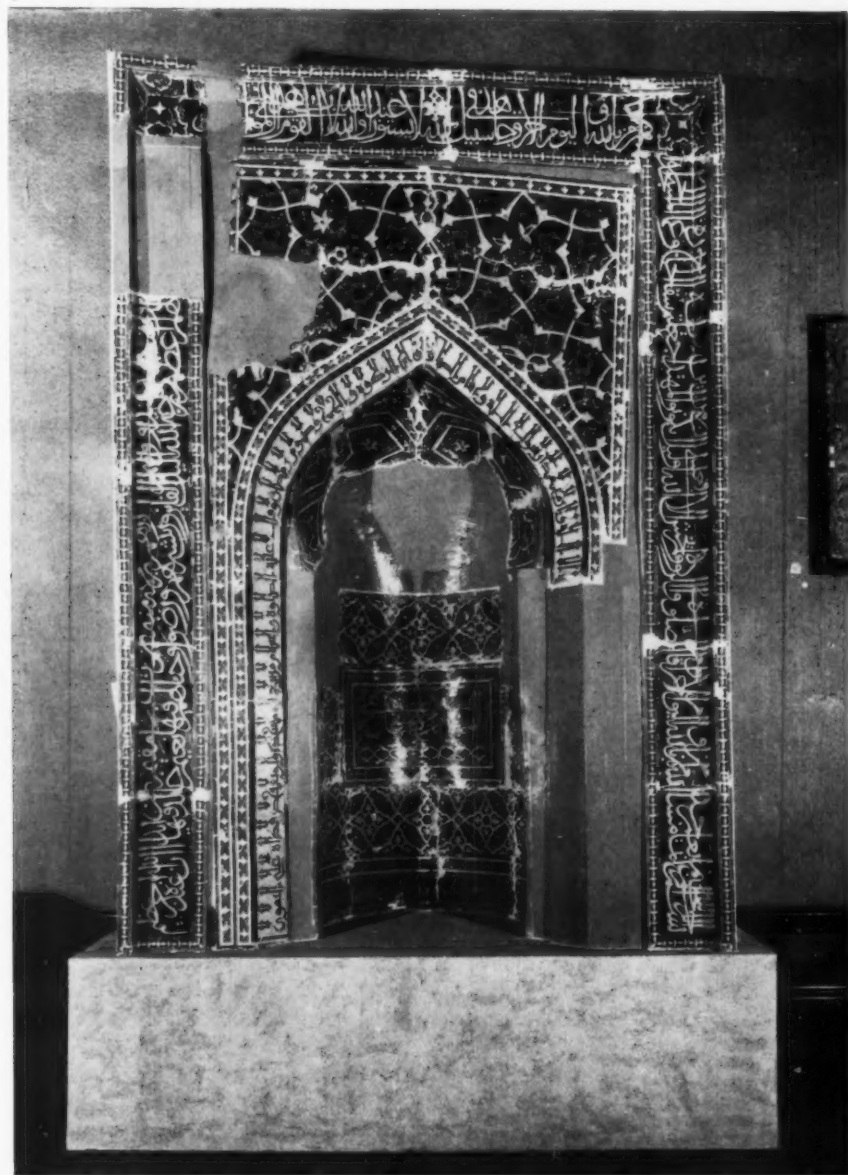


FIG. IV. MIHRAB OF MOSAIC FAIENCE FROM CENTRAL PERSIA, END OF FOURTEENTH CENTURY (57)

Lent by the University of Pennsylvania Museum

with the principal mosques of Persia from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, everything in the Western world seems drab.

units which are then assembled picture-puzzle-wise into rich and complex patterns. Each glaze has its own critical firing point at which

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the tone is purest and most vivid, so that by making each colour thus separately the maximum intensity is obtained throughout the palette. The ultimate effect is correspondingly more intense than anything that can be achieved with painted tiles on which all the tones have to be fired at the same compromise temperature. True, the high-keyed, shimmering lights of the lustre tiles are never captured in this faience mosaic, but the greater depth and purity of tone and the ability to assemble the units into continuous panels of unlimited size more than compensate.

The technique was, until recently, supposed to be a lost art and was regarded as something of a mystery, but it was actually being quietly practised in both Mashad and Isfahan with a skill that lacked little if anything of that of earlier days. The tiny shaped units are cut with gentle elastic strokes of an adze-like hammer which severs the glaze without cracking it. The bits that are thus chipped out are then assembled, face down, on the pattern which has been outlined either on a floor or on a specially prepared bed.

The photographs accompanying this article show craftsmen engaged in repairing the convex surface of the dome of the Madrasa Mader-i-Shah; a segment of the exact curvature was built up in brick and covered with plaster on which the design was outlined and the pieces of mosaic were laid out on this and the plaster backing put on to hold them in units about a foot and a half square, as seen in Fig. III. The assembling is done by a master craftsman who works with speed and surety, scarcely glancing at his little blocks. The operation is repeated many times to cover the surface of the dome.

Up to the sixteenth century, mosaic faience was often used in comparatively small units applied to brick which had been coated with mortar or directly to plain brick which also was arranged in patterns, co-ordinated with those of the faience. Later, the same technique was used for great panels or for whole domes or even to cover entire buildings.

The dominant tonality is blue, primarily cobalt fluctuating to a deep lapis. Against this, as a foil, is turquoise, often exceeding in clarity and saturation of colour the stone itself. The other tones are used for outlines and accents: light emerald; saffron modulated through brown, occasionally with ruby glints;

black comparable in richness to Chinese mirror black; and a milk white that is sometimes clouded. All of these tones glow and fluctuate; and as the surface is irregular, presenting many facets to the sun, there is a glitter and shimmer, a living light that seems not merely reflected but rather radiated from an inner illumination.

The patterns were, in the great period, the work of the manuscript illuminators, and they carried into this grandiose form all the subtlety and finesse of their delicate pages. The combination was remarkable—miniaturist, potter, and skilful craftsman—and the result was a quality of perfection that remains for most arts only an ideal.

While there is nothing comparable to the splendour of the mosaic faience of the Mosque of Gohar Shad, which for brilliance and variety must ever remain a standard, the great portal of the Masjid-i-Shah of Isfahan, though three hundred years later, is a worthy successor, and nowhere is mosaic faience so beautifully applied to stalactites or to great floriated panels. Although as late as the seventeenth century the portal of the Masjid-i-Shah, by virtue of its grandeur and its complexity as well as the extraordinary richness of its decoration, will always rank among the masterpieces of the architectural art.*

The technique of mosaic faience was too slow and expensive to continue without competition. Shah Abbas and his contemporaries, though lavish in their tastes, knew, in general, how to make every penny count; they were in a hurry and for the most part were satisfied with general effects. Consequently at this period an approximation to mosaic faience was devised in a style of tile known as "seven colour" or *haft rengi*. These tiles are decorated, not with underglaze painting like those of the thirteenth century, but with painting directly in glazes, the outlines being rendered with manganese brown, which prevents the colours from running together. How the potters managed to fire so many glazes perfectly at one time remains something of a mystery. The greater flexibility of painting as compared with mosaic composition expanded the

* Visitors to the Exhibition of Persian Art at Burlington House will have gained some slight impression of the colour and form of this portal from the model there erected; but for those who have not seen the model, the coloured plate—issued in this number of *APOLLO*, or obtainable separately in a larger size—must suffice.—EDITOR.

Colour in Persian Architecture

decorative range and permitted an ingenious and effective use of floral and geometric designs of great intricacy, to say nothing of animal motives and *personnages* with richly decorated costumes.

numerous figures, *fêtes champêtres* being the favourite theme.

Because there is no finishing glaze, the *haft rengi* has a quieter surface than mosaic faience, but for this very reason the two can

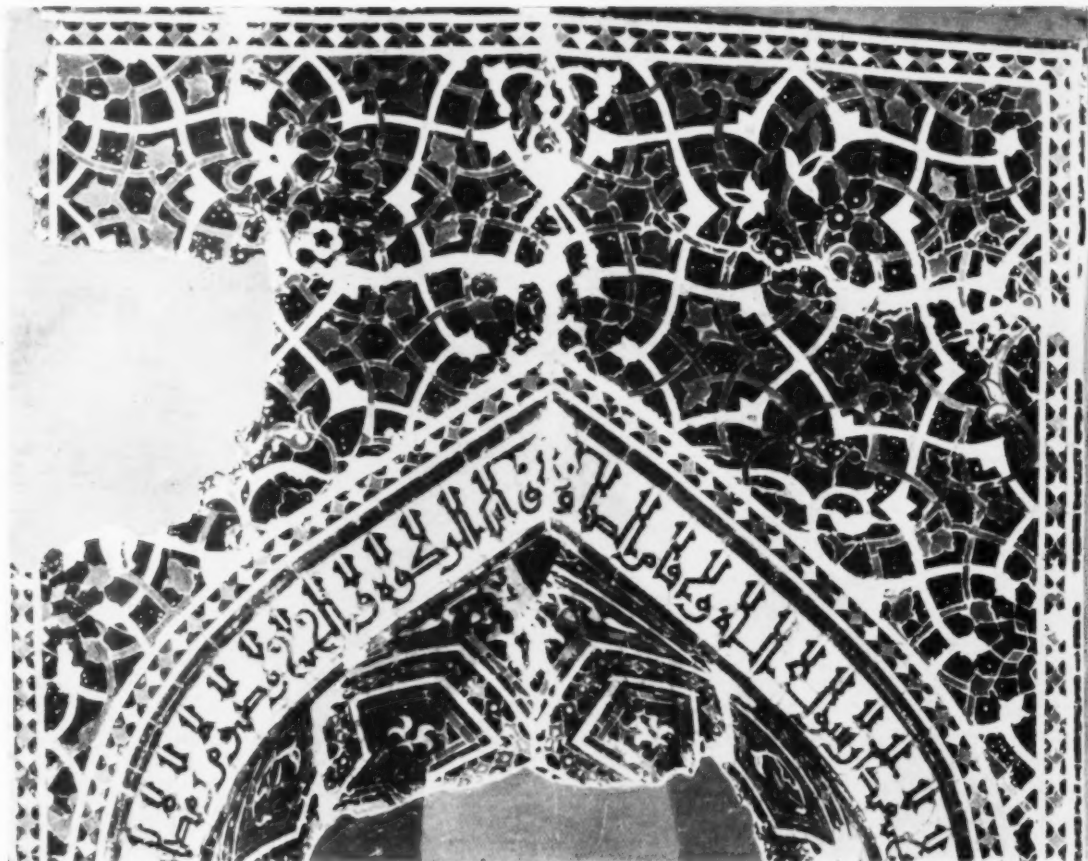


FIG. V. ENLARGEMENT OF PART OF FIG. IV, SHOWING THE METHOD OF ARRANGING THE MOSAIC UNITS

This new style was developed primarily at Isfahan, where it covers bridges, palaces, baths, porches, and sometimes domestic interiors, as well as mosques. It is in a higher keyed tonality than the mosaic faience, a lighter blue and a fresh clear yellow being the dominant tones. Turquoise, dark blue, pale emerald, fawn, black, white, and occasionally aubergine more than complete the allotted seven. Specially skilful craftsmen, following the designs of some of the leading painters of the day, worked out festival scenes with

be used more effectively together, the one relieving or intensifying the other. The finest instance of such a combination of the two is in the small private mosque of Shah Abbas, on the Meidan of Isfahan, which he dedicated to Sheik Lutf Ullah (see colour-plate facing page 78).

Thanks to the Persian potters' exceptional control of these varied and difficult techniques, as well as the taste and imagination with which the results were applied, in its colour effects Persian architecture stands supreme.

CARPETS AND TEXTILES AT THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

By CREASSEY TATTERSALL

THE Persian Exhibition had only been open for a few days and already there was no doubt of its success; in fact, from the moment the first visitors went round it was obvious that there was to be no disappointment. This is not intended to mean that the number of visitors to Burlington House attracted there by the other great exhibitions that have preceded it during the last few years, and with which it is natural to compare the present one, will be exceeded. True, even from this point of view, and it is by no means an unimportant one, for the more who go the more good it will do and the more pleasure it will give—even from this point of view it is quite possible that a new record will be made. If this should turn out to be the

case, it is a little difficult to see what can be provided to put the new record in danger. Still the greater triumph is that it is now clear beyond dispute that a really wonderful collection has been got together and that it is displayed in a manner that is worthy of the constituent items. There is, too, one feels—not a very important thing perhaps but yet a happy one—an air about it that can best be described as comfortable, an air that is probably necessarily lacking in an exhibition of pictures alone. No doubt the great variety of different classes of objects partly accounts for this, but also it is due to the very size and carrying power of many of the exhibits which, making them easily and indeed better seen from a distance, prevents an undue concentration of

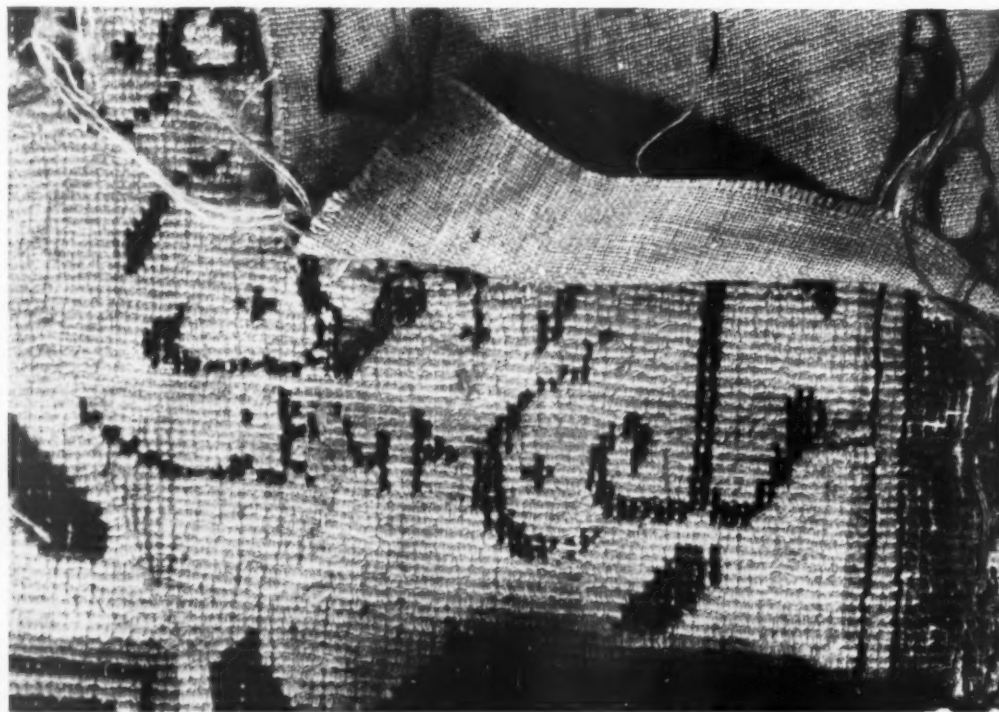


FIG. I. DATE ON PERSIAN ANIMAL CARPET

Lent by the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, Milan

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

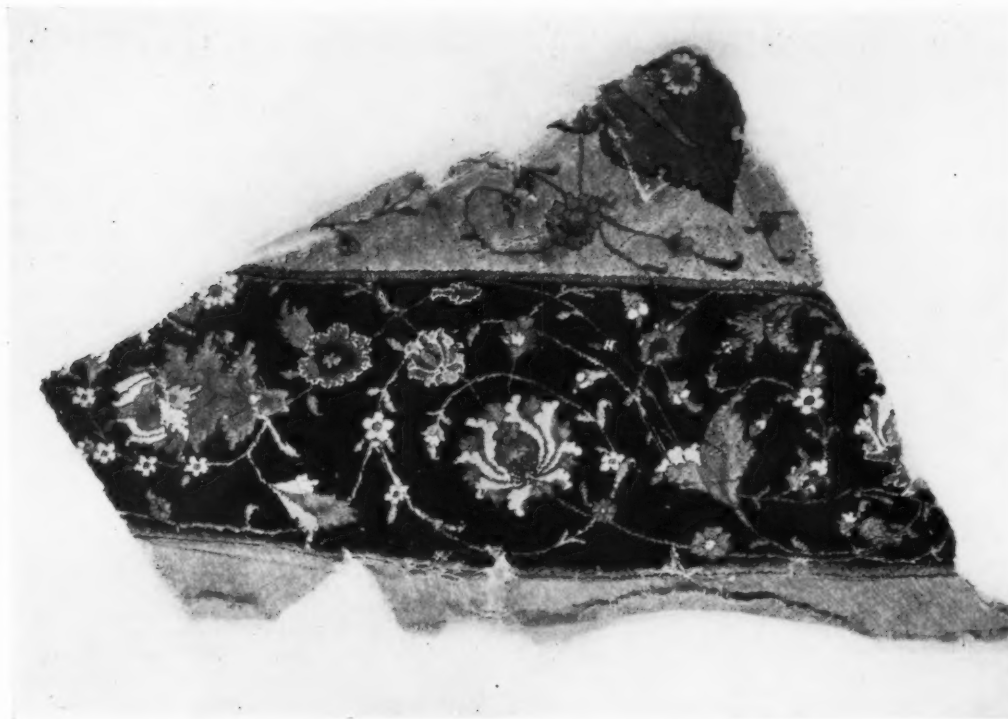


FIG. II. FRAGMENT OF PERSIAN WOOLLEN PILE CARPET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Lent by the Persian Government

the spectators. The large objects referred to are, of course, the carpets which, as was anticipated last month, provide the most striking feature of the exhibition, and even rival in popular appeal the guardian radiovisor of the Royal jewels or the romantic pool of black glass! It is a commonplace that carpets do not show to the best advantage when hung on vertical walls, and this for the simple and adequate reason that they are not designed for such a position; but it must be admitted by all that in the present case they surmount this disadvantage and give a most satisfactory effect, which is aided by the fact that it is not necessary during such a comparatively short exposure to place them behind glass. Questions indubitably will be raised as to whether it is a legitimate artifice to use coloured lights to illuminate them at night. Pleasing and popular as the effect is when regarded merely from the spectacular point of view, it will be felt by many that it is a mistake to falsify the colour-scheme and tonality of really fine works of art; and it will be found hard to suggest

any reason why, if it is right here, it should not also be right in the National Gallery or other great public collections! It is certain that the carpets thus illuminated cannot be adequately examined or thoroughly enjoyed by serious students. However, even in a London January there is some fairly bright daylight, and then the exhibition will be found to be at its best.

It has been implied before, but it may not be amiss to point out again, how very remarkable is the collection of carpets assembled here. Side by side, one after another the most famous pieces in the world—pieces known by repute to all carpet-lovers and described in all works on the subject—are actually to be seen, in the wool and the silk, in the warp and the weft and the pile, and seen under conditions mostly better than those in which they are found even after a long journey has been made. It would probably be not far short of the mark to say that at the present moment the collection of the finest kind of carpets in London is equal to that in the rest of the world. Obviously,

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from every point of view there is now an opportunity available that should be made the fullest use of.

It is proposed, taking the galleries in order, to give a short account of some of the most beautiful and most interesting specimens.

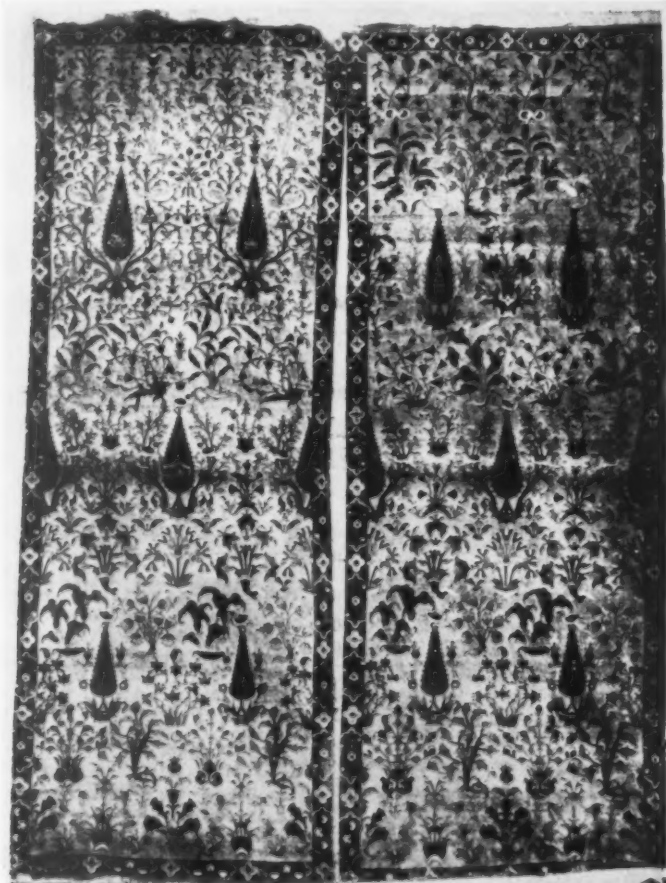


FIG. III. SILK PILE RUGS FROM THE MAUSOLEUM AT KUM

Lent by the Persian Government

Though the arrangement of the galleries is essentially chronological, the carpets could not be, for several good reasons, placed strictly in order of date, one reason of course being that we are still sadly uncertain as to the actual period in which many types of carpets were woven.

Beginning with Gallery III, there will be noticed a large carpet (No. 113 in the catalogue) lent by Mr. Havemeyer of New York. While of the "Compartment" type, it differs

from others of the kind in that the compartments are small and of four simple shapes only, that fit together much like a pattern of tiles, which may indeed have suggested the arrangement. The compartments are filled chiefly with simple palmettes. Though interesting, and even striking in appearance, its date is probably not early and may be getting near to the eighteenth century. Near the last is a very famous carpet (116), lent by the Islamische Kunstabteilung Museum, Berlin, which came from a synagogue at Genoa. It has a ground of toned white—very unusual in early Persian carpets—and a large red pole-medallion with corresponding figures in the four corners. The field has pairs of tall, slender cypress trees that stand out conspicuously, and among the smaller details will be found dragons and birds as well as the usual animals and floral forms. It should be noted that the ends of the field have been cut away at some time, which somewhat spoils the balance of the pattern. It may be compared with the carpet from the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum (103) and may be of about the same date. The latter appears to have the date 929, equivalent to A.D. 1521 (see Fig. I), but without this evidence few would be inclined to put it so far back. It is, for instance, in every way inferior to the single carpet lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum (121) which dates from about 1640. The last has a tiny echo in the shape of a small fragment (Fig. II) of superb quality that is remarkable for having a certain amount of cotton pile.

Another animal carpet (128) lent by Mr. Haim of Constantinople is very different from those already mentioned. The drawing is stiff, angular and archaistic in feeling; while the field has a brick-red ground, rather much yellow and some very distinct purple. In judging the last colour the darker tones must be looked at, for it has been repaired with much too bright a tint. There seems to be little doubt that this very attractive carpet is not strictly Persian, but is to be placed with the

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

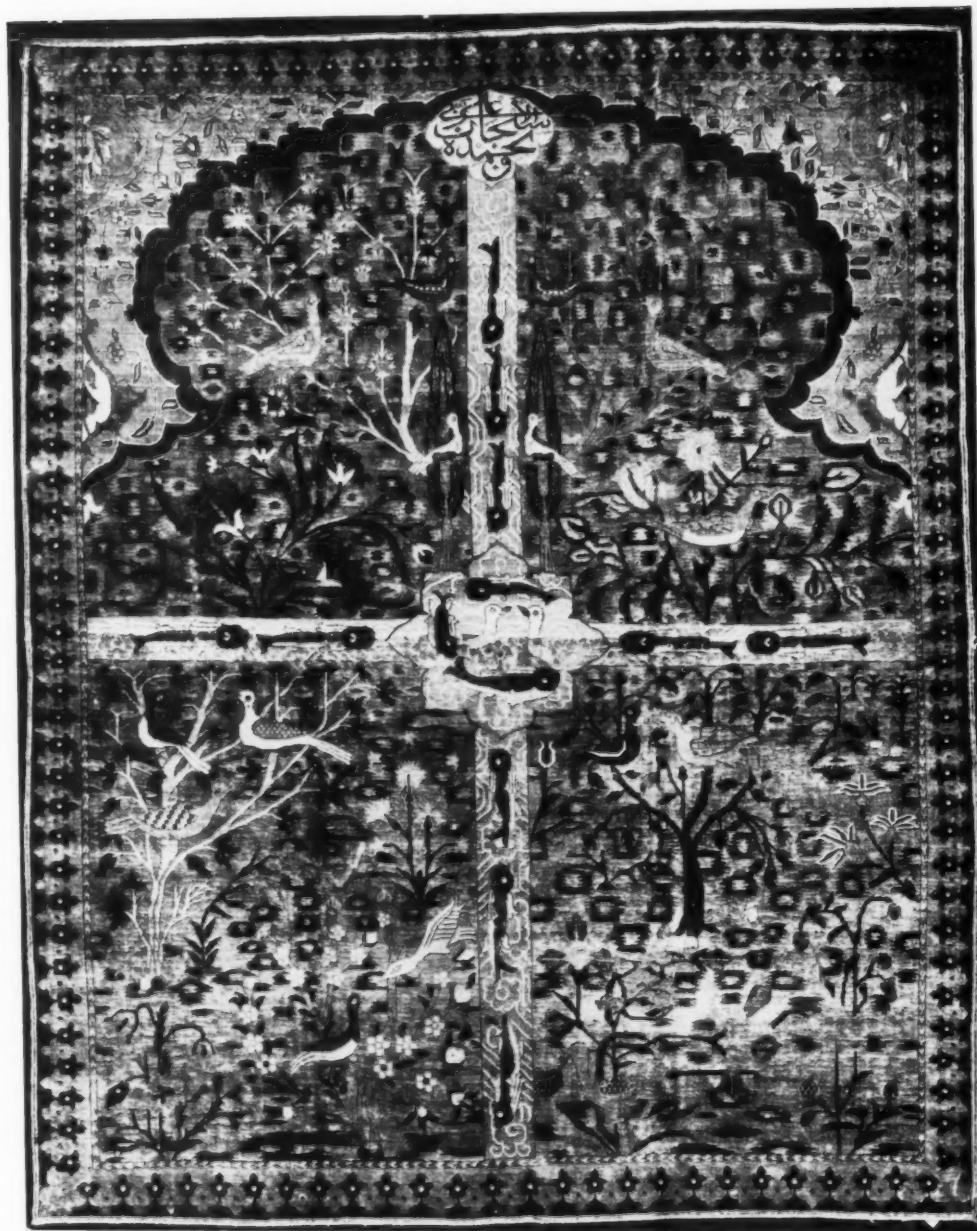


FIG. IV. PERSIAN PRAYER RUG IN KNOTTED SILK PILE

Lent by the Persian Government

“Dragon” carpets of the Caucasus, or thereabouts. Though the design is different from that of other members of that well-marked class, the rendering of the detail, and still more the colouring with its very characteristic purple, makes any other attribution

untenable. The date is probably seventeenth century.

And now attention falls upon another animal carpet, or rather fragment of one, and it is one to which the term “unique” may for once be fairly applied (130). It is very



FIG. V. PERSIAN SILK AND GOLD RUG OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
Lent by Procuratorio di S. Marco, Venice

finely knotted, and the ground is of a blue colour that is not surpassed by any carpet in the exhibition. The pattern consists of slender

wavering stems arranged in spirals, and naturalistic heads of elephants and tigers, with the necks tapering away to nothing. There is

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition



FIG. VI. SILK TISSUE OF THE ELEVENTH TO TWELFTH CENTURY

Lent by the Textile Museum, Columbia, U.S.A.

very strong Chinese influence in the drawing of the detail, especially of the flowers, an influence much more pronounced than is usual in Persian carpets. The country of origin is uncertain. If Persian, one would expect a more masterly handling of the detail to be associated with such perfection of colour and technique. No doubt the most plausible theory is that it was made in India, though it looks too early for an Indian carpet. Can it possibly be an early Chinese copy of a Persian original, or is it, indeed, a fifteenth-century Persian carpet, made before the draftsmanship had attained the apex, and while Chinese influence was stronger than we usually find it? It comes from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs where there is also a piece of border that appears to be *en suite*, though the authorities there are not sure on the point.

The great carpet from the Mausoleum at Kum will be seen on the floor of this room although it was expected to be in another place. Two of the smaller panels forming a set with the last are illustrated in Fig. III. Another silk rug very similar in character, which was referred to in the last issue, is shown in Fig. IV. All these last carpets, while most beautiful in their way, seem to lack the vigour of the earlier examples and may belong to the eighteenth century. They should be compared with the seventeenth-century rug from St. Mark's, Venice (333), illustrated in Fig. V, when the difference will be at once apparent.

On passing to Gallery IV there will be

G



FIG. VII. PERSIAN SILK TISSUE *Lent by M. Kelekian*



FIG. VIII. PERSIAN SILK TISSUE
Lent by M. Kelekian

seen the half of a large carpet, lent by the Bardini Museum, Florence (173). It may, as far as the pattern is concerned, almost be described as a link between the "Compartment" and the "Medallion" carpets. In each half of the complete carpet there was a

slightly pointed medallion surrounded by four radiating smaller panels of much the same shape; the detail includes preying animals, dragons, peacocks and other birds. The general plan of the field closely follows that of a carpet in the Victoria and Albert Museum which most critics consider to be the finest in the world. It is not so finely woven as the latter and is probably not so early; also it has parts woven in metal thread. It differs, too, in the border which has, on a black ground, a row of panels containing inscriptions, whereas the South Kensington piece has a wavy line of cloud-bands, separating contrasting colours.

Another half carpet (192), lent by Prince Youssef Kamal, is of the familiar medallion type. It comes no doubt from north-west Persia, but it hardly seems as if it could be as early as the first half of the sixteenth century, to which period most of these are ascribed. The drawing is strong with a tendency towards angularity; the colours are soft and remarkably pleasing. It must have been very attractive when it was complete, and for the matter of that, it still is so.

The last carpet it is possible to mention now is one in Gallery VI (249) lent by the Osma Institute, Madrid. This, though up to the present comparatively little known, is quite one of the most beautiful in the exhibition. The knotting is not remarkably fine and there is nothing unusual about the pattern. It has a central medallion with corresponding corner-pieces, and the various devices introduced include animals preying on each other, dragons, and pairs of fishes. The ground of the field is red and that of the border white, and it is noteworthy that the yellows are in unusually good condition. It is closely comparable to the very fine animal carpet at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which hangs to the left of the Ardabil carpet, but in balance of design and harmony of colour it must be regarded as even superior to it.

The early textiles to be found in Gallery II, ranging in date from the sixth to the twelfth century, are so extremely important from the archaeological point of view that it would be impossible to pass them over without notice here, though the subject of their origin, dates, technique, and patterns is such an immense one that it cannot be discussed even in the most superficial manner. It should be understood, however, that their inclusion in this

Carpets and Textiles at the Persian Exhibition

collection is not to be taken to imply that they are established as being Persian. Some may be, though perhaps in no case is the fact absolutely certain: others can scarcely be, even though they were excavated in Persia. All that can safely be said is that the patterns of some are definitely Persian in character and that all are strongly influenced by Persian art. It is difficult, when they are before one, to realize the age of some of these stuffs, and it is a constant wonder that such delicate silk fabrics should have lasted and defied the ravages of time for much more than a thousand years. Even those who take no other great interest in the subject will find them worth looking at for this alone.

A few may be pointed out as being of special interest. A white and green tissue (31) with a bold pattern of gryphons in circles comes from the Schlossmuseum, Berlin. Two small circular pieces (38C and D) have an unusual interest, because they owe their preservation to the fact that they were used to protect the seals of documents in Canterbury Cathedral. A striking panel with two horsemen with falcons (42) is lent by M. Indjoudjian of Paris. A large fragment with elephants (52) from the Musée de Louvre, recently discovered in a church at St. Josse-sur-Mer, Pas de Calais, has an inscription that seems to record that it was woven in Khorasan. A well-defined pattern of gryphons and deer in roundels occurs on

a fragment (66) lent by the Textile Museum, Columbia, U.S.A. (Fig. VI). Three fine pieces (80, 82 and 88) are fairly certainly Sasanian and of the sixth or seventh century. The first has a pattern of mounted bowmen in yellow on blue and comes from the Diozesanmuseum, Cologne; the others—green damasks with gryphons in large circles—are lent respectively

by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs.

Coming to later times, one or two pieces of various kinds must be picked out almost at random. A silk tissue (109) from Rosenborg Castle, Sweden, recorded as being the subject of a presentation in 1668, though probably of earlier date, is in such good condition and with colours so remarkably fresh that it might have been made today. In fact, it may be thought that time has dealt almost too gently with it. As a contrast may be observed a rather worn

velvet (123) from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which for sheer beauty of quiet colour is unsurpassed in its decorative effect. Two sixteenth-century tissues with figure-subjects (361 and 389), lent by M. Kelekian of Paris, one with a most interesting fishing scene, are reproduced in Figs. VII and VIII. Lastly, as an example of one of the decorative tissues in silk and metal thread, a beautiful piece from the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is shown in Fig. IX.

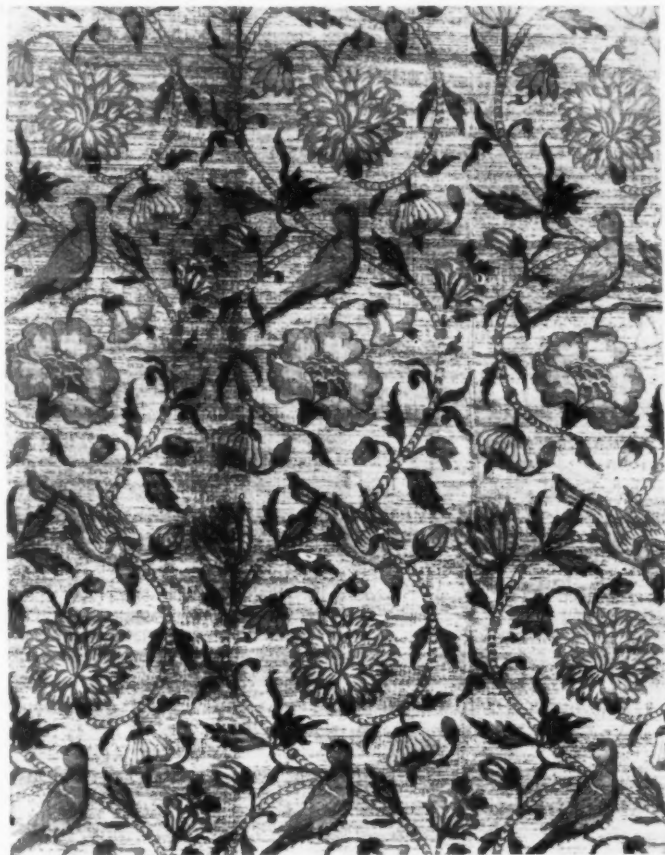


FIG. IX. PERSIAN SILK AND SILVER TISSUE
Lent by the Metropolitan Museum, New York



FIG. II. DETAIL OF PANEL

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

By Giotto

A PANEL PAINTING BY GIOTTO

By W. SUIDA

IT is a new and quite unjustified assumption that hardly anything has survived of Giotto's work as a panel painter. F. Rintelen* uttered the last word of negation when he declared that with the exception of the "Madonna" from Ognissanti in the Uffizi not a single panel of Giotto's own handiwork existed. Today it is no longer possible to defend such an attitude seriously. But we need not depart from it much in order to give a very remarkable picture in a private collection in Florence the place it deserves.

The picture in question is a half-length of St. Benedict and must have formed part of a polyptych (Fig. I). Against a gold background we see the bearded old man with a bald head surrounded by a ring of hair and wearing a whitish grey cowl; with his left hand he supports an open book and points with his right to the text, facing the spectator: *PASSIONIBUS CHRISTI PER PATIENTIA PARTICIPEMUR*; at the level of the saint's shoulders a band of inscription runs across the gold background with the words

S. BENEDITU. The painting is in an excellent state of preservation. A few small pieces are chipped off the right side and lower edge, but this does not affect the figure at all. The upper part of the panel terminating in a simple pointed gable is quite original, as was proved after careful investigation. A certain amount of weight may be laid upon this circumstance owing to the fact that this form may be observed in various centres of Tuscany during the late thirteenth century and about 1300, and was pretty generally superseded in the early fourteenth century by the trefoil termination often with a medallion over the apex.

The brothers of our St. Benedict stand on either side of the Virgin on the great panel in the Uffizi. As the details are reproduced side by side it is unnecessary to give fuller descriptions (Figs. II and III). These heads, bent a little forward, with strong straight noses, serious closed mouths with slightly projecting underlips, are all of one type. The way in which deep furrows run across the foreheads, come down between the eyebrows, and lie round the corners of the eyes, drawing the

* *Giotto und die Giotto-apokryphen*, 2nd ed., Basel, 1923.

A Panel Painting by Giotto



FIG. III. DETAIL OF PANEL

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

By Giotto

skin into folds, marking the inexorable signs of age, is identical; the very simple and almost ornamentally beautiful form of the ear, so characteristic of Giotto, is identical, as is too the wavy hair of the beard, very carefully executed, though not minute in its effect. Just as in the Uffizi panel, the light falls on the figure direct from the front so that the modelling is indicated by shading towards the contours. The exact colour of the whitish cowl, turning grey in the shadows, occurs in the Uffizi panel. We may also compare the numerous old men in the Arena chapel frescoes in Padua with the half-length of St. Benedict. The great similarity strikes one again and again. But the saints in the medallions on the vault of the Arena chapel do not equal the St. Benedict in quality of execution and detail. Nor can the old men occurring on paintings from Giotto's workshop or school be compared to the St. Benedict, for example, or with the altarpiece in St. Peter's, the "Coronation of the Virgin" in S. Croce, the altarpiece in Bologna, the small panels in Munich, etc. All these comparisons only strengthen the supposition that in the St. Benedict we have a work of Giotto's own hand.

It is well known that the chronology of Giotto's works is much disputed. There is great uncertainty, particularly with regard to the date of the large Uffizi panel, whose close relationship with the St. Benedict has already been emphasized. While some scholars

follow Thode* in ascribing the "Madonna" to about 1300, thus before the Paduan frescoes, others assume it to have been produced considerably later. I hold to the opinion first pronounced by Thode and lately again by Toesca† that the Ognissanti "Madonna" precedes the Paduan frescoes. That date, 1300 or soon after, seems to me the right one for the St. Benedict too. The half-length of a Franciscan saint holding a book in the Berenson collection in Ponte a Mensola, which I believe to be rightly attributed to Giotto,‡ may be slightly earlier than the St. Benedict.

On account of a certain detail it is necessary to mention in this connection the remarkable altarpiece in five parts now in the Museo dell' Opera di S. Croce, which was first connected with Giotto's art by Thode.§ Years ago I endorsed Thode's opinion|| and Siren¶ has followed it too. R. von Marle's** opinion that the picture is by Pacino di Bonaguida will not bear investigation. Toesca

* Giotto, Bielefeld und Leipzig, 1899, p. 49.

† *Die Florentinische Malerei des XIV Jahrhunderts*, Pantheon, Florence, 1929, p. 31.

‡ Frank Jewett Mather in *Art Studies* 3, Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1925.

§ Giotto, p. 138.

¶ *Monatshfte für Kunstwissenschaft*, II, 1909, p. 65.

|| Giotto, Stockholm, 1906, p. 97 et seq.

** *The Development of the Italian Schools of Painting*, III, The Hague, 1924, p. 245.



FIG. I. ST. BENEDICT

By Giotto

In a Private Collection, Florence

(See pages 90 and 91)

A Panel Painting by Giotto

says that the S. Croce polyptych is most nearly related to the best painter of the Capella Orsini in Assisi,* and thus returns again to Giotto's closest circle. A renewed inspection of the original convinced me again of the very remarkable quality of the work, but warned me also of the caution necessary in judging it; for it will only be possible to say the last word about the author after the picture has been carefully cleaned. It appears to be not badly preserved on the whole, but many of the details are repainted beyond recognition. Yet it remains beyond doubt that the picture is very closely related to Giotto indeed.

Now, this polyptych shows the same peculiar method of inscribing the names of the saints we have observed in the Benedict panel. The bands of inscription in the S. Croce polyptych are slightly above the shoulder level of the figures and are on alternately red and black grounds.

* Op. cit., p. 76, note 19.

The trefoil arched top with a medallion over the apex shows that the polyptych of S. Croce belongs to a later form than the simple pointed gable of the St. Benedict panel.

At present we do not know of any other panels of the polyptych to which the St. Benedict may have belonged. To judge by the analogy of other complete altarpieces we may assume that originally there were four saints grouped round a central figure, either of the Virgin or of Christ blessing. Already Ghiberti testifies that Giotto produced a whole series of such altarpieces. Extant and even signed altarpieces as, for example, the "Coronation of the Virgin" in S. Croce, the "Virgin and Saints" in Bologna, prove that in his later period Giotto employed assistants pretty freely to execute his designs. But the St. Benedict, which belongs to a much earlier phase of Giotto's activity, shows the master-hand of Giotto, not only in the artistic conception, but also in the execution, down to the smallest detail.

SOME PERSIAN TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES*

By M. S. VILLARD

THE ancient soil of Persia continues to yield surprises. Only a few months ago some terra-cotta statuettes were found near the capital. Although there are only a few, they are an interesting discovery because of their peculiarly individual character. No similar specimens with which they might be compared have as yet come to light in the vicinity of Tehran. They seem to be isolated examples of an art which never developed its promising potentialities.

What is remarkable about these figures is their lifelike quality. They show keen observation of individuality, and may be said to correspond to the *genre* painting of the present day. The faces are not alike, nor are they stamped with Persian racial characteristics, and the detail in each, too, is different. The woman with strongly delineated brows and an exaggerated neck has an almost aggressive look; the fragmentary bust with hunched shoulders, the hands clutching the breast and the eyes drooping, expresses a mood of suffering. The bulbous head with pouting lips and eyes set deep behind massive cheekbones is pure caricature, while the smaller head with a cap has

* In the possession of Arthur Upham Pope, who has kindly supplied the photographs.



(Left)
GODDESS (?)
with distinctly Parthian features



(Right)
FRAGMENTARY BUST



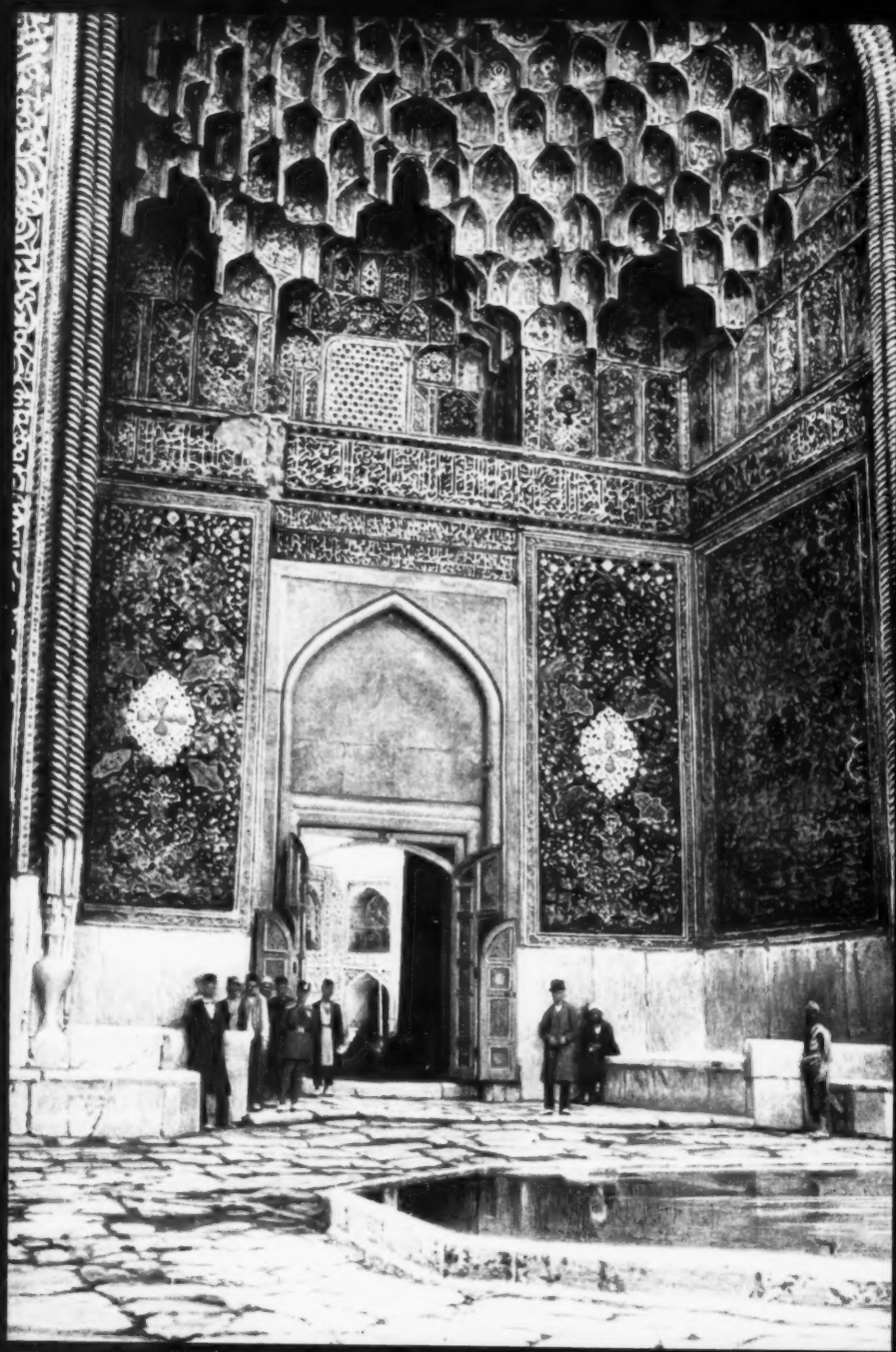
GROUP OF HEADS SHOWING CHARACTER STUDY

an attitude of meditation. The ram's head, the monkey, and the bird are vivid unfinished sketches, and remind one of what a modern sculptor might do in an idle moment.

To find such a naturalistic quality in Persian work is very surprising, because the Persians excelled in the conventional and the imaginative in both early and late times, but we can only assume that the figures were made where found. It is obvious that they belong to a fairly remote antiquity, although it is impossible to date them even approximately. We must simply try to ascribe them to some historic epoch. That they were prehistoric is doubtful, because in prehistoric terra-cottas no attempt to study human peculiarities is made; and besides, the figures in question have a

technical skill which, if primitive, is yet higher than that of any prehistoric examples. Elamite, Babylonian and Assyrian sculpture is more self-assured, more akin to geometric form and at the same time more decorative. This may be said of the Achæmenian and Sasanian carvings as well, and the metal work of these periods, with its formal grace, belongs strictly to the decorative arts. Between the two comes the Parthian era, to which in all probability the terra-cottas belong.

The Parthians were a nomadic and warring people with little culture of their own, and they never assimilated the culture of the Persians whom they conquered sufficiently to produce much of consequence in art or architecture. It is supposed, however, that they had a royal palace at Ray, just south of Tehran. So it is



Some Persian Terra-Cotta Statuettes



NATURALISTIC FIGURES MODELLED IN HIGH RELIEF

possible that in proximity to the Court some sort of artistic work was carried on. Moreover, the figures have the spirit of certain Parthian bronzes and terra-cottas found elsewhere. The strange proportions of the limbs, the loose outlines which give the appearance of modelling rather than of carving, and above all their lack of formality lead to the conclusion that they were Parthian. Whether their tendency toward naturalism shows Hellenistic influence or not, it would be hard to say; if it does, they are still far from being a direct imitation of the richly developed Hellenistic style.

It may be noted that the face of the upright woman resembles in both features and expression the face of a Parthian bronze statuette,* supposedly of the goddess Anahit of Mithraism, a religion which along with others the Parthians adopted. But the terra-cotta does not wear the headdress of the goddess, and has not the long straight lines of the otherwise nude bronze.

It is also of interest that most of these figures are modelled in the round; for even in pre-Islamic times the tendency in Persian sculpture was toward relief, either high or low, a tendency thoroughly in accord with

the decorative and non-realistic Persian taste. For naturalism is adapted to three-dimensional forms of expression.

The nude reliefs in our terra-cotta group, however, differ from the rock carvings in regard to technique. As a rule, the human body was treated as a single unit, and the only distortion permissible was that which made for simplification. The surface was never complicated with anatomical recordings; anatomy was concisely but adequately indicated by the attitude or movement of the body. In this particular case, however, the proportions of the limbs are distorted in such a way as to emphasize anatomical divisions.

It was characteristic of the Persians of the great periods to leave surfaces free for decoration which should give a variation in texture, preferable, according to the artists, to that of shadows. This may be observed in friezes at Persepolis or Susa. The terra-cottas have no such superficial ornamentation and they depend on shadow for the full display of their form. The same is true of the Parthian bronzes and terra-cottas mentioned above.

The terra-cottas are on view at the Royal Academy.

* Cf. Sarre, *Die Kunst des Alten Persien*, p. 30.

THE ZULUAGA POTTERY

By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

THE town of Eibar in Guipúzcoa, in the north of Spain, is notable as a centre for the manufacture of arms; it is also known to art-lovers as being the birthplace of the painter Ignacio Zuluaga and the home of his family since the eighteenth century.

The Zuluagas descend from a family of craftsmen, members of which have made their mark in various fields of art. The first to achieve fame was the armourer and damascener whose work is to be seen in the famous armoury of Madrid; his son, Eusebio, who became director of the armoury, was not only a noted damascener, but an artist who turned his attention to pottery.

Eusebio Zuluaga had three sons, whom he associated with himself in this business, but only one lived to carry it on, Daniel Zuluaga, the founder of the great pottery works in Segovia which form the subject of this article.

Daniel Zuluaga, who was born in Madrid in 1852, inherited all the talent of his family in a marked degree; he started his artistic career as a damascener, but soon took up the study of ceramics in the factory of La Moncloa in Madrid, afterwards going to Paris to work in that of Sèvres. Here he studied chemistry under Regnault and Savetat, technique under Millet, and painting with Paul Avis, Rénard, and Pèyre.



FIG. I. THE LATE DANIEL ZULUAGA, MASTER-POTTER

Don[Daniel, as he is usually called to distinguish him from his more famous nephew, remained in Paris for five years, becoming proficient in all the branches of ceramic art and also devoting much of his time to painting in the Paris studios. He returned to Spain with an intensive knowledge of the secrets of chemistry, for which Sèvres is famous, but with very little inclination to reproduce what he had seen. He was before all a Basque, with the love of realism and the somewhat austere outlook of his fellow-countrymen; he had as little in common with the graceful charm of Sèvres china as he had with the overloaded ornament of La Moncloa. His travels to the capitals of Europe

had given him nothing that he cared to copy. Like a true Spaniard he wanted something individual with a strong racial character.

When D. Daniel returned to Spain he settled in Segovia, where he was lucky enough to be able to purchase a disused church, San Juan de los Caballeros, a fine specimen of Romanesque architecture. Here he set up his furnaces and proceeded to carry out his art which, though founded on the antique models, was very modern and realistic in the treatment. Just as the modern Spanish musicians have gone back to the old folk-songs for a theme for their compositions, and as the modern writers have delighted in describing the peasants who carry on the traditions of the

The Zuluaga Pottery



FIG. II. PAINTED JARS WITH REALISTIC SUBJECTS

race untainted by modern cosmopolitanism, Daniel Zuluaga turned to the soil of Spain for inspiration.

Segovia, the old Castilian city that he had selected as his home, is the chief town of the province of that name which lies north of the range of the Guadarrama mountains; like Toledo, it stands high on a rock with a river at its base. The picturesque walls, with their semicircular towers, have Iberic foundations, though they were rebuilt by the Romans, and again in the Middle Ages. The Aqueduct, locally known as the Bridge, *el Puente*, starting in the Sierra de Fuenfria, and passing the pine forest of Valsáin and La Granja, used to deposit the water in the reservoirs about sixteen kilometres from the city, whence it was carried on across the ravine to the city. This magnificent relic of Roman might is the chief glory of Segovia, although there are many buildings of note there.

The potter was joined here by his nephew, D. Ignacio, and the two used to ride and walk all over the country, absorbing the atmosphere and using their observations each in his own way. It was in Segovia that D. Ignacio painted the well-known picture, so suggestive of the art of Velazquez, of the Segovian dwarf "Gregorio el Botero," and here he also, at one time or another, executed many family portraits. In studying these it is interesting to note how the Basque type persists. D. Ignacio's portrait of his father, standing up in his workshop with the hilt of a sword in his hand, bears a striking likeness to his

self-portrait: the same lean, long face, the same bright, dark eyes, the same tall figure; in the portrait of "My Uncle Daniel" we have rather a different type, the type of a seer or prophet of old. This type appears in the illustration (Fig. I); in the portrait by Ignacio Zuluaga the type is rather that of one of El Greco's saints, with the elongated face and the thin hands so characteristic of that artist. D. Ignacio also executed many portraits of his cousin Candida, as well as groups of the family. "My Cousin Candida," or "Candidita" as he calls her, dressed up in a *manton de Manila* and high comb, smiles at us from many a canvas.

D. Daniel very soon acquired a reputation in ceramics. His art was at once very old and very modern. He studied every form of art, trying experiments in colour and glaze that made his own more personal. His preference for ancient art, especially for that of Persia, influenced much of his work, and the history of ceramics in Spain led him to experiment in the difficult and complicated technique of Hispano-Moresque pottery. Perhaps his early work as a damascener had given him a love of metals, of those metallic reflections that are so typical of this *genre*. The most individual work that he produced is seen in the great jars and the small plaques on which he painted scenes of actual life. An



FIG. III. EXAMPLES OF METAL WORK AND ENAMEL

old woman going to market or a peasant with his donkey was as likely to inspire the artist as the plains of "Castilla la Vieja" or the outline of the beloved city of Segovia (Fig. II).

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D. Daniel married early in life and his children grew up, as he had done himself, in the atmosphere of a studio. His son Juan followed in his father's footsteps, and went to Sèvres for his education as a potter,

sheer hard work, as well as by the inheritance of the family talent, to take his place now that the great potter has passed away.

Daniel Zuluaga died in Segovia in the year 1921, since which date his son and daughters



FIG. IV. ENAMEL PLAQUES

returning to help D. Daniel, who was then appointed professor of ceramics in Madrid. Two daughters, Esperanza and Teodora, became bursaries of the State, and accomplished the five years' study at Sèvres, returning to work with their father. Outside his family D. Daniel had no pupils, and they have qualified by

have carried on the pottery works with conspicuous success, gaining medals and honourable mention in various quarters. They still keep up the tradition established by their father, and the local and racial character of the work is maintained by the material used and the models chosen.

The Zuluaga Pottery



FIG. V. ARTISTIC PLAQUES

The furnaces which roar in the crypts of the old church are fed solely by wood from the pine forest of Valsáin, a wood that produces a very pure, steady flame; the material used is Segovian earth mixed with silicate, which results in producing a warm or ochre colour. The clay made with these elements is placed in a special bath in which it remains for a year; when taken out it is beaten slowly by hand before being placed on the wheel or moulded into jars which are then baked in the sun.

In reproducing the various types of ceramic art that had been made in Spain during past ages, the Zuluagas had a wide choice, for Spain has always produced pottery. When the Arabs came early in the eighth century and set up their furnaces they found much indigenous production. Setting aside prehistoric and Iberic remains, the Greeks had made pottery in Saguntum and the Romans had pottery works at Triana, a suburb of Seville, still a centre of ceramics; the Goths and the Copts had left traces of their art; the trade between Egypt and Spain had brought much that was easily absorbed into the national production. Whether or no there existed some sort of lustre pottery before the Arabs came, it is certain that these brilliant craftsmen brought the special art to great perfection. Daniel Zuluaga was

successful, not only in producing the metallic reflections—using gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, and copper to obtain the effect desired—but was able also to reproduce the special effect of oxidation that age has given to the lustre pottery of past ages.

All sorts of work is turned out in the Segovian studios. Ecclesiastical sculpture, such as the retable executed by D. Daniel for the cathedral in Segovia; domestic decorative work, of which there is an interesting specimen in a chimney-piece and frieze for D. Ignacio's house at Zumaya; decorations for the exterior and the interior of houses all over Spain. But the subjects that we are able to illustrate in this article are rather the smaller

decorative objects—jars, plaques, lustre pottery, enamel work, metal work, and tiles (Fig. III).

The tiles are of several varieties. The "Cuenco" variety has a raised outline to the design which limits the flow of enamel, keeping the colours distinct; the "Cuerda Seca" obtains the isolation of the colours, though in a lesser degree, by drawing the outline with an oily medium. The method preferred by the Zuluagas is one that has no isolating line to stop the flow of the enamel; this method is more personal and gives free rein to the imagination of the artist. Some examples of these methods are seen in the illustrations (Figs. IV and V).

D. Daniel always prepared his own materials when working in enamel, a practice which



FIG. VI. MISSAL AND CRUCIFIXES IN METAL WORK AND ENAMEL

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his successors have kept up; they have also followed up his researches in the matter of colour, being specially successful in reproducing the cobalt and the turquoise blue of Egyptian and Persian ceramics. A great deal

The magnificent jar (Fig. VII), of which we give an illustration, is an example of the realistic painting on a model of antique form; the central jar in the next illustration (Fig. VIII) shows distinct Hispano-Moresque influence



FIG. VII. PAINTED JAR

of enamel is produced in the studios, sometimes being laid on slate, which has the effect of a copper ground. Metalwork is also produced here; the crucifixes and the missal shown in Fig. VI are examples of the skill of the artists.

in the bold animal design and the bands of decorative geometrical pattern. In the next illustration (Fig. IX) we see a jar with armorial bearings, and one decorated with a view of one of the "rios" near Segovia. Whether reproducing the art of past ages, or

The Zuluaga Pottery



FIG. VIII. JAR IN HISPANO-MORESQUE TYPE OF DECORATION AND OTHERS WITH REALISTIC PAINTINGS

imposing a new dispensation, the products of the Zuluaga studios have always a national note. As the novelist, Ramon Pérez de Ayala, writes in the preface to the catalogue of an exhibition of ceramics held recently in Paris, their art is "Iberic." Taken in this sense, the word Iberic means that national spirit that goes back to the origin of Spanish art, although it also includes the waves of foreign influence that came later, because these have entered in and become part of the composite inheritance of Spain.



FIG. X. ENAMELLED PLAQUES



FIG. IX. DECORATED JARS OF VARIOUS TYPES

Doña Esperanza Zuluaga, who visited Paris and London last summer, held out a hope that we might have an exhibition of the Zuluaga pottery here, but the exacting nature of the work, where so much is due to the personal supervision and artistic invention of the artists, makes this probability rather remote. To appreciate the beauty of their productions and the scope and variety of their output, a visit should be paid to the old Church of San Juan de los Caballeros, which is now practically a museum. Here, besides the mass of work going out, specimens of the inventive genius of the founder, D. Daniel, are still exhibited, including some fine jars in the Arabic-Persian style.

D. Daniel has himself explained his ideal. "I am always inspired," he said, by our 'castijo'—(untranslatable word, perhaps best rendered by 'racial purity')—"and that not only in architecture but in the people. Here are my plaques and my jars, decorated with typical peasants and with Spanish landscapes. As to technique, I turn for inspiration to the Mudejar pottery, and farther back to the Persian, the mother of all ceramics."

This ideal is still the guiding star of the three artists who are carrying on the great work founded by their father.



FIG. II. THE WATER MOTHER

By Kai Nielsen

THE SCULPTURE OF KAI NIELSEN

By STANLEY CASSON

IN the death of Kai Nielsen, which took place six years ago, Denmark has lost a sculptor of unusual charm and distinction. He was born in 1882, so that his life as a sculptor was of unusual brevity. Nevertheless, sufficient of his work survives to enable us to see that he was an artist who stepped out of the conventional rut at a period when sculpture was strictly confined either to the ordinary academic traditions or to the much more controlling conventions of the school of Rodin. Kai Nielsen, in his emancipation from the prepossessions of the Rodinesque style, follows closely upon the heels of Carl Milles, who had himself found his own original and formative style a few years before. Nielsen's first, and in many ways his best statue, is the vast figure of "Mads Rasmussen, Manufacturer of Jam," a grotesque yet magnificent monument to a man who would have been the first to admit that his figure from a sculptural point of view was both monumental and grotesque. The great man stands with his right hand upon the crouching

figure of a child. Another child kneels behind him. This statue, in granite, was finished in 1912, and stands today in the Faaborg Gallery.

The next year Nielsen completed a fountain for a square in Faaborg which shows how, behind all the originality of the Rasmussen statue, lurked the overwhelming influence of Rodin. This fountain (Fig. I) in grey stone, told an ancient story, much after the fashion of the storytelling of Milles' Gothenburg fountain. But in this case the story was involved, abstract, and unusual, far more suited to the art of painting than of sculpture. But at a time when the romanticism of Rodinesque sculpture was predominant, there seemed nothing difficult in rendering a story which was a blend of the marvellous, the miraculous, and the emotional. Briefly, the story of Ymer, to whom the fountain was dedicated, is this: Ymer was a legendary figure in Scandinavian mythology. He was created out of sparks and snowflakes. From the monstrous body that so evolved sprang others—a son from

The Sculpture of Kai Nielsen

his feet, a boy and girl from his shoulder. He lived by the milk of the legendary heifer Audumbra who, by licking a boulder of rock-salt, gave life to a giant called Bure.

I cannot pretend to explain either by allegory or rationally this odd and confused myth of complicated family origins! But Nielsen seized on it with joy, for he saw in the story, what the reader will by no means detect at first sight, a certain balance and continuity. The heifer is suckling Ymer and bringing the Giant Bure to

extensive task of the construction and decoration of the Blaagaardsplats at Copenhagen. But about this time he completed the astonishing figure that stands in the centre of the pool in the court of the Glyptotek at Copenhagen. It is called "Vandmoderen"—the "Mother of Waters" (Fig. II). Technically it is superb. Cut from white marble it immediately strikes the visitor as a masterly and original piece of work. The figure of a woman, cut in broad and simple planes, smooth-surfaced, indolently graceful, leans back on her pedestal among the



FIG. I. THE FOUNTAIN OF YMER

By Kai Nielsen

birth at one and the same time. Here was the arrangement of the group and its central theme. The resulting work of art, Gothic in feeling, Rodinesque in treatment, is a strong and individual monument. Its resemblance to so much of the work of Rodin is striking. Rodin's group called, cumbrously enough, "Fugit Amor ou la Course à l'Abime," a strange group of a man and a woman, is just the sort of work which indicates the common outlook. Rodin—and here Nielsen—thought that sculpture could and should represent emotions and psychological states and legends and stories, which are the proper sphere of the painter or even of the writer. Yet one cannot but admit that in welding the Ymer myth into this finely moulded group Nielsen has, in fact, succeeded in making cold stone tell a strange story (Fig. I).

From 1914 to 1916 Nielsen was employed upon the

ferns and waters of the little pond, and from the water climb and crawl a multitude of absurd babes. One is half-submerged, another rolls off, a third is just hanging on before he drops back. Pool and statue are combined in one clear and graceful group. And here, as in so much of Nielsen's work, a quaint and curious humour peeps out. One feels that the artist is always smiling to himself, or sometimes, like Mads Rasmussen, to the whole world. I can recall no other sculpture which makes one want to smile *with* it. I know plenty that makes one smile *at* it. Here is this gentle figure with her twelve babies, and all the babies are the same age! The conception itself is as humorous as the execution. Yet, in the firm, powerful lines, in the neglect of fussy detail, and in the perfection of surface, this figure, perhaps more than any other, marks Nielsen as a sculptor of unusual genius.

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Nielsen's finest work is "Eve and the Apple," cut in 1918, a standing figure of a slim and lovely girl, holding a baby in both her hands (Fig. III). It is in the National Gallery at Stockholm and is cut in soft grey stone.

followed the traditions of that great period of portraiture, the fourth century A.D., when Roman naturalistic sculpture was fading imperceptibly into Byzantine formalism. Karsten's head is like the head of half a dozen



FIG. III. EVE AND THE APPLE

By Kai Nielsen

His complete emancipation from current convention is, perhaps, best seen in his splendid portrait of Ludwig Karsten, the Norwegian painter (Fig. IV). Here the strange, surprised face of the model is rendered with a simple formalism that concentrates on the essential personality of the man. Unknowingly, Nielsen has

Roman emperors of this period. Its very barbarism, perhaps, emphasizes the connection, for the Emperors of Rome in the fourth century were of all sorts of origins—Thracian, Spanish, African, British. The barbaric simplicity of Karsten's face is admirably suited to this simple formalism of portraiture. In a way Frank Dobson

The Sculpture of Kai Nielsen

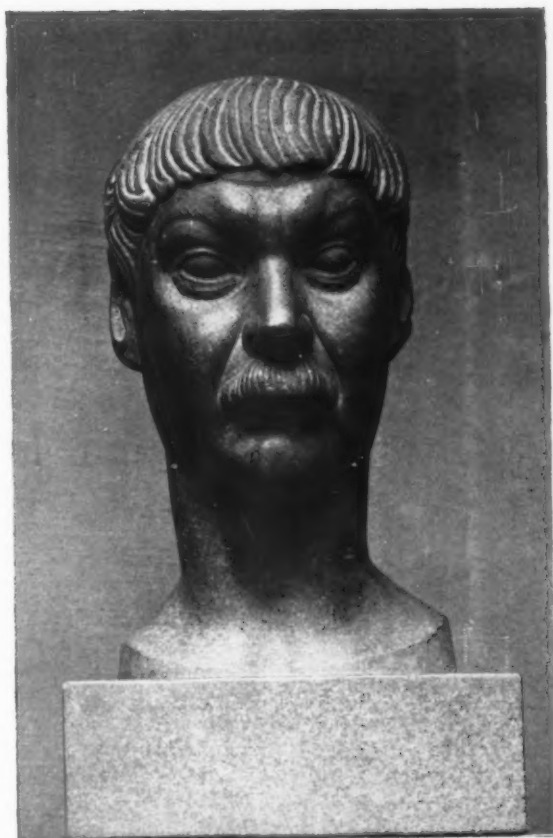


FIG. IV

THE NORWEGIAN PAINTER LUDWIG KARSTEN,

By Kai Nielsen

has followed the same technique in his "Osbert Sitwell" in the Tate Gallery, and Paul Manship shows a similar simplification in one or two of his best portraits of men.

Nielsen was too deeply imbued with the tradition of Rodin to make any very great distinction in treatment between stone and bronze. Rodin was a moulder and nothing else. He rarely, if ever, worked in stone. Most of the stone or marble groups that came from his studio were cut by assistants from clay models. The shapes and attitudes of most of them are not the attitudes which a material such as marble dictates. They are transformations or translations from a soft substance into a hard one and, in consequence, Rodin's marble figures never have the true characteristics of marble; they seem rather to be made of crystallized plaster. So with much of Nielsen's work. The Ymer Fountain at Faaborg has not the characteristics of granite—the material in which it is carved—but rather of the plaster in which it was conceived. And so with much of his work. But the fine head of Karsten is essentially stone-cutting of the purest type, and the "Mother of Waters" is equally sculptural. His bronze work is, nevertheless, admirable. "Awakening"

(Fig. V) is as lovely a bronze as modern sculpture can produce; "Leda Without the Swan," in plaster, is in the same technique, itself a figure with many of the qualities of the work of Michelangelo, despite its bronze character. Unusual, stark and vivid, it suggests the emotional possibilities of which the Rodin tradition was capable, if rightly and strongly handled and stripped clean of its latent sentimentality. For in the Leda there is emotion of the deepest, utterly devoid of sentiment.

Nielsen's "Eve and the Apple" shows clearly enough how the formalism which was latent in his portrait of Karsten has been made applicable to a whole figure. It shows, too, how he was striving all the time to get away from Rodin. For Eve is modern in the true sense, in that she is cut with the utmost and most rigid simplicity and restraint. Modernism in sculpture is difficult to analyse and still harder to explain. But, as I see it, it is an attempt to start afresh, to discard all the trappings of a century of dull uniformity and to look upon the subject rendered with a clear eye in an atmosphere that is as fresh as that of a Greek dawn. The one glimpse that we get of this modern outlook in Nielsen makes me grieve the more that he is not still alive, for he would have moved insensibly away from the trammels of old styles that still held him, and have budded anew into fresh conceptions even more invigorating than his "Eve" or his "Mother of Waters."

As a sculptor of a deeply interesting transitional period Nielsen will long be remembered. His work is difficult to find and little known. It is to be hoped that his name will not be forgotten.



FIG. V. AWAKENING

By Kai Nielsen

A BUST OF CHARLES I IN CHALK-STONE

By CYRIL G. E. BUNT

IT is surprising how long a really interesting object may remain practically unnoticed although publicly exhibited in that Mecca of art-lovers, the Victoria and Albert Museum. A notable example of this is a fine contemporary bust of Charles I in grey chalk-stone which was presented to the Museum in 1929 by Mr. Harold Lane.

True, it has been the subject of critical notice by Mrs. Esdaile,* but she is a specialist and one would expect her to notice it. It is given a short reference, too, in the Museum's Review of Acquisitions; but this fascinating portrait-bust deserves to be more widely known, for Mrs. Esdaile does it no more than justice when she states that it is "one of the finest portraits which that age of great portraits has given us." It is indeed a notable piece of work and, although considerably weathered, is in really wonderful preservation.

Charles is shown in armour, a crown (unfortunately much damaged) upon his head, a rich chain below his deep lace collar, and low upon the corselet the Lesser George hanging from a ribbon. The well-modelled features remain clear-cut; the wavy hair, the moustache and short pointed beard, are all beautifully carved—well worthy to be considered the work of "Francisco Fanelli, Florentine, Sculptor to the King of England"—to whose hand it may doubtlessly be ascribed. Le Sueur's name has been considered with reference to it, but it is not French enough for him—one might almost say it is too fine. Both artists were of course contemporary with and worked for Charles I.

Presuming that the "one-eyed Italian," as Van Noort calls Fanelli, was indeed its author, it must have been carved about six years before he left England for France in 1642. There is no ambiguity about the date of the bust, for there is an inscription upon the base, still just legible in a raking light, which reads: CAROLVS REX —ÆTAT XXXV. It was therefore carved between November 1635 and the same month in 1636, most probably in the latter year.

Its history is unfortunately shrouded in considerable obscurity, but we must agree that it is an authentic contemporary work of great iconographic value. It has been said to have come from the Old Market Cross at Chichester and to have occupied the niche upon the eastern side where the bust of Bishop Storey, the founder of the cross, originally stood in pre-Commonwealth times.

We may dismiss this idea, however, for it would seem beyond doubt that the bronze bust of Charles, which is to be seen in this niche at the present day, is that originally placed there by Charles II in Restoration days. When recently the cross was thoroughly restored the bronze bust was very carefully examined. It bears no signature or date, but the experts who examined it were quite satisfied that it was the original bust and not a comparatively modern reproduction. It is necessary to record this because the two busts are seemingly identical in everything but material.

The bronze bust was still there when Dally wrote his Guide to Chichester in 1836. It was still there in 1861, as is shown by a dated photograph in possession of the Museum. And, although it was removed for a short while (between 1863 and 1865), and placed in the Council Chamber, it was seemingly in place again by 1867 as Mrs. Esdaile has pointed out on the authority of Baedeker for that year.

If, then, our bust did not at any time grace the Chichester Cross, what can we learn of it? One point is certain—that it came from Chichester, where it had fallen upon such times that its late owner was able to acquire it for less than the traditional "old song." Its weathered surface and damaged condition—the head has been skilfully rejoined to the shoulders—show that it had been long neglected. Yet its every feature, especially the traces of exceedingly delicate chiselling in very low relief, show it to have been the work of a master hand and made for one who could afford to pay for good work.

Charles I was a patron of the arts, as we know, and Fanelli was in receipt of an annual sum as sculptor to His Majesty. But if we understand the significance of events we shall see that it was not merely a matter of patronizing artists, but quite as much a matter of political policy, that resulted in so great a number of portraits, carved and painted, of Charles I. Moreover there were other contemporary persons who, having a special predilection for their King, caused busts of their royal master, by Fanelli, to be set up. Among these was Archbishop Laud. The bronze bust of Charles in Duke Humphrey's Library at the Bodleian, presented by Laud in 1636, is of course well known. Moreover, in St. Paul's Church, Hammersmith, is another bust by the same artist which was set up, not indeed by Laud, but in the last church consecrated by him.

This bust was the gift of Sir Nicholas Crispe and was set up in the old (now entirely rebuilt) church after the execution of Charles in 1649. But Fanelli left England in 1642, so Sir Nicholas must have had the bust at least seven years before the death of the King, and could scarcely have set it finally in this public place until after the Restoration. The significance of this reference, however, lies in the fact that both Laud and the baronet were equally devoted to the cause of Charles. It is possible, therefore, and likely that it may have been originally given to the church (shortly after Laud consecrated it) by Sir Nicholas, who gave no less than £700 towards the building.

We must remember of course that the recusants of the Long Parliament in 1648 ordered all the royal statues and arms to be taken down; which would account for its being set up later in commemoration of "that glorious Martyr—of blessed memory."

One obvious thing about the Museum bust is that being carved in 1635–6 it could not have been made merely as an original from which to cast the bronze for the Market Cross twenty years later. Its date places it in the midst of those eventful eleven years between the dissolution of

* *The Architect*, Sept. 27, 1929, p. 387.

A Bust of Charles I in Chalk-Stone



A BUST OF CHARLES I IN CHALK-STONE

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Charles's third and the calling of the Long Parliament, during which Laud's steady policy was that of trying to bolster up Charles as an absolute monarch. Preaching the Divine Right of Kings he was at the same time a disciplinarian within the Church. It is, therefore, with little surprise that we find him, the year before he gave the bust to the Bodleian and *the very year when the chalk bust was carved*, busying himself in the ancient city of Chichester on the occasion of his Metropolitan Visitation.

Here, in South Street, stands the Vicars' Hall. It was the Old Guilden Hall anciently occupied by the Merchant Guild of St. George. Surrendered to the Crown in 1394, it had been granted to the Bishops for the habitation of the Vicars Choral, who from 1583 onwards met here once a month to dine. Archbishop Laud's injunction of 1635 commands that the hall shall be repaired without delay and so maintained hereafter.

This restoration, then, was carried out at the very period of our bust and very little persuasion is needed to

help us believe that it may have been destined to adorn this building when completed.

How then could it have been ready to hand at the Restoration to serve as a model for the bronze of the Market Cross as we surmise? Presuming it had been placed upon the Vicars' Hall in 1636 it would certainly have been removed in 1648 with all other royal statues. It may well have been treasured by the loyal churchmen—Chichester remained, on the whole, Loyalist, though in Parliamentary hands for six years.

What vicissitudes it may have passed through from the middle of the century we can only surmise. It may even have been restored to its place under Charles II until some subsequent restorations finally displaced it.

In any case in the fine chalk-stone bust at the Victoria and Albert Museum we have, not only a fine contemporary portrait of Charles and a worthy example of Fanelli's art, but also (it would seem extremely probable) a Laudian relic of the greatest interest.

SOME TYPICAL EXHIBITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

FOLLOWING our selection of a few treasures illustrated in the January issue of *APOLLO* we have pleasure in presenting reproductions of another series of eight objects.

Plate I.—Le Musée Arabe in Cairo sends a ewer of bronze, dating from the seventh century, found during the excavations at Būsīr and Malak. Its chief interest is due to the Sāsānian influences which it exhibits. (Case 74A.)

Plate II.—This is another ewer, but of earthenware, coming from Rayy, of the thirteenth century. It is painted in brownish lustre on opaque white ground; spotted hares skip among the foliage. There are Kufic characters on the neck. The height is 21.5 cm., and the ewer belongs to E. R. Debenham, Esq. (Case 168F.)

Plate III.—Of the many charmingly designed specimens of earthenware shown in the exhibition this dish attracts our attention. It is painted in bright blue, red, buff, and green, outlined in black. There are scattered sprays of flowers. The period of its manufacture is the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The diameter is 35.5 cm. The dish is lent by Lieut.-Colonel Brocklebank. (Case 212A.)

Plate IV.—A large crowd is always found gazing at the brightly illuminated case in Gallery VIII containing jewelled objects.

There is a leather shield with appliqué of gold plaques set with emeralds, crystals and pink tourmalines. It is of the nineteenth century, made in the Kajar period, and lent by the Gulistan Museum. Special interest seems to be attached to this case (336) from the fact that if a short-sighted old lady or a snatch-and-grabber should approach too closely and make contact with the invisible protective ray, a bell rings to warn the authorities—an amusing toy not exactly Persian!

Plate V.—These two vases are also in Case 336. The left-hand one is of gold covered with enamel, and the

right-hand one of gold covered with green translucent enamel, set with cabochon brilliants. They are of the late nineteenth century and the very last of the long cycle of Persian arts. They came from the Gulistan Museum.

Plate VI.—Here, through embarrassment of riches, we hit upon a miniature of special interest lent by M. Claude Anet of Paris. The drawing has humour, and might be thought to represent Russian peasants about to disagree upon some question of local politics. It is known as a "Scene of Homage," and is thought to come from Qipchaq, to belong to the fourteenth century, and is, therefore, among the primitives. (449.)

Plate VII.—Special interest attaches to this beautiful design of a velvet hanging embroidered with silver thread. It is of the Safari period, the eighteenth century, and is taken from the Mashhad shrine. The design shows a mixture of motifs drawn from widely divergent schools. At the base are two animals in heraldic opposition belonging to the Sāsānian style. Above is a vase and flowering plant suggestive of the Chinese. The garden-like field is a lawn covered with daisies, two lozenges in the upper corner and a floral border, all of which are of Muslim style. The two banners in the lower corners may be derived from a Mongol source. The decorative effect and the fine contrast between the ground and the embroidery is very charming and is more formal than the contemporary or later fresco paintings which cover the walls of the palace of Ali Qapi, referred to in a review in the present issue of *APOLLO*. It is lent by the Persian Government. (524.)

Plate VIII.—With this we go back to the earliest period from which the exhibits are derived; the winged goat with gilt horns and hooves belongs to the fifth century. It is of bronze and is lent by the Islamische Kunstabteilung, Staatliche Museen, Berlin. Everyone admires this vigorous object. (Case 22A.)



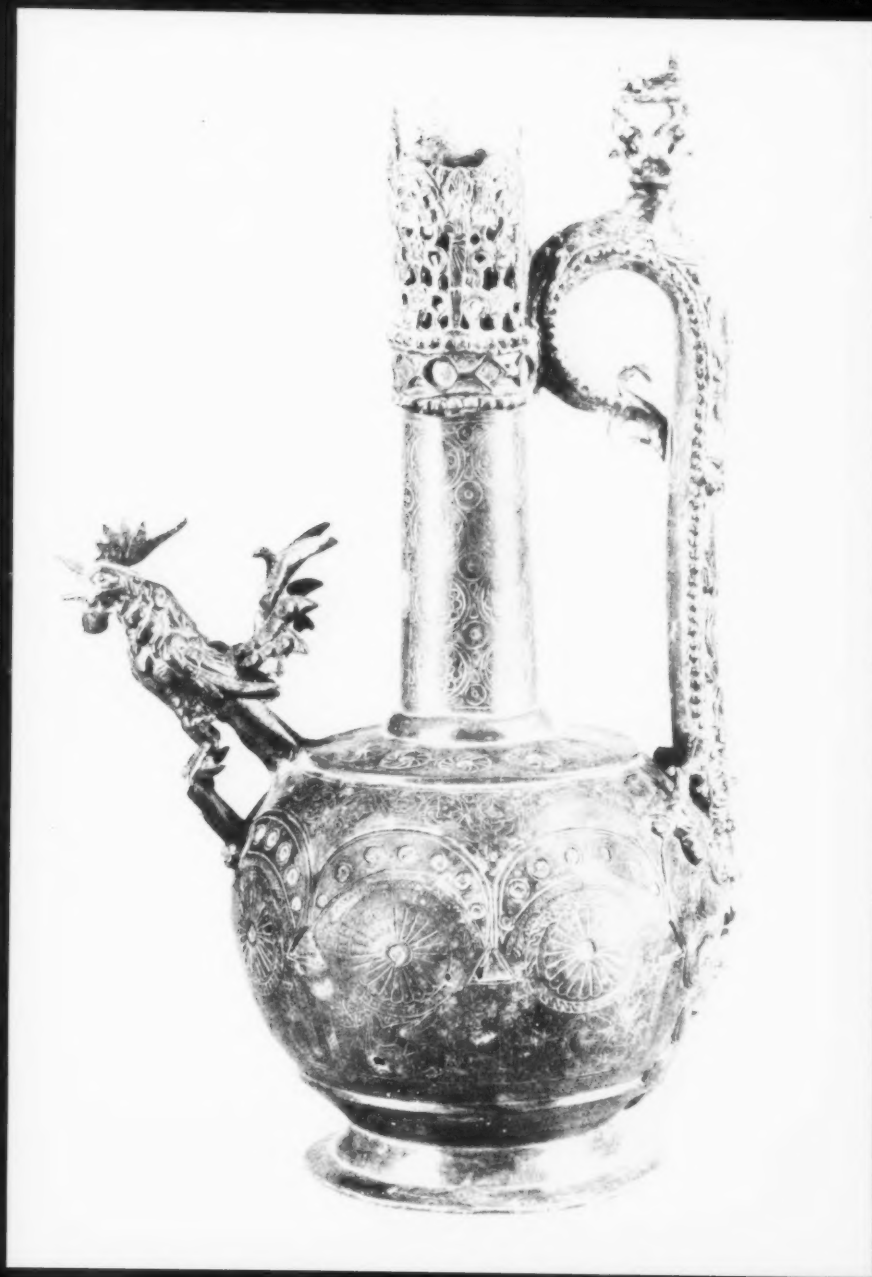


PLATE I. BRONZE EWER, PROBABLY PRE-ISLAMIC

(Case 74A)

Lent by Le Musée Arabe, Cairo

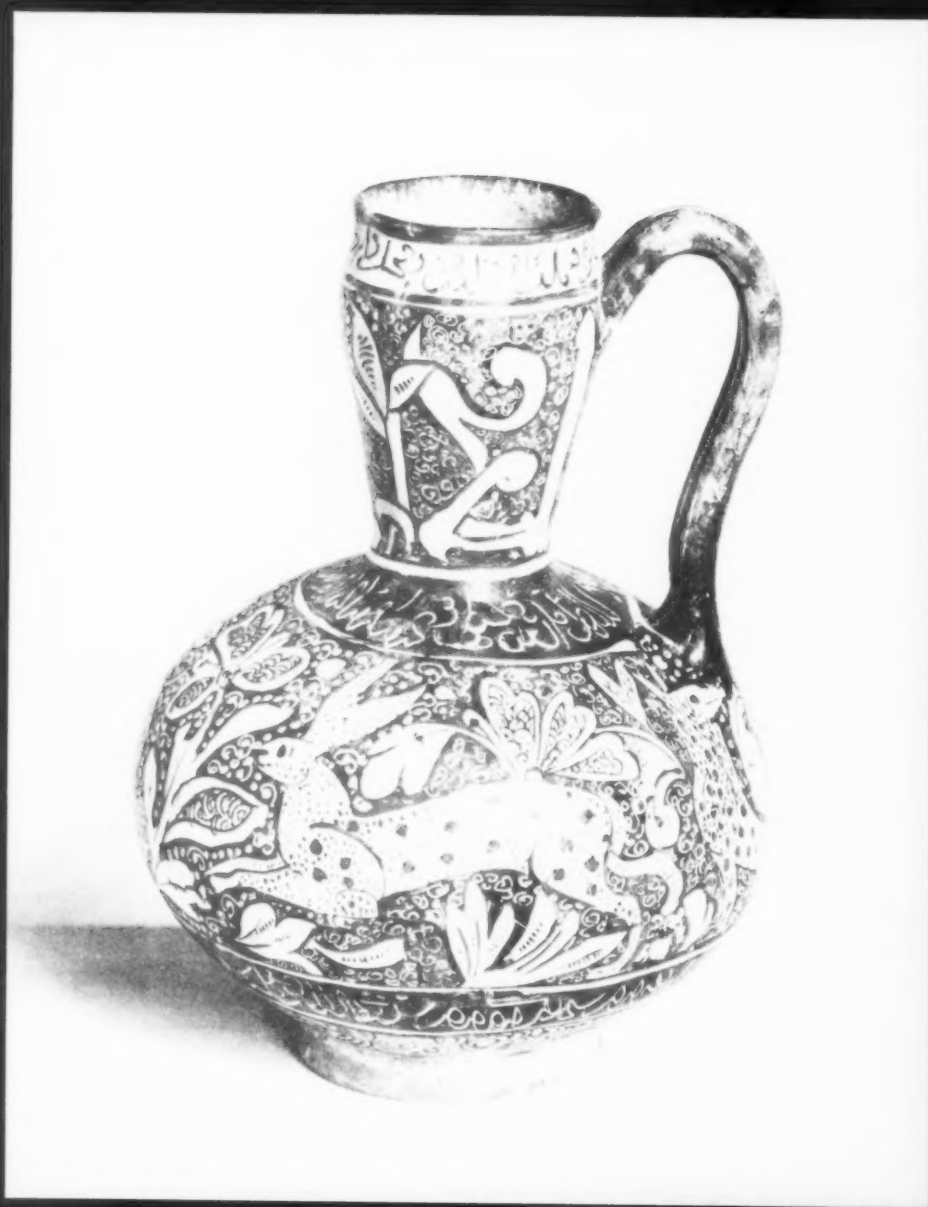


PLATE II. EARTHENWARE EWER PAINTED IN BROWN LUSTRE,
THIRTEENTH CENTURY, RAYY

(Case 1681)

Lent by E. R. Dohenheim, Esq.



LETTER FROM NEW YORK

By CARLYLE BURROWS

TRIPTYCH:
MADONNA AND
CHILD WITH
SAINTS

By Neri di Bicci



By courtesy of
Mr. A. S. Drey

THE New Year begins with signs of activity in many quarters. There are about to commence, for instance, special retrospective exhibitions of the works of Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso; the Metropolitan Museum of Art announces a showing of Russian ikons assembled under the auspices of the Russian Soviet Government; and installations are being made in the new Museum of the City of New York—devoted to the history of the city—on upper Fifth Avenue, in preparation for the formal opening of the building this winter.

During the pre-holiday season most of the art galleries put their faith in small, miscellaneous exhibitions which were expected to interest the public as much as possible in easily purchasable pictures. Even at the Museum of Modern Art, where sculpture and painting divided interest, the recent exhibition of works by living Americans was less formal than usual.

But though there were few events of unusual importance on the December art calendar, several exhibitions fared well in public support. Hugo Rumbold's drawings, for one, seemed just the sort of light and fanciful fare for that time of year, and the public took to them with enthusiasm. Then there were the engaging little gouaches of Jean Hugo's, likewise popular, at the De Motte Gallery—an erstwhile medieval stronghold which has recently opened its doors to contemporary art.

Work by American as well as foreign artists was out in considerable force, several group exhibitions having been composed of some remarkably lively little pictures. But an event of more immediate significance of which I wish to speak here is the showing which has just opened of paintings, watercolours and drawings by Jules Pascin,

the Bulgarian-American artist who died by his own hand in Paris last summer.

Pascin, it will be remembered, began his art career in Vienna and Berlin, where he enjoyed a reputation for his clever and original book illustrations. Later he settled in Paris and became closely identified with the modern school of French painters, making his first journey to America during the early years of the World War. Something of the gipsy strain in him seemed to manifest itself in his wanderings in many countries, including Africa, Spain, Mexico and Cuba, as well as France and the United States. Each of them yielded material at one time or another for his pencil and brush. Some years ago Pascin became an American citizen and it was in this country that much of his later work was done and where, perhaps, he exerted his greatest influence.

All the paintings in the memorial exhibition at the Downtown Gallery, of which there are twenty-four in all, are figure subjects of the types Pascin was best known by—nudes and semi-draped figures—with the exception of a single flower piece. These come from different periods, as do many of the lively watercolours and pastel sketches of peoples and places where the artist travelled, and some of the most important are lent by private collectors. There are but few, if any, examples of Pascin's early illustrations on the walls, especially those drawings of his German period which lend great charm to the texts they illustrate; but the paintings, both early and late, form a good group, doing justice to the best that is in his art.

Pascin, despite his lack of range in subject-matter, possessed qualities of unusual sensitiveness in drawing and coloration. One would hardly say that he painted

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in the accepted sense of the term, for his works are more like drawings on canvas, softly and lightly rubbed over with pigment, than they are examples of pure painting. But it is the very method which he employed which accounts, in the best of Pascin's paintings, for the singular fascination they hold.

Everything in the exhibition is painted with a light, personal touch, the touch of an artist possessing an instinctive sense for human character and the ability to register it in terms of deftness and subtlety. His nudes, languorous and intimate products of the studio, are not always decorative, nor do they possess the dignity which



SPANISH WOMAN

By Jules Pascin

In Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., collection

one prefers to associate with paintings of this subject. About his work, his point of view, many are inclined to perceive an all too apparent note of decadence, a lack of that wholesome feeling for the object which one usually perceives in the greatest art of this type. But despite the slight undercurrent of vulgarity which is manifest, not in this exhibition alone, but in many of his nudes, there is the elevating grace of style which has to do both with Pascin's cleverness as a draughtsman and the warm radiance of his colours.

One of the earliest things in the exhibition is the portrait of his wife, Hermine, dated 1907, a bright sketch, as full of buoyant cheerfulness as some of the other studies are spiritually depressing. If Pascin grew sated and pessimistic in his outlook toward the end of his life, certainly that outlook had not yet come upon him when he painted this little study, dashed off with a few flickering strokes of the brush and so filled with the warm feeling of life. Another early portrait of Hermine comes

from the collection of Mr. A. Conger Goodyear, president of the Museum of Modern Art, out of the John Quinn sale of several years ago.

Mr. Quinn was one of the earliest admirers of the art of Pascin in this country, but since he formed his collection of modern pictures others of prominence have arisen to an appreciation of it. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., lends her "Spanish Woman," a subtle study of a woman in a black shawl, with a high comb fringing her dark hair. Mr. Frank Crowninshield, who with Mr. Goodyear is closely associated with the destinies of the Museum of Modern Art, contributes four canvases, including the portrait, "Bibi," which is one of the most appealing in colour of all the works on view. How delicate was Pascin's feeling for colour, and how greatly colour formed an aim and end in itself in his art, may be readily appreciated in this painting, as it may also in another seated figure of his painted in soft iridescent shades of pink, grey and blue, which bears the suggestive title, "Opalescent."

Among the finer works in the exhibition also may be mentioned Mr. Goodyear's "Reclining Nude," in which there are some extraordinary passages of rich flesh modelling. The study of an African native girl, "La Belle d'Alal," was one of the last subjects worked up in his New York studio only a short time before Pascin departed for his last visit to France. This latter, incidentally, is rather more forcefully composed than most of his paintings. Greater stress is laid upon subsidiary elements in the picture and the whole is carried off with a strong nervous energy which somehow adds to the merits of the picture from the simple standpoint of design.

It is said of Pascin that he was among the younger moderns, one of the most popular figures in the art life of New York, and that he was one of the kindest and most human of artists. That he loved life in all its manifestations may be gathered from the variety and interest of his observations recorded in the watercolours and drawings, of which there are numerous clever examples in the exhibition. Whatever his limitations as a painter of creative imagination may have been, Pascin was at least a genuine artist. As a tribute to him the exhibition is one of the outstanding events of the New Year.

When, early last summer, Sir Joseph Duveen, Bt., acquired the celebrated Gustave Dreyfus collection of Italian Renaissance sculptures, medals and other bronzes, it was taken for granted that some of the most highly prized objects involved ultimately would be seen in New York. We have just had the privilege of viewing several just such examples through the courtesy of the owner at his galleries on Fifth Avenue, although that part of the collection which has arrived in this country is not actually on exhibition. Many art lovers living abroad are doubtless well familiar with the contents of this great collection, either through having viewed it in person or else read some of the many descriptions which have been published concerning it. Hence it is advisable here only to say a few words in appreciation of the good fortune which befalls this country in finding itself the possessor of these magnificent old-world treasures.

One of the great gems of the collection which is now here is, of course, the Donatello bust of St. John the Baptist, in polychrome terra-cotta. An admirable companion piece is the regal "Giuliano de' Medici," by

Letter from New York

Verrocchio, likewise in terra-cotta, a truly splendid portrait enriched with elaborate relief work about the breast and shoulders and having slight traces of the original polychrome; whereas the Donatello preserves a coloration of a most lovely purity and softness.

It is difficult to say which has the more appeal, the simplicity and tenderness of the handsome St. John, with his simple cloak knotted about his shoulders revealing the traditional hair shirt beneath, or the imperious Giuliano, whose proud bearing Verrocchio has envisaged with all the splendour appropriate to his rank and person. Both impress one with their sense of sculptural power, their rich vitality of spirit; and in either case there is present the accent of great artistic personality. It is the same, though to an end of greater delicacy and charm, with the lovely little marble head of the young Christ by Desiderio da Settignano, the third in a triumvirate of Renaissance masterpieces.

One could dwell at great length upon the sheer beauty and fascination of this little head, a thing so sensitive that life itself seems implicit in the stone. But it is perhaps more to the point to express the hope that these sculptures will remain in this country to become the permanent property of our great collections and thus enrich to a notable extent the cultural archives of the nation.

Among other early Italian works to be seen is an extremely attractive little triptych representing the "Madonna and Child with Saints," which has come into the possession of Mr. A. S. Drey. It is an important

example of one of the lesser masters, the Siennese-Florentine, Neri di Bicci, and has survived in an uncommonly good state of preservation. In the art of this painter, who lived and worked throughout the greater part of the fifteenth century, there is a marked devotional gravity united with a primitive simplicity which is not without, however, its accompaniment of decorative feeling.

In the central panel the Madonna, seated on a dais, holds the infant Christ between the standing figures of St. Lucia and St. Catherine. Over her head is an architectural canopy supported by fluted square pillars, and at either side an angel holds the edges of an embroidered drapery which serves as the gilded background. The wings are divided and in the upper portions display, on the left, a figure of a kneeling angel, and on the right, a kneeling saint, while below and in the same sequence appear the figures of St. Paul, St. Lawrence, St. Bernard of Siena, and St. Antonio, each bearing his appropriate symbol.

The painting comes to America from a castle in Silesia, where it was formerly owned by one of the morganatic descendants of William IV of Prussia, in whose own collection it at one time appeared. Several other important works from the same source have lately reached America, according to Mr. Drey. The background of gold is particularly rich and throws the several figures into striking relief, while the colours in the costumes run to reds, blues, and yellows of marked freshness and purity of tone.



TERRA-COTTA BUST OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI

By Verrocchio

In the Dreyfus collection

By courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen, Bt.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON



PLAGE DU
HAVRE

By Raoul Dufy

YOU would be surprised were I not to speak to you about the business depression and try to hide from you that it has reached the world of the Fine Arts.

However, anxious not to exaggerate, I hasten to draw attention to the air of well-being of those whom the crisis seems to affect the most. One can even say that appearances do not correspond very well to the verbal complaints; in short, in spite of the crisis, neither the painters nor the dealers seem thrown into a final despair. The most anxious are the art lovers; these modern collectors, so often also speculators. If they are worried, is not that above all through lack of information upon the reality of the situation? It is left to the critic to keep cool in the heart of the crisis, this coolness which he needed quite as much in the bygone days of inflations of every kind. In that way can he hope to throw a little light where enough obscurity reigns.

First of all rest assured: the crisis will not last for ever. One can predict that we are going towards a moral and physical stabilization at the price of a wise revaluation, the present form of which, it is true, may be at times disastrous.

Living art will not die from the present experience, and no particular and fatal anxiety will prevent us from wishing, with a good heart and clear conscience, a happy new year to all those whose minds are, in some way, looking forward to the future of modern art.

I will imitate the Americans who explain everything by means of an anecdote, a story, borrowed from history or Holy Writ; an anecdote and a conclusion dictated by actuality make, if I have well understood the great orators of the United States, a famous discourse, both academical and parliamentary. Well, some years after the Armistice, when one witnessed in Paris the commencement of this tremendous movement of interest for the Arts such as no century had ever seen, when canvases unsaleable the day before rose to fabulous prices and at a rate such as one could not accept without being accused of madness, that seemed as if they would never stop rising,

my friend, the great landscape painter Wlaminck, on the eve of turning definitely his back on the capital of the Arts to take refuge in the solitude of the country, told me a little story. It was very edifying and capable of making one think that if one had either for enjoyment or scandal witnessed the constant rise of pictures cynically treated as securities of the Bourse, one had not taken proper care to know by what methods this marvellous rise in appearance could have been brought about nor what could be more or less, sooner or later, the consequences of so much boosting given by luck and hazard.

"I will say, paraphrasing Nietzsche, whose centenary was celebrated recently," so spoke Wlaminck, "that you possess a canvas worth £100 (pure supposition!) by the good will of the dealers and the consent of the artist; one can say that you did not buy it too dearly, since tomorrow it is probable it will be worth £400. Good. But supposing that tomorrow you wish to raise £100 on that canvas, will you find a buyer at that price? It is very improbable—you will have to wait for the favourable day. On the other hand, you have a Wlaminck, for which you have paid five thousand francs (another gratuitous supposition); one does not know what this will be worth one day. But if tomorrow you need the five thousand francs, you will get them immediately. I have refused to allow my pictures to be at the mercy of an artificial valuation; they are as good as banknotes."

It is the opportunity or never, since he spoke truly, to say that Wlaminck *parlait d'or*.

Another anecdote. André Derain, whose canvases are very expensive, met a junior, already celebrated, of whom a canvas of moderate importance had reached at the Hotel Drouot one hundred and fifty thousand francs, the sale having been backed—that is to say faked—by a consortium of speculators. This painter came towards his illustrious elder, his hand outstretched. Derain put his hands in his pockets.

"What, Derain, you refuse to shake hands?"

"I do not shake hands with the dead!"



PLATE III. EARTHENWARE DISH, KNOWN AS Koubatchi ware,
SIXTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES

(Case 212A)

Lent by Lt.-Col. Brucklebank

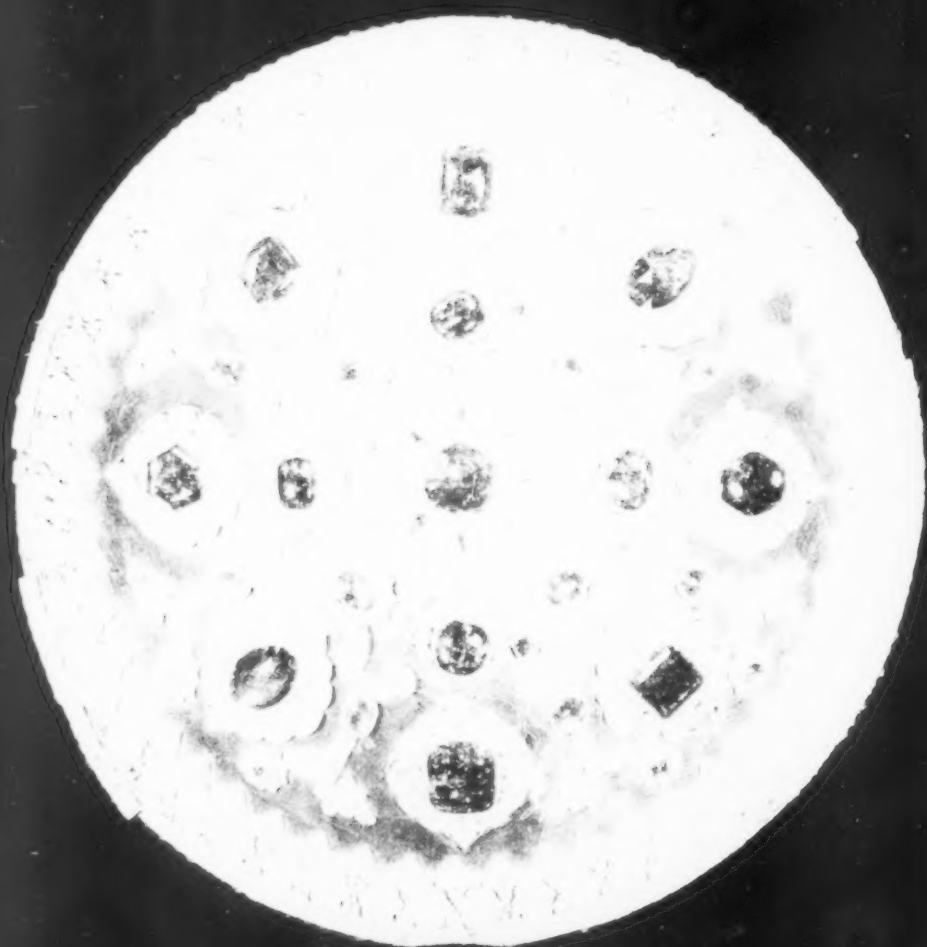


PLATE IV. LEATHER SHIELD WITH APPLIQUE OF GOLD PLAQUES
SET WITH JEWELS, NINETEENTH CENTURY

(Case 336B)

Lent by the Gullistan Museum, Tehran

Letter from Paris

Derain wished to say that certain prices could not decently be achieved except with posthumous glory, when the works become rare through the most absolute of fatalities and not when they increase day by day.

A month ago a dealer said to Derain: "Business is bad. There is a crisis! At the Hotel Drouot, this afternoon, one of your still-lives was quoted twelve thousand francs, a very small canvas, it is true; it did not reach eight thousand." To which Derain answered with serenity: "It was something that I painted in one hour; let us hope it lasts for ever!"

This is to say that the wise painters, who are, perchance, amid the greatest, have never asked for material gain, and are not responsible for a situation of which one sees quickly the dangerous risks. Only they needed not only great *vertu* to refuse the fortune but a strength of will almost superhuman to counteract the risky gamble of the speculators which assured the said fortune. Wlaminck himself, in spite of his philosophy, has not been always sufficiently master of the situation to maintain the price of his work on a reasonable basis.

Something else has happened. When the general business crisis began—even in France where it is less than elsewhere—some art lovers, men of wealth, reported to the dealers such and such a canvas for which, let us suppose, they had paid eighty thousand francs. The dealer disdainfully offered ten thousand francs, when he did not answer: "Leave it to me and I will try to resell it, but I do not promise anything."

Art collectors then became alarmed at the thought that the canvases might not always soar up in price, that they might also drop like De Beers or Suez shares!

There is also the case of the youngsters. They lost their heads often at the start of a career. They found dealers who offered them contracts on the hypothesis of having in hand, in advance, the monetary glory of the future. After ten years of waiting the dealers, not seeing a new Modigliani emerge from among their protégés, sold them cruelly. One finds them now in the gutter! The hardships these young men will experience may help greatly in the readjustment to the normal. Yesterday, a painter aged twenty, absolutely unknown, expected to sell his production on the same basis as the glorious masters of modern art. Truly, he sold cheaper, but he expected to sell *au numéro*, to use the *jargon du métier*. If a Friesz, after thirty years of work, sells a canvas for four hundred francs, an unknown man asks one hundred. We shall see once more young men, humbled by the lessons of the crisis and the executions—the massacre of innocents executed by the Herods of the Rue de la Boétie and the Rue de Seine—use with the buyers the modest language of Derain and Picasso when they started: "How much do I want for this canvas? Whatever you will be willing to give!"

It is quite simple. In 1905, Picasso brought pictures of the "bleu" epoch, among others the admirable and celebrated (since) "Femme au Corbeau" to a quaint *brocanteur* of the Rue des Martyrs, who also let out bedding. Picasso was happy to pocket fifty francs.

When this style of painting was still depreciated, a society of art lovers was formed which had confidence in it. It bought cheaply, but still paid decently; its members having love for the works and sympathy for the artists.

After ten years, this society, constituted under the symbolical name of "La Peau de l'Ours," the bear of the fable whose skin is sold before the beast is killed, held a sale—one speaks of it still. Living art then experienced the first important quotations. The confidence which ardent art lovers had in modest and much-criticized artists decided the fortune of the movement.

Will the new circumstances favour the constitution of a new "Peau de l'Ours"? In fact, the Society exists already. It is the S.A.C. society of artists and collectors, divided really into two elements: one buying dearly values reputed safe, the other giving all to the young for the future. We must end—Is modern painting going to depreciate considerably, to speak brutally, as certain people maintain? It is possible that those who have recently formed collections of paintings at the top of the wave may have made a bad deal. The others, those who did not wait for the guarantees of success, cannot fail to get back at least the prices they gave. I have already said that we are going towards a stabilization of value of authentic talents. But must one groan too much should the crisis be fatal to the false glories of the second-rate masters, artificially placed? No, evidently; and neither must one have any more pity for those who speculated on them lacking as much elementary wisdom as true appreciation. Paris actually makes a success of the souvenirs of one of its ephemeral kings: "En habillant l'époque," by Paul Poiret, yesterday dictator of high fashion and today nearly ruined by commercial accidents which condemn in no way either his taste or his flair. Paul Poiret—who consoles himself at his losses and awaits better days in doing also some painting (he has had a successful exhibition this winter)—relates with a brilliant pen how he made his gallery of modern works. It was in the way of the amateurs of the "Peau de l'Ours," when those for whom he felt sympathetic had not been touched yet by the wings of renown. The sale of this collection broke his heart, but it enabled him to re-establish a compromised business. He was rewarded for having followed solely his personal taste. There is no better advice to give to art lovers. By the way, Paul Poiret recounts charming anecdotes and draws alert portraits of the painters who were his friends. The one of Raoul Dufy is the most successful. It came at a time when Dufy—whose exhibitions are multiplied and about whom Mlle. Beer de Turrique has published, with M. H. Fleury, a monumental work together with a *catalogue raisonné*—is experiencing a kind of triumph. He is the exception of the crisis! It is true that he has managed to remain marvellously free of his person and of his prices, rarely caught in the dangerous game of the dealers.

Paul Poiret has seen Raoul Dufy as no one has dared yet to paint him; one must admit that nothing resembles him more:

"Dufy, who hides his genius under the guise of a grocer assistant, archangel, pink and fair, babyish with little gestures; one needs to see him in his studio, walking with short steps in shirt sleeves and bringing out of his portfolios masterly sheets and masterpieces the least of which is worth today some ten thousand francs. Dufy has never ceased to be a simple artist whose heart and mind are entirely consecrated to his work. One knows the discoveries he has made in art and that he has substituted conventional expressions to reality. He has artificial means for representing water, earth, the

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harvest, clouds, which have achieved today as much force in the world as the elements themselves which they represent. It belongs to a genius to substitute his vision to the one of the public and make it prevail against accepted ideas. When one sees in a street a lamp-post of a certain shape, one knows that it signifies a station of the underground; the same as when one sees certain arabesques of Dufy one knows that they signify water or foliage, and today he has imposed this alphabet, of which he is the author, upon the connoisseurs of art of the world."

Paul Poiret can justly add: "How can I fail, feeling proud that such an artist made his debut under my wings." The famous *couturier* is successful with all his portraits of painters. What he says about Dunoyer de Ségonzac is excellent: "When I asked him to sell me his big canvas of the 'Buveurs' I astonished him greatly; it had not been successful and he had rolled it round a stick and put it away in some corner of his studio; that is the explanation that in consequence of the thickness of the paint it is covered with waves and creases. Dunoyer hardly dared to ask any price at all for it, and to my offer of three thousand francs he burst out laughing and simply said, 'If you like.' But this canvas was to reach ten years later the sum of ninety thousand francs at the sale at the Hotel Drouot." I think this is a literary morsel, rich in good criticism as much as current morality. It is something clean to read in this time of crisis. However, I will add, in order that the tree should bear all its fruit, that the career of Dunoyer de Ségonzac was absolutely normal until the date evoked by Paul Poiret, until this sum of ninety thousand francs . . . After that . . . one must recall what I have said about forced speculations, remembering that the artists were terribly tempted and sometimes severely constrained.

One of the finest exhibitions of the end of 1930 will have been the one of "The Portraits from Dürer to our times" in the gallery of Marcel Guiot, who has specialized in important engravings. Of the master of Nuremberg, six capital prints: "Albert de Mayence, Elector of Saxony," from the Julian Marshall collection; "Frederic III, Elector of Saxony"; "Bilibad Pirkheimer, senator of Nuremberg," writer, who was Dürer's friend and his protector; the "Bust of Emperor Maximilian" between two monumental columns; "Ulric Varnbuler"; and lastly the masterpiece, the gem of the series, the portrait of the theologian "Philip Mélanchthon," the friend of Martin Luther. This last plate, one of the most plastically profound that can be obtained from the engraver, strikes us by the life and intense truth which it holds, by all the richness of an unequal interior life thrown on this common life on which the mind rests. This century, so rich in Dürers, has given nothing higher to humanity. This portrait has as much harmony as the most perfect poem of this age and it offers to meditation as much as the rarest monuments of antiquity.

Then followed a Cranach le Vieux, a Lucas de Leyde, and a magnificent Holbein, the portrait of "Erasmus de Rotterdam" which, after the "Mélanchthon" of the immense Dürer, draws one towards other glorious dreams; some plates of Georg Pencz, of Bonasons—a "Head of Michael Angelo" turned to the right; of Heinrich Aldegraver, Hans Sebals Lautensack, René Boivin, opposing to a sour Luther a pleasing "Clément Marot" full of epigrammatic malice; of Johan, Jerome and Antoine

Wierix, Einrich Goltzius with whom one enters into the sixteenth century, abundantly and very happily represented by his portrait of the printer of Antwerp, "Plantin," of whom Rubens was to make, after the death of this printer, publisher and poet, that portrait justly considered as the first psychologic portrait; Thomas de Leu, Jean de Gourmont, ancestor of the Rémy de Gourmont who in the nineteenth century was to have the originality to put a mind nourished by Voltaire, and especially by Helvetius, at the service of symbolical mysticism; Callot with, unfortunately, only one plate; Michel Lasne, Antoine van Dyck, Jean Morin, Claude



PHILIP MÉLANCHTHON

By Albrecht Dürer

Mellan, Wenzel Hollar with a living "Sir Philip Herbert, Earl Pembroke"; Ferdinand Bol, Robert Nanteuil, Cornelius Vesscher, of whom one admires the "Jean Coppenol, calligraphe" in one most rare beautiful second proof; Claude Le Fèvre, Jean-Georges Wille, L. C. de Carmontelle. Modern times open with Augustin de Saint-Aubin and his "Au moins soyez discret" from the Greffhule collection, and which one was happy to see in all its authenticity after so many bad impressions until the plate wore out, after so many imitations, those imitations which alienated so many connoisseurs from the real spirit of the eighteenth century; Goya, with his self-portrait; Quenedey, Isabey, Ingres, Corot, Delacroix's "Goethe" of a gothic fullness; the alert Alexandre Dumas, young and witty Devéria; Gavarni, *le gamin*, Daumier in his popular *fougue* directed against the *Ventre législatif*; Marcellin Desboutsins, engraver, who perpetuated, until the generation preceding ours, the ways of the bohemia of Murger; Desboutsins represented by a

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portrait, a little woolly, of "Degas." There is still Ribot, Carpeaux, to the astonishment of many who ignored absolutely that the sculptor of "Flore," of "La Danse," and the bust of the "Prince Imperial," could also engrave, and who had at Guiot a "M. Divuy, bourgeois of Valenciennes," the native town of the great sculptor; Camille Pissarro with a very human portrait of Cézanne, in front of which I had the pleasure of hearing young artists, guilty of having made their artistic education in reading haphazard some bits of ephemeral criticism, dream aloud, very surprised at finding a friendship between Pissarro and Cézanne, when they thought that Cézanne contradicted most radically his impressionistic contemporaries.

I must not forget the chief item :

To oppose Dürer harmoniously there were a dozen Rembrandts. It would be fatuous to say that this was a revelation, but it becomes difficult to find something new if Rembrandt is a master who has had the posthumous luck to be well treated by history and of having been always rather abundantly and clearly presented. It seems here that the gems of this series were the "Rembrandt dessinant" (on paper with the fleur-de-lis arms) in a marvellous state, and "Ephraïm Bonius, Portuguese doctor" from the Scheikewitch collection.

The second part of the exhibition presented itself under the heading of "From Manet to present times." One found there, elbowing a little, giving the feeling that schools are less related from one decade to another than the eve of one century to another : Manet and his "Edgar Poe," a little literary; Félix Bracquemont, who brought to modern artists the guarantees of classicism, whose

"Charles Méryon" is a selected work; Gaillard, Whistler with a "Stéphane Mallarmé," as perfumed by the soul of the poet Du Guignon; Dégas, James Tissot, Alphonse Legros, Hans Thoma, Berthe Morisot, Odilon Redon, whose portraits are rare and who sacrifices less still to the *genre patriotique* and of whom one saw a delicate portrait of "Juliette Dodu," heroic little post-mistress, shot at the gates of Paris (where there is her monument erected in the valley of Chevreuse) by the Germans in 1870; Auguste Rodin, of whom only a trial sketch for his "Victor Hugo" is shown; Renoir, Mary Cassat, Max Liebermann, Gauguin, Fantin-Latour, Eugène Carrière, whose "Verlaine" appears so much superior to the smoky canvas in the Musée of Luxembourg; Auguste Lepère, great artist with rare virtues of an artisan; Albert Besnard, Raffaelli, Forain, Louis Corinth, William Strang, whose "Stevenson" will delight all the devotees of the romancer of the Islands; Helleu, Zorn, Toulouse-Lautrec, Vuillard, Max Slevogt, Henri-Matisse, Pieter Dupont, Georges Rouault, Chahine, Dodd, Muirhead Bone, of whom one must remember, for his evocative power, the "Conrad Ecoutant la Musique"; Jean Frélaud, a fine artist who would have had a better career had not some assured income freed him from the struggle for existence, confining him in his Breton home from which he has sent a strong self-portrait; Luc-Albert Moreau inspired by the clown "Grock"; James MacBey, with a portrait of Martin Hardie, strongly executed; the very classical Coubine, Dunoyer de Ségonzac, Marie Laurencin, Brockhurst, Pierre Gusstalla, Gen Paul, and lastly Arthur William Heintzelman, of whom one finds a portrait of a child, "Baba," which recalls in certain ways the famous style of Zorn.

LETTER FROM BERLIN AND VIENNA

By FERDINAND ECKHARDT

THE tension which has lately been so marked in the domain of contemporary art seems to be lessening, if we may judge by appearances. At last it is possible to see in Berlin once again a pleasing exhibition, apart from one-man-shows of which there have been several excellent ones during the last few years. But this is the first time that the exhibition of a group of artists has again found favour both with the public and in the Press. The Verein Berliner Künstler, one of the oldest societies here, has invited a number of mostly quite young artists, who have scarcely left the art school, to exhibit in their gallery in the Bellevuestrasse. Some twenty artists are represented with about half a dozen works by each, so that it is possible to make a good estimate of them. They are all names that have hardly been heard of yet, or at the most as participants in some of the large exhibitions. They do not yet belong to a common organization (a practice so much in vogue in modern art circles, in order to bring out one's æsthetic principles with as much emphasis as possible); they come from different schools and different regions. The only description under which they can be united is : the best of the young artists living in Berlin.

And yet they all have something in common, which runs through their work like a red thread. It would be absurd to look for mature, independent, artistic personalities here. At a time of such universal tendencies as the present, it is natural to find all sorts of influences among our young representatives : the German expressionists Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff can be traced; the Scandinavian Munch; and the great pictorial tradition of the French has also stood sponsor to this work, as well as that of our countryman Wilhelm Leibl. But the common element, and perhaps even the most striking factor, in all these tendencies is that the radical quality is absent in all these artists. Even where Johannes Sars represents a "Town on the Neckar" in expressive colours reminiscent of Heckel, the radical element does not appear in his expressionism, with the result that his landscape is more agreeable and generally comprehensible. This is still more marked in his Avignon landscape, painted almost with the delicate colours of a Frenchman, and yet it cannot be called any the less expressive for that reason. The same is true of Felix Nunbaum, who was trained by Karl Hofer, known for his French tendencies. But his paintings are not merely "compositions"; they are

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generally comprehensible representations as, for example, the picture of a little girl standing before a railway crossing in an ordinary landscape with a romantic view over blue hills in the distance, or the portrait group, each figure of which is accurately described and characterized as in a painting of a hundred years ago. And the same is true of Martin Christ, whose "Fisherman and his Wife" reminds one of the strongly coloured work of Schmidt-



PORTRAIT, 1930, in German ash wood

By Ewald Metaré

By courtesy of the F. Möller Gallery

Rottluff, but his colours are much more delicate; shall we say, in the manner of Gauguin. Of Hermann Teuber one may almost say that he combines the objective Berlin impressionism of a Liebermann with the great French tradition of colour as in the "Steeplechase" or "Tattersaal." In a landscape of the environs of a great city, the "Tegeler Weg," we find not only purely pictorial values, but also the interest of content, the artistic glorification of the dullest and most commonplace corner of the world. Hans Meyboden shows a strong inclination towards Van Gogh, and yet he is original in colour and in his composition, and very attractive as in the "Garden in Autumn." Oscar Gawell composes his pictures, and is somewhat romantic in "The Maid" and the "Italian Woman," but he does not seem to me to be one of the strongest of these young men. Of great interest are the paintings by Otto Niemeyer Holstein; he has learnt much from the Old Masters; has studied the effect of glazes, the value of underpainting, and the different effects of the ground; and has attained in his still-life with a vest and collar almost the effect of a Wilhelm Trübner, and in the interior an effect of luminous space, such as might be expected of an impressionist like Menzel. The large paintings by Wolf Hoffmann strike one at first sight as rather coarse on account of their commonplace colours

and rough execution, and yet they possess artistic quality; there is a peasant-like frankness in these ordinary colours and forms, and in one case, the "Girl at the Window," there is even a fine animation. But the most advanced and independent young artist is Fritz Heinsheimer, whose sporting pictures have already found many admirers. He has come out of Slevogt's school, and the light impressionistic manner suits him well; yet his "Ice-hockey Players," his "High Jump," his "Josy Baker," and, above all, the "Fisherman Resting in his Boat," are animated by delicate and yet vital colours: blue, green, yellow, and red. Compared to the painters the few sculptors certainly show far less quality.

Among the exhibitions arranged here by the art dealers, the collection of works by Ewald Metaré at Ferdinand Möller's, must be mentioned in the first place. Ewald Metaré is no longer one of the very young, but his fame has risen very rapidly in the last few years, so that today his is one of the best-known names. He is both a carver and an engraver, using the same material, namely wood, in both cases, and his forms are consequently of the simplest. It is not surprising, therefore, that his simplified figures of human beings and animals remind one of peasant art or even of prehistoric productions. When he carves a stag grazing or lying in the simplest cubist forms it is not in order to break it up into cubes as the cubists would, but on account of the beautiful form itself. The result is carvings which remind one of the simplest Egyptian sculptures without, however, being in any way dependent on these.

The head of a girl scarcely belongs to this group, though it follows this principle of simplification and emphasizes the deviations of the beautiful form to which must be added the beauty of the grain in the wood itself. His wood-engravings are very similar, representing a couple of stags, a head, a single figure, or a quite simple landscape. They are mostly printed in colours from several blocks, and also make use of the grain of the wood so that the forms follow the design of the block, producing on the one hand a very primitive effect and at the same time showing great pictorial refinement.

The Neumann-Nierendorf Gallery is showing sculptures, drawings, and engravings by Joachim Karsch. As a sculptor he belongs to the group of modern artists who emphasize pictorial rather than purely plastic values, though in his latest works he has become very free and attractive in the poses and movements of his models, thereby bringing plastic values more to the fore. His drawings,



Girl in coloured plaster

By Joachim Karsch

By courtesy of the
Neumann-Nierendorf
Gallery

Letter from Berlin and Vienna

engravings, and etchings also gain in comparison with his earlier works, which were often cramped in expression and appearance by their better balance.

A young artist, Otto Nagel, is having his first one-man show, arranged by the dealer Victor Hartberg who is showing a couple of dozen of his paintings. Having himself sprung from the proletariat he glorifies this social class in his paintings. Just as Franz Hals painted large pictures of Dutch burghers, so Nagel paints large canvases, sometimes consisting of several parts, representing the members of a proletarian family: a grandfather, hale for his age, the overworked father, the mother, and the children, each one characterized, the eldest son as a chauffeur, the second an engine-fitter and keen sportsman, one daughter as a waitress, and the other married to a bald little clerk and therefore no longer really a member of the original set. These paintings, supplied with explanatory inscriptions, lack the usual pictorial attractions, though not entirely, and are all the more sharply characterized. It remains to be seen whether eventually a type of painting capable of developing may not be produced by such artists.

Last month we already noted the sharp campaign that was being waged from several quarters against the ever-increasing abuse of the expert, and was becoming more and more a series of personal attacks against certain well-known German museum officials, who are accused of not having placed their personal interest sufficiently in the background when giving expert opinion, and having thereby undermined the value of expertizing. Now a new series of attacks have been brought forward, not unconnected with the former, against a number of pieces in the Rohoney collection which was exhibited last summer in the Old Pinakothek, Munich.

Vienna presents a great contrast to the slackness of art-life in Berlin; several important exhibitions have recently been held there. The most important event in Vienna during February will be the opening of the Figdor Bequest in two enormous rooms in the New Hofburg. Though there has been much lamentation about the breaking up of the unique collection, few were aware of the fact that over 2,000 pieces were by law given over to the Austrian State. No doubt the most valuable pieces in the collection were sold, but a nucleus remains, and we are almost tempted to call it the most interesting portion; at any rate it illustrates Dr. Albert Figdor's personality most fittingly, for he was not an art collector in the modern sense of the word; his strength lay in the collection of trifles. The museum to be opened in Vienna is perhaps unique in the world. Where else can a collection of Baroque nutcrackers be found, or so complete a collection of rings, a remarkable collection of knives and forks, etc., of all times, a collection of medieval and Baroque gloves, a collection of planes, of surgical instruments, of goldsmiths' tools, of astronomical instruments, of Gothic models, quite apart from the most important pieces which belong to the best examples of Austrian art, as the famous furniture from Castle Annaberg in the Tyrol, the portrait of a man by Røelund Frueauf, various sculptures, as for example the kneeling Virgin from Brixen, the dancing King from an Adoration, the tiles mainly of Austrian provenance, the majority

coming from Salzburg, including one representing a potter's workshop, then the two gable ends from Gmünden with squatting figures, and the tile with a representation of the Good Samaritan. One of the chief attractions of this new collection will be the Baroque doll's house with furniture and fittings comprising several hundred objects. There are also smaller collections of glass, bags and purses, fans (including the two valuable Italian flabella), shears, shoe-horns, locks and hinges, antique fibulae, hammers, tongs, etc. A separate room, finally, is to contain all the so-called Viennensia, including several dozen portraits by Heinrich Füger and a number of pictures by nineteenth-century Viennese artists.

The Albertina has arranged a very interesting exhibition representing German drawing from 1770 to 1830, a period which is unfortunately much too little known, particularly from the point of view of drawing. The exhibition includes the delightful red-chalk study of a cavalier by Chodowiecki, the charming pencil sketches by Caspar David Friedrich, among the Nazarenes the splendid self-portrait of Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Overback's delicate pen-drawings, then Schadow's temperamental pen-studies, watercolours by Dilles of Munich, and last, but not least, the Viennese artists Heinrich Füger, Johann Schaffer, M. M. Daffinger (with a miniature-like watercolour of an orchid), Friedrich W. Reinhold, Joseph Fürich, etc. It is to be hoped that this period, one of the most charming in the whole domain of German art, will soon receive the attention it deserves in the form of publications.

Among the contemporary exhibitions, mention must be made in the first place of the Secession, which has invited all the German Secession groups to a collective exhibition. We will not enter here into a discussion which should be dealt with in another place, but cannot refrain from commenting on the effect of German art on foreign soil. In the first place it must be admitted that the paintings which were recently seen in Berlin or elsewhere appear much more to their advantage in Vienna, and this is mainly due to a happier combination with their setting, and to better and more attractive hanging than is usually the case in Berlin. But on the whole the exhibition looks terribly coarse and clumsy compared with the comparatively far more delicate and refined Viennese painting. On the other hand, a strong trait of vitality and freshness cannot be denied it.

The Künstlerhaus, the oldest and (from the conservative point of view) most respected artistic association, has arranged, in addition to a jubilee exhibition celebrating Kaspar von Zumbusch's one hundredth birthday, a series of exhibitions of living artists, devoting a room to each, and thus enabling one to form a really good opinion of each individual artist. Among them is the much-debated sculptor Ambrosi, who does not seem to possess sufficient genius to enable us to forgive the roughness of his work; Erich Wagner, who almost continues the tradition of Ferdinand Waldmüller; a collection of engravings by William Unger, who is nearly ninety years old now, the old master of Austrian etching; a collection of works by the eighty-year-old Hugo Darnant—all of them artists who have not lost touch with the old pictorial tradition and therefore have little to say to the present generation.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PERSIANS, by SIR E. DENISON ROSS. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.) 5s. net. 1931.

PERSIAN ART, by SIR E. DENISON ROSS (Editor) and seven other writers. (Published for the International Exhibition of Persian Art by Luzac & Co.) Paper 2s. 6d.; cloth 3s. 6d. net. 1930.

CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PERSIAN ART. (5-6 Cork Street, London, W.) 1s. 6d.

The practice of reducing and compressing a vast amount of information into a relatively small space is well exemplified in the first two books; it is an art in itself, and the authors may be congratulated on their efforts to give the great public the cream of their expert knowledge in the handiest form. There are always fresh claimants coming forward for intellectual illumination, and especially at this time.

It was decidedly a happy idea of Sir Denison Ross to tell us something about the Persians at the moment when we were to contemplate, almost in amazement, and even humiliation, some splendours of their age-long craftsmanship. The book is vividly written and covers the several topics of geography, topography, history, travel, art, and literature. Tastes differ and interests vary among readers of such books, and it is hard to say which chapter grips most the mind and the heart. The sketch of Persian history is a masterly performance, and makes us wise in a maze of centuries from the entry of the Iranians into Media and Pārs down to the present day.

Starting from a Caspian port the author darts, with a caravan of tourists at his heels, in a dozen different directions, missing out little of importance, and telling us all we can know in so swift a pilgrimage.

There is, of course, an atmosphere of sadness surrounding much of Persian history and travel; the destruction of great things done meets us at every turn; but there is much which remains as a heritage to the world, for which it is possible to be appreciative and grateful to those who are able to display it for our contemplation.

"Persian Art," though it stands on its own feet, is a very good sequel to "The Persians" and, being under the editorship of Sir Denison Ross, no doubt care has been taken that the two books should complement one another. Here the history of exactly 1,585 years is admirably told in exactly fourteen pages! The table of ruling dynasties, twenty-four in number, is the backbone of the story.

Incidentally, we may venture humbly to ask that scholars of Persian history and art should establish an agreed terminology for their subject. Achæmenians is an English word by now and conforms to Parthians and Sāsānians; likewise Seljuks, Mongols, Karts, Sarbadārs, Afghans, and Zands slip easily from our lips. But the Greek Seleucidæ have turned into Seleucids, and brought in their train a family of "ids" who have no claim to a Greek termination. We have even heard lately of "Sasanidian art." The Persian Congress might clear up the confusion.

The succeeding chapters by Messrs. Roger Fry, C. J.

Gadd, K. A. C. Creswell, Laurence Binyon, Bernard Rackham, Leigh Ashton, and C. E. C. Tattersall are really sufficient for the purpose of the book: reading is believing.

Each contributor supplies a bibliography at the end of his chapter; the illustrations are charming, and the map at the end indispensable to an easy understanding.

The excellent "Catalogue" deserves a mention here if only because it completes a trilogy of books which the visitor to the exhibition will desire to possess. It is, indeed, more than a catalogue and, in spite of some errors which the lynx-eyed super-critics have already discovered, its arrangement and clarity are worthy of the wonderful display which it describes. Few copies, we think, will find a resting-place in the waste-paper basket.

W. L. H.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PERSIAN ART SINCE THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D., by ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (London: Peter Davies.) 10s. 6d.

The author of this book is the originator of the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House, and as Honorary Adviser in Art to the Persian Government and Director of the American Institute of Persian Art and Archaeology he writes with an authority fired by his manifest enthusiasm for his subject. The book is on that account alone a pleasure to read. For example, and at random, describing the Persian dome he says:

"The external shape of most of the Persian domes is ample cause for rhapsody. They rise majestic and serene. Gold or azure, they are unencumbered by shadows or by counterweights. With high drums, slightly bulging sides, and exquisitely delicate curve, they convey a feeling of grace, of utter self-sufficiency, and of a volume so perfectly defined and intensely realized that a new quality of space seems to have been called into being."

Or, again, writing of the tiled friezes of architecture, he says:

"Great friezes, too, were constructed of tiles, modelled in relief, gold flecked with ruby, with flickering lambent lights and liquid reflections, still further enriched by the majestic inscriptions in Kufic and Nashki standing forth in bold blue strokes against the delicate background of white and metallic scrolling vines. Often there are secondary borders of pinnacled ogives or running animals. A few obviously special efforts, and more closely under Chinese influence, depict a flaming phoenix winging an excited path through the clouds."

And one more quotation: Of the Persian carpets he says:

"The diffused dominant tone constitutes in some carpets an atmosphere, an enveloping air with a different quality of light from any that shines in this world. In this aura they exist in a realm apart, cut off from the mundane life in a mystic sphere of their own."

We have purposely dwelt on the author's descriptive powers because this "Introduction" is, after all, written for a wider public who, already certain of the author's

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qualifications as an expert, will like to have the assurance that the book is eminently readable and capable of conjuring up that vision of the Art it describes which is precisely its significant characteristic: its logic of design combined with its sensitiveness to the appeal of colour.

Some idea of the wide scope of this book may be gained by a mere glance at the table of contents which will hold eager readers' attention. Following an historical outline Mr. Pope proceeds to architecture and the ornament associated with it. Then come ceramics which include, of course, all kinds of pottery and also the several types of architectural decoration in mosaic faience and painted tiles. The book comes next with its painting and calligraphy, and is followed by carpets, textiles, metals, and minor arts, including gardens. Three chapters of discussion bring their number up to twelve.

In the architectural chapter there is a short and illuminating section on the three main types of tile decoration: the first in alternate cross and star formation, in lapis and turquoise. The second is mosaic faience in which tiles or glazed bricks are cut and arranged in highly geometrical patterns in the Seljuk period (A.D. 1055-1194). At Konia and Verâmin there are remarkable remains of this style. It is a question whether the new mastery of material in the fourteenth century does not make a distinctly third class of tile, when the glazed surfaces were cut, not in geometrical, but in florid and rhythmical lines. This method, once considered lost, is now revived in modern Persia.

The final class was the *haft regni*, or "seven colours," in which the design was painted, glazed, and fired on one rather large plaque. The time of Shah Abbas saw this art reach its triumphant stage.

Of carpets Mr. Pope gives an excellent account, useful alike to those who have, or have not, seen the marvellous display at Burlington House.

Looking at Mr. Pope's illustrations—with others that have passed before our eyes of late—there is an impression of *adaptability* rather than *originality* in Persian art. Look at the garden, for example, with its excessive formality and symmetry, its fishpond in the centre of a lawn bespattered with flowers, cut into a shape called—why?—a medallion, on which stand vases containing plants in whose branches rest gorgeous birds. These elements reappear on the carpet, are transferred to the tiled floor, or even to the dado; we find then again hung, as it were, on the entrance to the Royal Mosque in faience or embroidered on velvet, and finally stamped in gold on the binding covers of the Koran.

In Persian art the genealogy of form is a subject of



THE POOL IN THE COURT OF THE MADRASA MADER-I-SHAH, ISFAHAN

College of the Mother of the Shah

From *An Introduction to Persian Art since the Seventh Century A.D.*, by Arthur Upham Pope. (London: Peter Davies)

great interest, and can be created in almost every branch.

There is no doubt that Mr. Pope's extensive claims for Persian art will be a matter of dispute amongst the learned, but, on the whole, we believe them to be too well founded to be upset.

Needless to say every visitor to the Persian Exhibition should find Mr. Pope's text indispensable.

The book is well illustrated and the price exceedingly low.

H. F.

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THE BOOK OF THE PERSIAN KINGS

THE SHĀH NĀMAH OF FIRDAUSĪ: THE BOOK OF THE PERSIAN KINGS. With 24 illustrations from a Fifteenth-century Persian Manuscript in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society. Described by J. V. S. WILKINSON, with an Introduction by LAURENCE BINYON. (Oxford University Press.) 1931. 42s. net.

In setting out to review this volume three separate themes appear before us: the great poet Firdausi and his work; the beautiful manuscript owned by the Royal Asiatic Society; and the study by Messrs. Wilkinson and Binyon.

Almost every reader must lately have heard the name of the book and its famous author, while visitors to the Persian Exhibition will have noticed that "Shāh Nāmāh" appears more often than any other single book mentioned in the exhibition catalogue. Undoubtedly, the "Shāh Nāmāh" is the most popular book in Persia and Northern India.

Abundant material for a national epic of Persia already existed in myth, legend and historical sources when Firdausi of Tus undertook the task at the command of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna. This prince, who reigned from A.D. 998, belonged to the Sāmānid dynasty, the first independent Persian house since the Arab invasion. From Ghazna in Afghanistan he ruled half Persia and invaded India several times. Under him occurred a great revival of literature and the arts, and Firdausi was at hand to glorify Irān.

The "Shāh Nāmāh" is double the length of the combined "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; it contained 60,000 stanzas, each to be paid for by one gold coin; but, when completed, silver was substituted for gold by an envious minister. The poem includes some portions written by Daqiqi, who was first commissioned with the work, but was killed by his slave.

The epic begins with the lives and works of the first rulers, from the Zoroastrian Adam down to the end of the Sasānian house. It passes from legend to history with a strong poetical licence and provides many nice problems for the student. It begins to be ethnologically correct by its recognition of the great racial families concerned in Persian history, Dahak (the Arabs), Irāj (the Irānians), Salm (the Babylonians), Tur (the Turanians or Turks), Chin (the Chinese) and Rūm (the Romans). It begins to be historical with the coming of Gushtasp (Vishtaspa), the eighth of the Achæmenian house, whose grandson was Darius I, Firdausi's Darāb. It skips over six Achæmenian kings until it reaches Dārā (Darius III) whom it makes to be the half brother of Sikander (Alexander the Great) who conquers him. The Seleucidæ are forgotten and the Parthians dismissed with a sentence, and, making another leap of five centuries and a half, it opens with Ardeshir, the first Sasānian king, and his successors.

But it is not of history that Firdausi is singing, but of life and romance, its fabric. Here he is free to draw upon all material facts, all imagination, all love and hate, within the covers of the book of life; and to cast these elements into a marvellous form. Like Herodotus in history and Æschylus in drama, our poet sees and depicts the tragic struggle between good and evil.

The manuscript which Messrs. Wilkinson and Binyon describe is one of many famous—and some

infamous—that have been copied from Firdausi's pen. Its structure can be seen from the twenty-four plates briefly yet sufficiently described by Mr. Binyon. To Mr. Wilkinson falls the task of selecting some of the more important incidents told in Firdausi's verses. The famous heroes appear before us in short prose stories, illuminated by paintings in colour and monochrome—"Zāl and Rustam," "Farūd and Zazasp," "Gushtasp and the Dragon," "Isfandiyār and Arjasp," "Sikander and the dying Dārā." Bahrām Gūr rides the dromedary with his lady, hunting the wild ass in poem and painting as he does on tile, cup, and jug all over Persia. And at length, the unhappy Yazdigird III, the last of the house of Sasān, meets his fate by an act of treachery in Tus, Firdausi's town. Here the poet's muse is silent.

It hardly needs to be said that the book before us is well made, and timely. Its price is not high and it will direct interest towards Persian literature most certainly. The colour-plates are excellent, but many of the monochromes are dark and flat as if they had been copied from inferior photographs made without the use of colour filters.

W. L. H.

BARBIZON HOUSE, 1930. An Illustrated Record. 4to, pp. 72 (illus. 42, 1 in colour). (London: 9 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1: Lockett Thomson.) Limited edition.

A pious paternal note by Lockett Thomson prefaces this annual record of the activities of Barbizon House carried on until the year of his death by David Croal Thomson. No one who knew him and Barbizon House will escape the desire to add to these few words a few of their own in admiration of the personality and accomplishment of a critic and a dealer in the arts of such eminence and taste. D. Y. Cameron, however, says much of what would be said by many, in the appreciation he contributes of his old friend. Apart from these sad points, the annual possesses all its usual merits: its illustrations of pictures in the possession of Barbizon House, and of the pictures that have been sold by the firm during the year. These are many and important, for they include Nasmyth and Beechey, Brangwyn and Bertram Nicholls, D. Y. Cameron and Russell Flint, as well as Rossetti and Millais, Wilson, Turner, Raeburn, Fantin-Latour, and several of the Barbizon School.

K P.

A PRELIMINARY NOTICE

MOHENJO-DARO AND THE INDUS CIVILIZATION.

Edited by SIR JOHN MARSHALL, C.I.E., Director-General of Archaeology in India. Text, royal 4to size, with text illustrations, oblong, 700 pp. Plans, maps, and separate volume of 164 plates in collotype. (London: Arthur Probsthain.) Approximate subscription price £10.

We have no hesitation in saying that the publication of this work, which is to take place early in the summer, will create a tremendous sensation, for through it we become acquainted with a civilization which a decade ago was unknown and unsuspected. It is pre-Aryan, and belongs to the fourth and third millenniums B.C. These people of Mohenjo-Daro "lived in commodious houses built of burnt bricks, provided with staircases, bathrooms, numerous walls, and a complete system of drainage." In fact the date of their arts and crafts—there are statuettes reminding one of the Classic Age of Greece—is a revelation and will necessitate a revision of all our knowledge of early history.



PLATE V. GOLD VASE COVERED WITH ENAMEL, AND A GOLD VASE WITH
GREEN TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL, LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY

(Case 336 R & U)

Lent by the Golestan Museum, Tehran



PLATE VI. MINIATURE REPRESENTING A SCENE OF HOMAGE, FROM QIPCHAQ
ABOUT A.D. 1400

(449)
Lent by M. Claude Anet, Paris



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HISTORIC COSTUME: A chronicle of Fashion in Western Europe, 1490-1790, by FRANCIS M. KELLY and RANDOLPH SCHWABE. Second edition. Revised and enlarged. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 25s.

Messrs. Kelly and Schwabe's "Historic Costume" has, as the publishers rightly claim, "now definitely established itself as one of the foremost standard works on this fascinating subject," so that one is not surprised to find that a second edition has become necessary. This edition has been revised and enlarged. For those who, perchance, do not know the work we recall the fact that it is based pre-eminently on the study of contemporary pictures and portraits; and that the illustrations furnished by Mr. Schwabe, in addition to the reproduction of the original paintings, are so contrived that tailors, glovers, hatters, embroiderers and dress-makers generally have no excuse for inaccuracy if they follow the very clear designs. One little item of topical interest may be noted. Amongst the new illustrations is one from the MS. Journal of the Earl of Sandwich, showing us a gentleman with a vest "after the Persian mode"—showing how the fame of Shah Abbas's sumptuous court had spread and shed its influence abroad.

H. F.

A BOOK OF THE BASQUES, by RODNEY GALLOP. (London: Macmillan & Co.) 15s. net.

Charmingly written and illustrated with photographs and line drawings, this book gives a delightful account of the Basque people, their homes and their lives. The author writes with a thorough inside knowledge, and shows that the romantic savage and the taciturn mystic are alike non-existent among this unique people, whose character is marked by "a deep-rooted simplicity and a courageous objective view of life." He is sceptical with regard to the old theory that Basque was the original language spoken in the Garden of Eden, but inclines to the view of Bosch Gimpera that the Basques are "the descendants of the palæolithic inhabitants of the Pyrenean region," who were "powerfully influenced by the Iberians, and either adopted their language or borrowed largely from it."

Considering the associations of Roland and Ignatius Loyola with the Basque country, it seems curious that no voice has been raised to demand the restoration of independence or at least political unity to this sadly scattered race. The 100,000 Basques in France, who constitute about one-third of the Department of Basses-Pyrénées, are almost entirely peasants and fishermen, forming "a solid wedge of Baskophones." Over the border, "the 450,000 Basques of Northern Spain constitute one of the most energetic and advanced sections of the Spanish nation," but their language is dying out.

In their extraordinary facility of invention in improvising rhymes on any theme, the Basques rival the Serbs. But only the very slightest indications of any epic poems survive in a few fragments of rather dubious authenticity. The author adds to the charm of his account of the folk-songs by printing many examples of the music to which they are sung. His graphic picture of the gorgeously clad "Satans" performing the *entrechat douze* in the "pastorales" is worth remembering. And it is good to read that "Charlemagne and Nebuchadnezzar alike wear the Legion of Honour" in these rustic plays.

To an entirely ignorant person, "Astearte," the Basque name for Tuesday, suggests Astarte rather than "the middle day" (i.e. of a week of only three days), which is the derivation proposed by the author.

The book is beautifully printed and produced.

C. K. J.

THE KALENDAR AND COMPOST OF SHEPHERDS, from the original edition published by GUY MARCHANT in Paris in the year 1493, and translated into English c. 1518. Newly edited for the year 1931. (London: Peter Davis.) 21s.

"This curious and fascinating compilation, both in its original French form of 'Le Compost et Calendrier des Bergiers,' as published by Guy Marchant, Paris, 1491, and in the English version which immediately followed, was one of the first printed books to be addressed to a lay public rather than to students of theology or the classics. It has thus an extraordinary value today for the vivid light which it sheds on the life and thought of the Middle Ages."

It has; even for the general reader of today, whom it will nevertheless puzzle not a little to discover how the fifteenth or sixteenth century counterpart of himself thought, the mind moving in tortuous channels steeply banked by strange beliefs, fears, and superstitions, which yet occasionally broaden out into currents of enviable common sense.

There are five parts—dealing with "The Kalendar," "The Tree of Vices with the Pains of Hell," "Salutary Science and Garden of Virtues," "Physic and Governance of Health," and lastly, "Astrology and Physiognomy."

It is all most quaint and curious, and one could fill pages with quotations, but the reader, whom also the woodcuts which adorn its pages will delight, must be referred to this reprint, well edited by Mr. G. C. Heseltine, who, fortunately, adds a glossary of unfamiliar words.

ELIE FAURE, "History of Art": THE SPIRIT OF THE FORMS. Translated from the French by WALTER PACH. Illustrated with photographs selected by the Author. (London: John Lane.) 25s.

An immensely interesting and thoughtful book is this fifth volume of Monsieur Elie Faure's "History of Art." It is entitled "The Spirit of the Forms," and endeavours to synthesize and evaluate all the forms under which art from its beginnings in savage and prehistoric environments to the present has sought and found expression. With almost touching modesty and diffidence the author concludes his introduction:

"So many create or act with direct force while I suffer and hesitate to seize a solution that unceasingly escapes me. One can find in the slightest sketch of a master—or perhaps even of a little boy drawing something in a spirit of sheer impudence—matter enough to ruin the edifice that I have tried to build, and that represents thirty years of meditation. God is a child who amuses himself, passes from laughter to tears without reason, and every day invents the world for the torment of the abstractors of its quintessence, the pedants, and the preachers who pretend to teach him his trade of Creator."

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One could dispute about this one single paragraph for hours with the author, begging for proofs or further elucidation; and that is true about almost every page here. There is no branch of the writer's profession more difficult than that of art-interpretation, for many reasons, but most of all because art is what each individual believes it to be, and each of us believes it to be something different, not because it is so, but because in hearing or reading another's experience we cannot be sure that what he says or writes means the same to us as it means to him.

Whilst therefore it may be impossible for any of Monsieur Elie Faure's readers to be sure that they always understand him aright, all but the most obtuse and insensitive must inevitably derive, not only entertainment, in the highest sense of the word, but also a widening of their horizon from its perusal. In this respect the text is considerably assisted by a large number of often unfamiliar illustrations.

We recommend "The Spirit of Forms" to the "general reader," though those who have the widest experience of art-expression will enjoy it naturally with a deeper sympathy.

H. F.

MELODY AND THE LYRIC, from Chaucer to the Cavaliers,
by JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. (London: J. M. Dent.) 10s. 6d.

This is a book of quite entrancing interest, to be read both by those who are more sensitive to sounds than to words, and by those who find all the music they want in the lyrics of our sweet English tongue. We make the error now of divorcing the sister arts of music and poetry, a divorce which could never have produced the lyrics of the Elizabethans. Or if they are united, it is in a union where the voice has too often to turn itself into an instrument that is unable to articulate. Some musicians have carried their views to an absurdity in writing wordless songs, and the singer vocalizes on a closed or open vowel so as not to cause sound with unpronounceable sense.

Mr. John Murray Gibbon, as he takes us from Chaucer to the Cavaliers, proves up to the hilt that the English poets for nearly three hundred years wrote their lyrics with the tunes already in mind. "The influence of dance tunes on English lyrical metres is apparently unknown to most of the authors of the innumerable volumes on English metrics." So says Mr. Gibbon. There is no further excuse for ignorance.

As one turns over these scholarly pages, Mr. Gibbon presents one with picture after picture to make the past live again. Even William Langland becomes more human when we declaim his verses to plain-chant, which Mr. Gibbon suggests was the framework whereon he wove his Anglo-Saxon metres. And there are many happy touches to show how music was of the very life of the people. "It was not only in the theatre that Shakespeare heard music. Every time he visited the barber to have his beard trimmed, he might hear the lute or cittern played—the instruments hanging handy on the wall for anyone to use. If he went to his shoemaker, he would hear the song of the apprentices. . . . Every inn at that time had its musicians, and the tavern was the natural haunt of the Elizabethan actor and playwright."

Here is an amusing song of Wither's dating from a generation later, when Puritanism was making Englishmen

more solemn. It is a "Hymn for a Widow," written to a tune for "The Lamentations" from Este's Book of the Psalms:

Rejoice not without fear, my heart,
That thou by death's impartial stroke
Discharged from the partner art
And freed from an unequal yoke;
Yea, though by means of this divorce
Thou may'st escape much discontent,
Yet both with pity and remorse
Consider well of this event.

H. E. W.

THREE TITANS, by EMIL LUDWIG, translated from the German
by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (London and New York:
G. P. Putnam's Sons.) 15s. net.

Emil Ludwig is a writer of renown. How did he come by his fame? One can only conclude that the great public is more impressed by the current of his phrases than by their meaning. The exuberance of his style is undeniable; the significance of his words and the depth of his insight less so—at all events in this book.

Herr Ludwig justifies his selection of these three artists under the general category of "Titans" *inter alia* because he sees resemblances:

"Look at the three heads," he cries, "and you have the demonic affinity! Are they not all what the bourgeois calls ugly? The countenance of one was permanently disfigured by a blow which broke the nasal bone; the features of the second grew more and more bloated from every kind of sensual indulgence; the third is the very type of the fallen Titan. None would have charmed a woman; no woman fell in love with any of them."

Why should a man who was born handsome, whose beauty was only disfigured subsequently, have any "demonic affinity" with another who was born ugly or became so in the natural course of events? His reaction to life would probably be entirely different. If Michelangelo did not charm women they had good reasons for their insensibility, and Herr Ludwig explains them fully. To say that Rembrandt's features grew more and more bloated from very kind of sensual indulgence seems an incredible assertion to make about a man whom the author states, again and again, to have been above all a domestically minded individual, and that no woman fell in love either with Rembrandt or with Beethoven seems, again on the author's own showing, untrue. That Saskia and Hendrikje loved Rembrandt is not denied, and what about the fair incognita to whom Beethoven addressed such a passionate love letter, or the Baroness Ertmann who "idolized him," and the "lovely lady" with whom he sat on the sofa whilst his pupil Ries had to play "something about being in love"?

But this thesis of his is typical of Herr Ludwig's method; he is less concerned with facts than with words, and at any moment willing to sacrifice truth on the altar of rhetoric.

When he has plenty of documentary evidence from which to build up his story, as in the case of Beethoven, quotations curb his rhetoric, and the result is much more convincing. It is much less so in the case of Michelangelo, where the documents are more reserved, and still less so in the case of Rembrandt, where the author has to bridge even wider gaps. As a matter of fact, where the author has to fall back on himself his words sometimes mean

Book Reviews

nothing, and at other times show little real knowledge of art. For example, the fact that Michelangelo chiselled his signature on the Madonna of the Pietà gives occasion to this remark:

"About the same time, a thousand miles away, far in the north beyond the Alps, a German master wrote his initials on the gown on the bosom of his wife as though he set a seal on her—what he wrote was A. D."

"Wenn schon!" Herr Ludwig will understand. It is not "a thousand miles" or anything like it, even metaphorically speaking, from Rome to Nuremberg. Dürer did not cherish his "Agnes's bosom" so remarkably much; his initials being A. D. it would have been strange if he had not used them; and in any case where is the connection between Dürer's habitual custom and Michelangelo's solitary instance?

Or this: Herr Ludwig describes Rembrandt's first acquaintance with Saskia's name:

"Saskia," thought Rembrandt, and turned the name over in his mind; though standing as usual in his brooding fashion with his back to the window and staring straight in front of him, he had only half listened—for nothing that he did not see had any interest for him."

The first part of the description is irrelevant, and the last part outrageous rhetoric; it is so obviously untrue. To take only one proof: Does Herr Ludwig really think that Rembrandt ever saw with his physical eyes, and "in front of him," the subject of a terrific painting which illustrates Judges xvii, 21? "But the Philistines took him and put out his eyes"—a picture which Herr Ludwig's translatrix so sensitively calls "The Hoodwinking of Samson." (A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, especially when one has to look up a dictionary; but where her knowledge of language and of the history of art failed her, "simple Bible teaching" at school ought to have saved her from this blunder.)

And the following also shows a deep misreading of Rembrandt's significance. Herr Ludwig apparently thinks that Rembrandt consciously "depicted ugliness and lust as he felt them in himself . . . yet always he was conscious that they were the baser part—wholly Christian, wholly a son of the North, as he was. That is why, as if they were fleeing from the light, he enveloped the beings of his inward life in that magical gloom, giving them but a partial illumination. Never did Rembrandt, like the Mediterranean masters, bathe souls and pictures in translucent clarity. . ."

If the author thinks that Rembrandt's so-called "ugliness" is base—and the context would seem to leave no other interpretation—he has not understood Rembrandt's art at all. Even his "indecent" subjects were anything but lustful. "Mediterranean artists," for all their "translucent clarity," were capable of much greater "lustfulness." And are we to understand that his "magical gloom" is the result of a kind of consciousness of guilt? Or is this a misinterpretation of the opaque obscurity of Herr Ludwig's style?

If only Herr Ludwig were not so famous as the producer of "outstanding achievements of biographical literature," one need not have troubled to analyse this book of "Titans"—it is superficially quite good reading, and the "Beethoven" particularly worth the while. But *noblesse oblige*; Herr Ludwig should hand out a little more than good reading in return for the tribute his public pays him.

H. F.

ANIMALS IN GREEK SCULPTURE, by GISELA M. A. RICHTER. Pp. 87, plates lxvi. (London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.) 30s. net.

Though twenty years have elapsed since M. Morin-Jean wrote on animals in Greek vase paintings, it has been left to the enthusiastic Curator of the Metropolitan Museum to discuss the representation of animals by Greek sculptors, including gem cutters and the designers of coins. As was to be expected, she has done it admirably.

A short and interesting sketch under the headings of the various animals is followed by a careful description giving full details of each example illustrated, including the scale. For this latter point all students will be intensely grateful.

It is curious that three subjects where the animal is very important—Odysseus on the ram, the boiling of the ram, and the return of Hephaistos—though represented on Greek vase paintings, do not seem to have attracted sculptors at all; but we find many other mythological examples, as well as scenes from daily life, sculptured both in relief and in the round.

The book is so charming that I am sure the author will forgive my taking exception to a few points.

I cannot accept the Corfu animals as lions: the spots seem to preclude this. It appears far more likely that an archaic artist would be hazy as to the end of a panther's tail and other accessories than that he would deliberately put spots on a lion. Then the lions from Xanthos, lean and starved, a great contrast to the comfortable bear on the Nereid frieze, always look far older than the Nereid tomb; perhaps they belong to the dromos of a neighbouring tomb of older date.

I have only a bowing acquaintance with lions, but I can claim to be a connoisseur of cats, and I can assure Miss Richter that it is quite absurd to call the archaic basis relief "a cat and dog fight." There is no trace of any impending battle. A cat does not start to fight with its tail down; no big dog would attack a cat and, as the author acknowledges, in archaic Greece cats were very rare and valuable. It is obvious that the animals are being introduced, hence the leads, which prevent either from hurting or being hurt by the other. One imaginative writer described them in a magazine article as "fiercely baring their teeth." This is quite incorrect. I think they are going to kiss each other, just as my cat has often kissed a dog.

Miss Richter is rather hard on the horses belonging to the chariot of the Mausoleum. As they stood on the summit of the pyramid we may assume that the sculptor allowed for the distance, and that what appear to be faults are really optical refinements. We miss the magnificent fragmentary horse and rider from the Mausoleum, which probably comes from one of the pediments and represents Mausolus as hunting.

Other notable omissions are Leda and the swan and the Munich boy and goose. Surely the pantheress in Fig. 34 is fighting another (lost) animal; this would best account for the curious position. She seems to be clearly pressing her paws against an enemy and biting at it.

Apart from some printer's *corrigenda* the book is beautifully produced.

C. K. J.

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THE CHRONICLER OF EUROPEAN CHIVALRY, by G. G. COULTON, M.A., D.Litt. ("Studio." Special Winter Number. 44 Leicester Square, London.) 7s. 6d. net in wrapper; 10s. 6d. net in cloth.

This volume forms a pictorial and literary commentary upon the "Chronicles" of Sir John Froissart, enabling the reader to follow the text, as the introducer says, "with the eyes and mind of the fifteenth century." It is true that the date of Froissart's own narrative is a century earlier than the pictures here shown, but following the practice of the times, it was the miniaturist's business to re-dress the stories in a contemporary setting without any attempt at archaeological reconstruction, a wise procedure for which we should be grateful.

As a record of the costume and customs of their time, therefore, these pictures are invaluable. Here is an authentic book of reference, of armour, of heraldry, of details of dress and architecture, furniture and vessels, tents and pavilions, with all the courtly ritual and knightly paraphernalia brought vividly before our eyes. It was an age of magnificent pageantry, of love and intrigue, of wars and turmoil, of marvels and portents, of treachery and superstition.

The whole of the eighty miniatures from the Harleian MSS., 4379 and 4380 in the British Museum, are reproduced, eight of them being full-pages in colour. The MSS. in the Museum contain only the fourth book of the "Chronicles," dealing with the last ten years of the reign of Richard II, though Dr. Coulton's admirable study covers the whole of Froissart's times.

Sir John Froissart, who was a priest, not a military knight, the title being bestowed upon both classes in medieval times, threw over history the glamour of romance. Like a true poet he was prone to exaggeration and would rather give ear to the potentially marvellous element in human nature than dwell too closely upon the cold and commonplace facts of reality, and everything that interested him he would embellish with the detail of a miniaturist. No one understood better the value of a good story, and in this light he is of the brotherhood of Chaucer and the forerunner of Scott, of Hugo and Dumas. As he says: "I will not forget, minish or abridge the history in anything for default of language, but rather I will increase and multiply it as near as I can, following the truth from point to point." The colour illustrations are excellently done.

GRANVILLE FELL

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Third volume of plates. (Cambridge University Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

As is stated in the Preface, this volume "provides illustrations for Volumes VII and VIII of the 'Cambridge Ancient History,' which are concerned with that greatly extended horizon of which men became aware through the conquests of Alexander and the westward expansion of Rome." In consequence, it contains numerous "illustrations of Celtic, Iberian, Thracian, Bosporan, and Carthaginian products," besides those of the Hellenistic age in the Greek world. Of the 198 pages, half are plates.

The British Museum is to be congratulated on having acquired the two large bronze jars and the two magnificent flagons decorated with coral and enamel which hold pride of place in the Iron Age room (p. 34).

In connection with the fourth-century relief of

Artemis Bendis (p. 54a) it might interest readers of Plato's "Republic" to be reminded that Socrates was induced by Polemarchus to stay for the torch race.

As the date of the Victory of Samothrace has always been hotly discussed, it might have been safer to say "probably set up c. 258 B.C.," rather than to make a definite assertion as to the date.

Until quite lately we had no certain knowledge of any female statues by Lysippus. But Klein's brilliant restoration of the Berlin Polyhymnia by means of the Dresden head has far-reaching results. As the illustrations c and d on p. 123 show, there is a very close facial resemblance between the Polyhymnia and the seated figure now identified as a Tyche. She in turn strongly recalls the Tyche of Antioch, by Eutychides, a pupil of Lysippus. As the figure of Polyhymnia is unmistakably repeated on the relief of the Apotheosis of Homer in the British Museum, we may assume that the other figures on this relief belong to the same group, and are connected with Eutychides rather than with Philiscus of Rhodes. Now Pausanias tells us that he saw in Megara, in a temple close to the temple of Tyche, a bronze Zeus and a group of the Muses by Lysippus. It is tempting to see in these delightful Muses at least an echo of the work by the great sculptor Lysippus, especially as Zeus appears on the relief. One of the most important points is the fact that these figures show the transparent outer drapery over a thick under-robe, which is the most astonishing *tour de force* of the Hellenistic sculptors, seen most clearly on the statues from Magnesia (p. 130d). Perhaps it may not be too daring to suppose that this innovation was due to Lysippus rather than to his less famous pupil.

The wonderful female head from Pergamum (p. 154a) is described as the "head of a woman." Should it not rather be called the "head of a goddess"?

It might have been better to mention that the view of the Pergamum altar is of the old restoration, and that the "Tower of the Winds" is shown in an imaginary reconstruction.

With very few exceptions the illustrations are excellent. The "Fighter" of Agasias is taken from an unfavourable point of view; the "Finding of Telephus" is blurred.

C. K. J.

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

By KINETON PARKES

ROMANISCHE TIERPLASTIK UND DIE URSPRUNGE IHRER MOTIVE, von RICHARD BERNHEIMER. Large 8vo, pp. 5 + 184 + illus. 155. Linen. (Munich: F. Bruckmann.) M. 35. 1931.

The place in art of the animal has been demonstrated time after time in literature. It shares with the gods, men, women, and children the honour of the attention of the greatest painters and sculptors. It has had in some schools the benefit of the veto which was placed on divine and human presentation; it has offered an even more potent motive to exaggeration than has the human form. Artists have given to the world in great number gods and

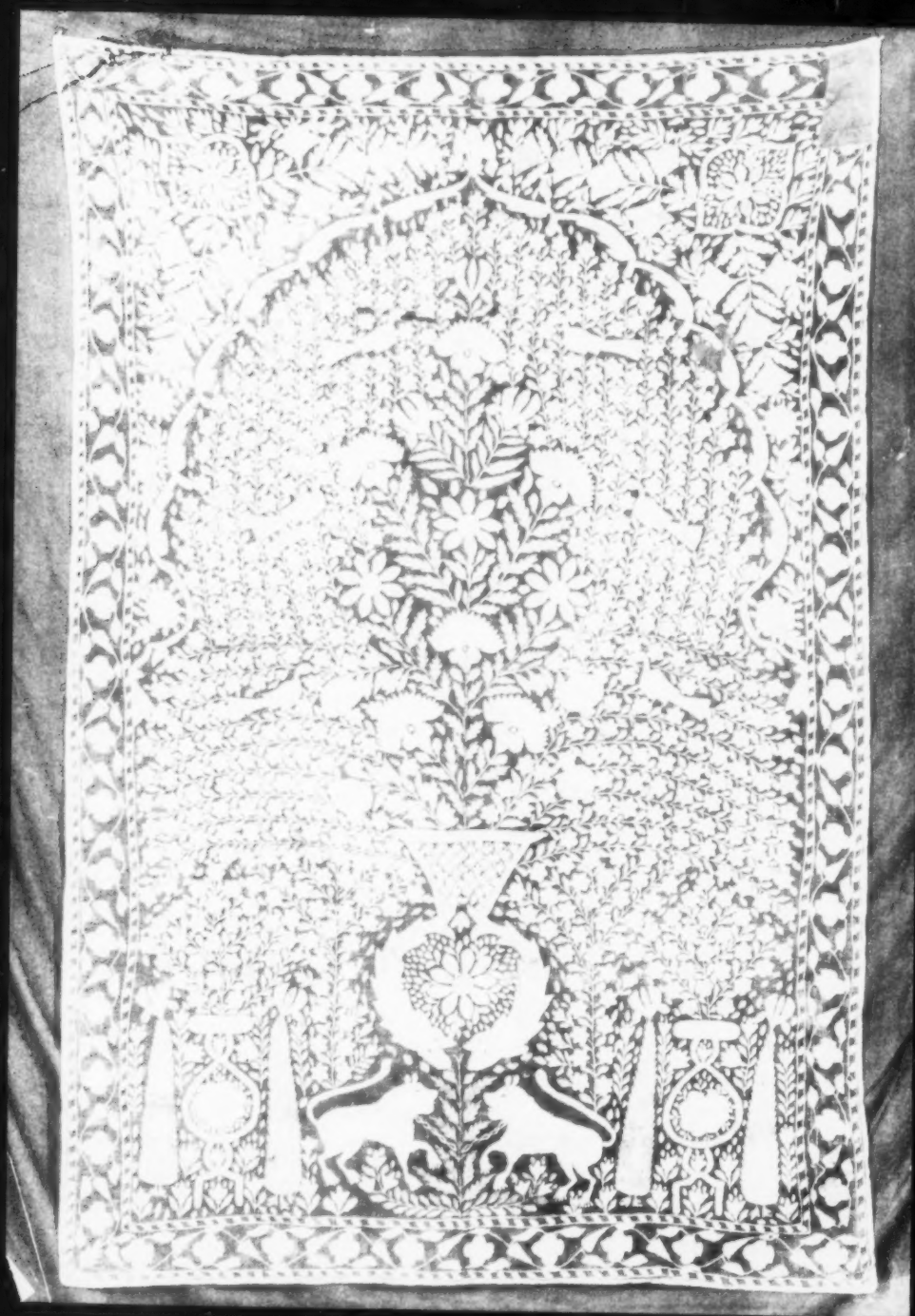


PLATE VII. VELVET HANGING, EMBROIDERED WITH SILVER THREAD, OF THE
SAFARI PERIOD, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; FROM THE MASHHAD SHRINE

(524)

Loan by the Persian Government



PLATE VIII. WINGED GOAT RAMPANT, WITH HORNS, FACE,
WINGS, AND HOOVES GILT, OF THE ACHAEMENIAN PERIOD.,
FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

(Case 22A)

Lent by the Islamische Kunstabteilung Staatliche Museen, Berlin



Book Reviews

devils, but even more copiously have they presented to the bewildered and the believing the strange fancies engendered in their minds by the strange forms before them or of which they have heard. Literature has described demons in animal and human forms, or forms composite of animal and human elements, forms which are built solely upon animal skeletons; and art has followed suit, affording free play to the fancy of the artist unhampered by the thrall of human morality. The representation of the animal form may even have preceded that of the human form, and ethnographical investigation seems to prove that early man succeeded in portraying more realistically the animal than the human form. The subject has a wide ethnographical interest and occupies a vast period of time, for the earliest sculptor was pre-occupied with animal form as assiduously as is his latest successor. Almost all sculpture has relied on animals for form expression, realistically or idealistically, for the animal has never failed to intrigue the human mind. All sculpture has improved on or has debased animal form, and the schools of sculpture—from the earliest, throughout the Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, and others—have never failed in responding to the forms of animals presented to them. The human mind has always realized beauty; the animal world has never failed to supply it. Great as is the beauty of the human form there is a larger variety of form supplied by the rest of the animal kingdom: birds, beasts, and fishes. The human form is but one type; the animal kingdom provides thousands of types each one only less or more beautiful in form than any other. Man has, however, never been content with presenting the beautiful form as offered by nature; he has striven to give his ideas of beauty or of ugliness tending to beauty, or tending otherwise, to the interpretation of his thoughts, apart from the ideas of beauty prevailing around him. This tendency has been most fruitful in the domain of sculpture, and so the sculptured animal has persisted throughout the ages of art as a distinct form-problem. In no period in Western Art has it been more prolific than in the Romanesque, the animal sculpture of which is not surpassed by that of Asia. It is prodigiously widespread; acutely characteristic and curiously applied to ecclesiastical purposes. The churches may be adorned with statues of the saints, but the actual structures depend extensively upon the animal as well as the vegetable world for their forms. And the range is restricted, for the masons of those centuries were not travellers; there were no natural-history books for them to refer to, there were no teachers of zoology; and so it came about that only in the case of the domesticated animals and some few of the semi-wild creatures pursued in the hunt that the representation was naturalistic. So the artist of the Romanesque period was thrown back on his imaginings, and mythic and impossible animals came to life on capital and tympanum—strange beasts of fascinating form; apocalyptic, distorted, extravagant, but almost invariably full of imagination; that of the artist expressing the idea. This constitutes the value of the work of these artists; they were unhampered by nature as a reality, yet stimulated to production by nature as an idea, and so we have the idea-form reproduced. Richard Bernheimer has learnedly discussed the whole problem at length, and his illustrations are at once informing and revealing; he has written a fertile book in a very understanding manner.

LA MINIATURE FRANÇAISE AUX XVe ET XVIe SIÈCLES, par ANDRÉ BLUM et PHILIPPE LAUER. 4to, pp. vii + 130 + plates 100. Sewn. (Paris and Brussels: G. van Oest.) F. 480. 1930.

The twelve tall columns comprising the index of names is sufficient evidence of the richness of the material for writing the history of the subject of this very handsome book. It has been made good use of by André Blum, who writes the history, and by Philippe Lauer who has compiled the sixty-five pages of descriptive and critical notes. The history is confined to the miniatures of the great manuscript books dealt with and is only concerned incidentally with the writing and decorations. The period, therefore, which excludes the earlier Gothic manuscripts, is complete in itself as showing a phase of art entirely confined to it in its finest manifestation. It was a wonderful outburst of the love of learning and art; in itself a phase of French art of the Renaissance as important as the châteaux of France, and one which had a distinct architectonic basis, arising out of the Gothic and persisting in the maintenance of many of the most attractive features of the earlier period. There is something of the primitive spirit left, but the riotous imaginings displayed in many a fine example, and the technique of them all, go far beyond primitivism into a region of sophistication. There was great gladness of life in France in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as in most of the other European countries, and the nobles strove with the Church in the commissioning of works of art. The index is, therefore, almost as abundant in the names of patrons and their palaces as it is in those of the artists and their studios. This book is, therefore, a peculiarly personal one and the graceful style of André Blum is well employed in dealing with the conditions under which these miniatures were produced and the relations between artist and client. Nowadays, and for many days, the art patron has been buying pictures to hang on his walls, but in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries he commissioned pictures in books for his library, in emulation of the dignitaries of the Church. So the subject-matter became secularized, and to the Old and New Testaments were added histories, the classics, the "Golden Legend," the "Dance of Death." As the time approached for the decadence of this rich art, the designs began to exhibit—instead of the beautiful borders of the earlier missals, breviaries, Books of Hours—the frames, which were later to become actualized for the containing of wall pictures then to supersede these illuminated pages. Another factor which contributed to the decadence was the rapidly growing vogue of the printed book. As this gained ground the miniatures lost it, until they were finally overcome by the coloured print associated with movable type. But the miniatures have survived more successfully because of their material. They were done on parchment, and it was only later that paper, some of it very beautiful in itself, set aside the use of vellum. It is the parchment that has persisted in spite of the reproductive character of the paper book; and there is, therefore, a happy survival of both forms, the vellum because of its superior lasting quality, the paper because of its greater dissemination. No such effective beauty of painting, however, as that on parchment could be achieved on paper, and so from most points of view these illuminated miniatures have a place of their own of the foremost value in the world's art. Their richness of fancy, of design, of colour are beyond

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praise, but praise must be given to the manner of their reproduction in this volume. Only one is done in colours, but the 173 examples given on the hundred plates are so excellent that it is not difficult to imagine the richness of the originals. They are mostly pictures, the writing of the pages being only of secondary importance in this connection.

TOSCANA SZOBRA SZATA A QUATTROCENTÓBAN, írta YBL ERVIN. Large 8vo, 2 parts, pp. 544, illus. 236. Sewn. (Budapest: Lampel R. R. Könyvkereskedése) Pengő 40. 1930.

Tuscan sculpture vigorously maintained itself in a state of unchanging strength during the whole wonderful quattrocento. Practically springing into being in Jacopo della Quercia, it operated on a large scale until the death

of scriptures and the saints were the chief subjects throughout the whole period, varied only by such magnificent outbursts of mastery as Donatello's Gattamelata and Verrocchio's Colleoni equestrian statues, masterpieces which have never been surpassed. The subjects varied but they changed but little, and so it is possible to compare with ease the degree of plastic or glyptic urge and the conception of beauty possessed by the different sculptors. It is interesting in this connection to compare the great bronze doors of Ghiberti, Donatello, and Filarete, for in these the art of low relief is developed in its highest forms. Other great works in relief are to be found on the tombs, pulpits, and altars, some exaggerated to the extent of ugliness, some macabre in subject, some tender, some ridiculous, but all carried out with the same degree of clever craftsmanship which persisted throughout—it must be confessed with some monotony—the whole century. Of progress there was little, even though there was interesting diversity of style and material. It was an age of bronze casting varied by marble carving and ceramic. It was perhaps in the materials of the latter, as wielded by the Della Robbias, that the most charming and the most naturalistic effects were achieved. It was a period of monuments, largely ecclesiastical, mostly elaborate, from the grandiose to the grand, from the simple to the severe. There was the last touch of Gothic in the statues of the saints, and a complete misunderstanding of the soul of Greek and Roman upon which it was supposed to be based, but from which the greater men freed themselves to make a plastic no better but somewhat fresher. Tuscan sculpture happens to include some of the great men of the Renaissance, and there are at least twenty of the first rank dealt with in the illuminating and exhaustive pages of Ervin Ybl's book, as well as the less known and unknown men. All are illustrated to the extent of 236 examples; and the book, the result of many years' intensive research, reflects the greatest credit to the scholarship of the author, who is a Councillor of the Hungarian Ministry of Education, and to the art-publishing of Budapest.



MUSIC AND DANCING

By Luca della Robbia

From *Toscana Szobrászata a Quattrocentóban*, by Ervin Ybl.
(Budapest: Lampel R. Wodianer F. és Fiai.)

of Leonardo da Vinci. The influence of the Church is evident throughout. It is so evident that the question as to what sculpture there would have been without the Church obviously arises. The question cannot be answered, and so it has to be admitted that it was the Church that was responsible. The art that it encouraged—the arts rather, for there were several branches of plastic and glyptic—flourished amazingly but their constriction was equally astonishing. They were concerned with pictorialism in the forms of anecdote and portrait; they were the arts of pictorial relief and imaginary portraits in the round. Scenes from the

ITALIENSK UNGRENÄSSANS MALERI OCH SKULPTUR, av HENRIK CORNELL. 8vo, pp. 244 + plates 48. Sewn. (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand.) Kr. 12. 1930.

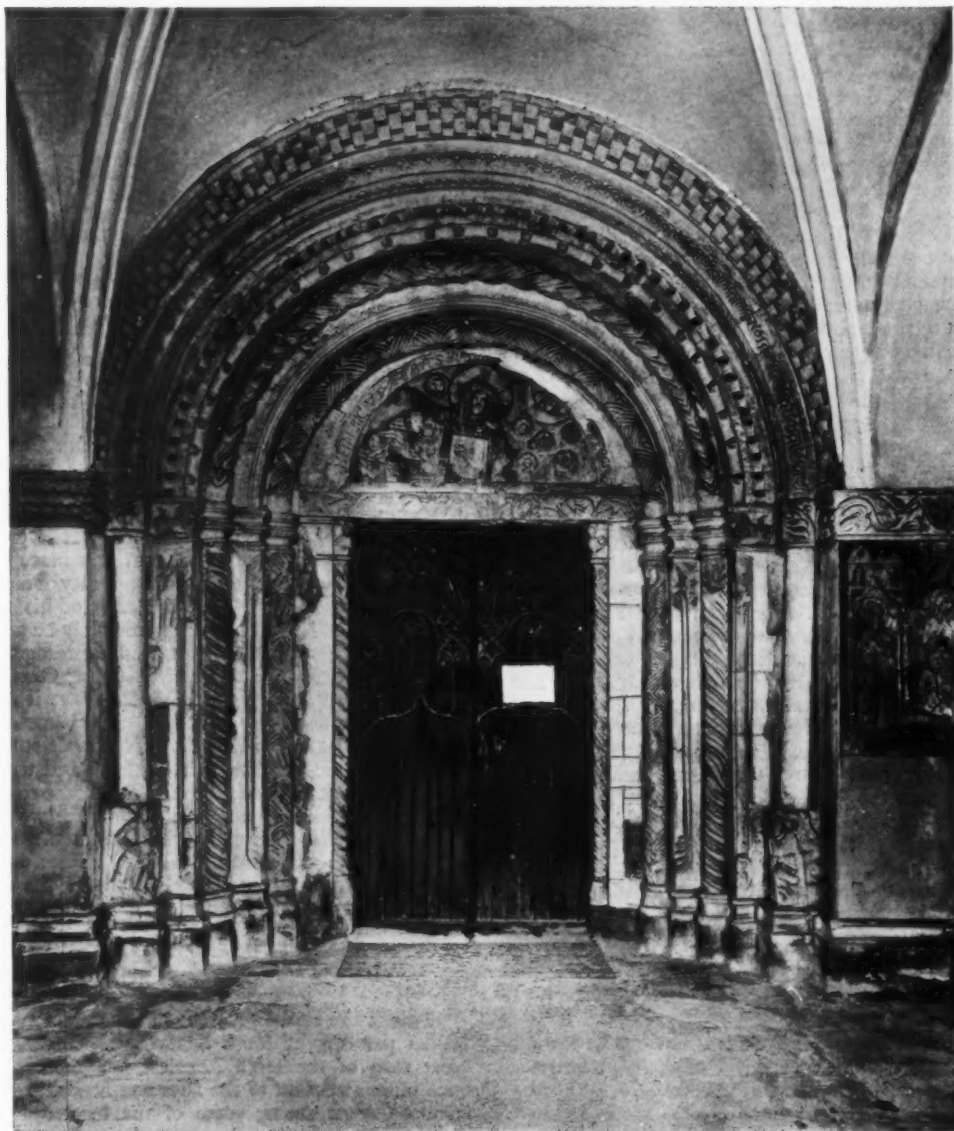
Henrik Cornell's "High Renaissance" was reviewed in *APOLLO* in December 1928, and it is a pleasure to welcome his new book of Renaissance studies devoted to the transition, the primitives, and the earlier manifestations, so rich and satisfying in themselves; indeed, so much of themselves as to rank as a period. Gothic and Byzantine went to make it, but there was also a pristine effort which was not only the rebirth of the art-spirit, but the seed of one of the most glorious periods in all art-history. The dual manifestation in painting and sculpture was vital, for it adumbrated the flowering of graphic, plastic, and glyptic art in the persons of Ghiberti and Donatello, Masaccio and Fra Lippo Lippi, the Della Robbias and Verrocchio, Botticelli and Perugino. The illustrations have been wisely selected, and a word must be said in praise of the comely production of the volume.

Book Reviews

ROMANISCHE BAUPLASTIK IN ÖSTERREICH, von
FRITZ NOVOTNY. Large 8vo, pp. 120 + illus. 71. Linen.
(Vienna: Dr. Benno Filser Verlag.) M. 12.50. 1930.

The cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna is the outstanding purely architectural work of art in Austria; its structure is full of interest, its windows and its all-

flights of fancy of untutored man. They do not always reach the stage of craftsmanship of the actual masonry which they adorn or of which they are structurally part. The examples presented in the book, in which the architecture and the sculpture are of equal importance, are few but of great interest. The church at Millstatt, in



WEST ENTRANCE TO CHURCH AT MILLSTATT

From *Romanische Bauplastik in Österreich*, by Fritz Novotny. (Vienna and Augsburg: Benno Filser Verlag.)

embracing roof. Austria, however, contains a large number of lesser churches which are structurally of importance and interest, and, further, are rich in sculptural detail. The crude hackings in stone of the Romanesque builders are indicative only of a very undeveloped artistry, but they are vivid examples of the

Carinthia, exteriorly very plain, has highly sculptural entrances. Its western round-arched door is quite elaborate in its series of carved pilasters and its pictured tympanum. The church of Schönggrabern, in Lower Austria, has a great deal of sculptural adornment as well as structural glyptic both inside and out. In this case it

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is its curious application that gives the sculpture a special interest. On the outside walls of the semicircular apse, on either side of the windows and just below the cornice, are groups of men and women, animals and domestic utensils, dotted about either singly or in groups apparently unpremeditated and yet forming an effective design. The realism of some of the heads is extreme, and in cases develops into grotesquerie. The eyes are all full and bulged, the pupils consisting of a deep bored hole. In opposition to the facial realism, the hair of the men and women and the manes of the animals are formalized into a pleasing pattern. This process, of course, is by no means particular to this church, or to Austrian Romanesque only; neither is the dotted application of ornament, for it is found on the tower entrance of St. Stephen at Vienna, on the church of St. Jacob near Kutenberg, and in many churches; the pillars and columns have similar decorative applications. This book with its detailed descriptions of all the most important Romanesque sculptures in Austria is a much-needed supplement to those already published on other countries which have been more fully explored and described in this respect, and the bibliography of five columns is an invitation to further exploration in a field not too much cultivated.

JOSUAH REYNOLDS, PEINTRE ET ESTHÉTICIEN, par ARMAND DAYOT. Pott 4to, pp. 60 + plates 60. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions Rieder.) F. 20. 1930.

Armand Dayot has all the qualifications for writing a book on Joshua Reynolds; he is a Frenchman and therefore admires a great artist the more if he is a great figure in the social world. He has written a history of English painting in which his sympathies with English art are made manifest, and he is the founder-editor of one of the finest art magazines in the world, "L'Art et Les Artistes." His new contribution to the history and biography of art is not only welcome, but necessary, for fresh valuations of Reynolds and other great British masters are being made on the Continent, and the claims of our great men cannot be too warmly put forward at the moment. The series, "Maîtres de l'Art Ancien," of which the volume is an item, good as it has always been in its texts as in its pictures, is certainly increased in prestige by this amiable, cultivated, and authoritative study by Armand Dayot, whose friends in England will gladly give it a welcome.

PIERRE PUGET, par F.-P. ALIBERT. Pott 4to, pp. 60 + plates 60. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions Rieder.) F. 20. 1930.

Puget deserves to be called, as it is obvious he should be, and as he has always been, the French Michelangelo. Sculptor, painter, draughtsman, he invites the comparison without compelling a too close adherence to it. He was a much smaller man than the greatest of the world's plastic and graphic artists; less of a power, less of a personality, less of an artist; but he was a gentle-faced wistful being, as he painted himself, who was a really great craftsman and a most considerable artist, an architect, and an engineer. Born at Marseilles in 1622 he began life as a sculptor, on the ships that were built at that port, when only a boy; he helped to paint ceilings in Rome when he was a young man. Sculpture became his passion, however, and the south of France remained

his locality for he was rejected by Paris. His work has a touch of the provincial about it which is very refreshing in an age where so much was of the capital, and in a country in which the capital was almost the only centre, as it has since wholly become. There is a freshness and naturalness about Puget's sculpture; even the largest pieces show less of the influence of the period than does the work of the sculptors of Paris. Puget was not only the French Michelangelo, he was the prince of French regional artists; and François-Paul Alibert has written a most interesting and long-called-for account of his life and works.

LES ARTISTES NOUVEAUX, edited by GEORGE BESSON. Small 8vo, pp. xii + plates 32. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.) F. 10. 1930. JANE POUPELET, by CHARLES KUNSTLER. MARY CASSATT, by EDITH VALERIO. GEORGES DUFRÉNOY, by GABRIEL MOUREY. OTHON FRIESZ, by ROGER BRIELLE.

These four additions to the handy series to which they belong are welcome. They are, as usual, very well done and form in each case an easy introduction to the artist with whom they deal. Jane Poupelet has held a distinguished position in Paris for a long time as a maker of bronze sculptures of animals; here she appears delightfully as a fine graphic exponent of plastic poses. The specialized graphic of the late Mary Cassatt is well shown in the thirty-two reproductions of drawings and pictures of women and children, all very charming and tender, the leaning towards the Japanese of the latter by no means being the least charm. It is claimed that Georges Dufrénoy occupies an enviable place in contemporary French art by reason of the nobility of his character, the dignity of his life, the originality of his talent, and the beauty of his work. It may certainly be allowed that his work has beauty and that it does not derogate from the beauty of the subjects he attacked—the "Grand Canal at Venice," the "Place of St. Mark"—but it is open to question if it adds any dignity to the "Rue de Rivoli." There is no lack of nobility in the humble studies of the figures of three old Parisians, realistic and true to type. Othon Friesz sees a landscape and a seascape romantically; he is not a realist as he looks out on the world, but he becomes a realist when he studies the nude. He places a woman in his romantically inclined scenes and she fits in admirably, which is an indication that the artist both observes and digests his subjects.

LA PEINTURE ITALIENNE DU XVI^e AU XVII^e SIÈCLE, par RENÉ SCHNEIDER. 8vo, pp. 71 + plates lxiv. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions G. van Oest.) F. 36. 1930.

This is the second volume of the summary history of Italian painting of René Schneider. Dealing with the great men of the High Renaissance, it serves to draw once more attention to the supreme headship of Michelangelo. After seeing some of the masterpieces in the London Exhibition—after considering even the comparatively few reproduced here—the assurance of the super-excellence of the great master is once more confirmed. His great works are not illustrated here; his less great are sufficient as a reminder of his real greatness. Succinctly dealt with, the lesser masters are passed in review and the pre-eminence of the Italian School in its later developments once more establishes itself. The book is the latest addition to the publisher's "Library of Art."

Book Reviews

LA PEINTURE SÉFÉVIDE D'ISPAHAN: LE PALAIS D'ALA QAPY, by J. DARIDAN and S. STELLING-MICHAUD. (Paris: G. van Oest.) 1930.

Isfahan, the most lovely of all Persian cities, possesses several buildings known as *tālār*, miniatures of the great palaces of the Achaemenian period. The "Hall of Mirrors" and the "Forty Pillars" are of this type, but the most important is Ali Qapi, the royal palace of Shah Abbās, on the western side of the Maidān. It is this building which forms the subject of the monograph under review, or, more correctly, the fresco paintings which adorn the walls and ceilings of the palace.

The learned M. René Grousset says, in a short preface, that these paintings "étaient hier encore inconnues." He promises from the same authors further studies of the frescoes in Chihil Sutūn and the churches of Djulfa. Meanwhile, the paintings in Ali Qapi must suffice.

The art in question has its roots in history which can be told in a sentence. The Safavi dynasty rose in 1502 and made their second capital Isfahan, well and spaciouly planned. Shah Abbās the Great built the palace of Ali Qapi and made it the centre of political and artistic culture; from all quarters, not excluding Europe, came merchants, craftsmen, travellers, and diplomats to his city and, as our authors declare, the wall-paintings reflect a cosmopolitan light: Iranian, Chinese, Byzantine, Armenian, Manichean, and European. A glance at the numerous plates which the book contains at once confirms this view, but our authors are not satisfied with a glance; they have studied every detail with great care and tracked the motifs down to their sources or families. The frescoes are certainly wonderful—a *tour de force*—but are they beautiful? Can they compare with the mosaic faience of the mosques where the material employed dominates and largely creates the design? Here, with complete freedom, the artists have shown no reserve, have left no vacant spaces—as if they had received payment by the number of rosettes they depict. There is not the satisfying geometry of the carpet, the glitter of the ceramic, or the story told in the miniature.

The colours are for the most part very pale with strong tones of royal blue, vandyke brown, and saffron; they are fading irregularly, which gives an added asymmetry to a whole design.

The niches which occupy nearly half the wall surfaces display the most artificial and regular decorations. Plates III, IV, and V, for example, show perfect symmetry; the figures are simple and sharply drawn. The Chinese *tshi* is in the border of Plates III and IV. Each contains a vase, medallions, sinuous trees with spreading branches. A bird four times repeated is none other than the *fong-hwang* of China—an old favourite migrant into Persian art, seen, for example, in the faience at Sultānābad. Flowers fill up all space like daisies on the lawn.

This style of art could go no farther; nothing could come out of it, nor could it return to simplicity. When its exemplifications have faded away there will be little cause for regret.

W. L. H.

We have received the fifth annual number of the "Jahrbuch für Kunst und Kunstpflege in der Schweiz," edited by Dr. Paul Ganz, containing a large number of interesting articles on its own subjects.

PITTURE ITALIANE IN AMERICA (Italian Paintings in America), illustrate da LIONELLO VENTURI. CDXXXVIII Plates. (Ulrico Hoepli, Editore, Milano.) Subscription price, Lire 1,200.

This unique volume, a monumental work worthy of the tradition of the Casa Hoepli, is noteworthy in more ways than one. Not alone in its size and weight, which needs a strong pair of arms to handle, and the number and quality of its full-page plates, but far more because it comes before us to indicate the definite entry of America into the world of Old Masters of European Art. This may seem too strong a statement, for we know that the Gardner collection and others date back, and that the forming of collections has been going on for at least thirty years; yet even so the whole thing is of the present, finding its assertion in the fine group of American contributions to our memorable Italian Exhibition (1200–1900) of last year, and its up-to-date record in the volume now before our consideration.

It was a task to give pause to the boldest critic. For what has been happening is actually this, and is fully described by Lionello Venturi in his admirable Introduction: that for these last thirty years Italian paintings have been streaming across the Atlantic, including very markedly the Sieneese School—because this was a more recent discovery and more possible of acquisition; and also, of course, assisted by the terrible stripping bare of our best English collections, formed under happier and better conditions, by the crushing pressure of taxation and death duties. Yet, even so, it was naturally the less firmly established works which could escape from the close hold kept wisely by modern Italy on her art treasures, to find a new home in American collections and museums, happiest when they were "vetted" by some critic of outstanding authority—a Berenson or Valentiner; and thus in attacking his subject our author entered at the first step on the thorny path of attributions. Let us see how he has fared.

It must be at once admitted, granting his difficulties, with a very high measure of success. Lionello Venturi had the advantage of good introductions, of a great name in art, with a yet greater—that of his father—behind him, and with his own valuable experience in his catalogue of the Gualino collection in Italy; above all, with a publisher like Ulrico Hoepli, who could give his work the fullest chance. It really seems, indeed, that for serious and worthy presentment of the best art-criticism we have now to look, not to London, but to Italy. Of course there are omissions, and the author himself regrets that the famous Walters collection of Baltimore finds no place here; there are doubtful paintings, and I am by no means convinced by the Jacopo Torriti "Virgin and Child," which came to New York from the well-known Florence collection of Comm. Volpi, or even by the same familiar theme in the Detroit Museum. The Englewood paintings have behind them the good provenance of S. Eugenio near Siena, and the Martini "Virgin" there is a gem; but even Mr. Perkins' support fails to convince me of F. di Giorgio's hand in the Maitland Griggs "Game of Chess."

But the whole work is a most valuable contribution to art-study of the Italian masters, and both text and plates are satisfying.

S. B.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

A KEY TO THE PERSIAN EXHIBITION

SO much is being written about the Persian Exhibition that I would feel apologetic for adding even these few lines to the silent babel of books and articles, were it not for the fact that all *ad hoc* publications I have read seem to leave a certain aspect of Persian Art, if not unmentioned, at least unstressed. And yet it gives one the key to the curious fact that in the Arabian Nights splendour at the moment to be seen in Burlington House there is a predominant sense of unity and cohesion. The explanation of this seems to me to lie in the ineradicable nomadic strain of the Persian, a strain which the natives have preserved throughout their history. Down to this very day the nomads form an important part of the population. But whether actively nomadic or not, the descent from nomadic ancestors has nowhere more conspicuously left its traces on a nation than in Persia. Medes, Persians, Parthians, not to mention the Arabs and the Mongols, were all nomads. The geographical position and formation of the country have made it subject to a continued movement of peoples, not only horizontally, i.e. from east to west and vice versa across the country, but also vertically, that is, from north to south according to the seasons.

Persians and even their precursors seem never to have had life in tents and on horseback out of their minds, and the Persians excel in all those crafts which can be executed, if need be, in camp, and in all those articles of manufacture which can be carried about from place to place. Textiles and carpets are of the very essence of the nomad's comforts, and to this day the Persians are great travellers. The nature of their population makes it necessary for the high officials of the Government to be constantly on the move—like their great ruler, Shah Abbas. To the Persian, therefore, the tent is more than a temporary makeshift, it is his house. Even his brick-built and vaulted and domed house retains some elements of tent life. For the Persian—unless he is westernized—still sits on the floor of his house or his tent; his carpet is his principal piece of furniture, and in his houses curtains play as important a part as they probably did in the palaces of Chosroes or of Xerxes. There are buildings in Persia which recall pavilions; one can still see their folded drapings in the circular and fluted walls; their brickwork is often set in patterns that resemble weavings; and, contrary to the Greek architecture, the Persian's great idea is to cover the structure with a dress of tiles patterned exactly like a carpet.

Seated as he is on the floor, the Persian can enjoy the delicate logic and meaning of his carpet patterns, since his eyes are but an elbow's distance or two away from it. He can relish pattern for pattern's sake, and the transition from the patterns on his carpet to the patterns

on the vessels and utensils in pottery or metal is imperceptible; they are simply repeated in endless variations—variations which have to be closely examined to be fully appreciated. The Persian artist employs even calligraphy as an integral part of decoration, and does not change its characters; for he uses "script" in manuscripts as on carpets, on helmets as on candlesticks, on mosque walls as on Haji's clothing, on a beggar's bowl as on a palace doorway. But that he should have developed calligraphy and book illumination to such a high degree is again due to the fact that his rulers and princes, for whom they were created, would make them their travelling companions. And even the curious perspective and the apparent conventions of their miniature paintings can be explained quite simply by the fact that the painter, like the rest of his fellows, sits on the floor, without an easel, a table, or a desk. He thus looks down as from an eminence upon the paper he holds in his hand. What he sees before his eyes is not, as with his European colleague, a model or a fragment of nature, but a blank space upon which he conjures up a picture from his imagination. He thus looks down upon the scene to be, exactly as did the European illuminators of the Middle Ages. Only the European illuminator sat at a desk and his perspective is, therefore, not quite so steep. It is only as the Persian and the European illustrators become more sophisticated and refer to "models" that their perspective changes.

That the Persian should be lavish in the splendour and decoration of his clothes, his weapons, and even his khalan or waterpipe, is again only natural, for it is with these things that he can, even whilst travelling about, demonstrate his "greatness" *ad oculos* of all and sundry; and being from time immemorial—look at the frieze of archers from Susa, in their gold tasselled blue silk and richly patterned robes—a lover of pattern he glories in the splendours of brocades and silks and loves to dazzle with his rubies and emeralds.

The Persians were, perhaps, the greatest *surface* decorators that ever lived, for neither the Greeks nor Romans, nor their Renaissance descendants, understood surface decoration—think of Michelangelo and his Sistine ceiling!—and the Chinese decoration was not merely superficial; whereas the Persian, even when he took over an Hellenistic "motif," immediately flattened it. The bane of Western art has been its inability to resist the temptation of giving solidity and weight to its designs, even where it is not needed.

The nomadic habit made the Persian instinctively suspicious of too much solidity and unnecessary weight.

Hence the heaviness and the "dissonances" noticeable in European decoration, and the obvious lightness and "consonance" in Persian art.

Art News and Notes

MISS PAULINE KONODY AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY

Miss Pauline Konody is a young artist—she held her first show as recently as 1926—who may now be said to have definitely arrived. She is the daughter of Mr. P. G. Konody, the well-known art critic, and her mother is—like her uncle Mr. J. S. Pyke-Nott, who shares the exhibition at the Goupil Gallery which opens on the fifth of this month—also an artist of repute. Whether the influences of blood and environment be responsible for the strength of Miss Konody's talent or not, it is, at

nevertheless, modern, though it eschews abstractions and distortions.

That is as true of her oil paintings as it is of her watercolours, with which latter alone the present exhibition is concerned. Miss Konody is self-taught in this technique, and there is an independence of handling which confirms it. She *draws* with her colours, she does not use them merely to reinforce or enhance the effect of an underlying pencil drawing. Her technique might be compared with the Frans Halsish *alla prima* way of



FROM A WINDOW

By Pauline Konody

At the Goupil Gallery

all events, a fact that even from its beginnings—I imagine she must still have been at the Royal College of Art when I first noticed her work—her art showed rather pronounced promise; it already had authenticity. One had the feeling, even then: "Here is someone who knows what he wants and is going to get it." It was only by reference to the catalogue that one discovered this "he" to be a "she." In a young artist a personal outlook is the more remarkable as the great majority of art students seem to think more of what "is done" than either of humble study or of the final problem, namely, how to express what one sees and thinks. Miss Konody has, so far as I am aware, never been anxious to copy the idols of the moment: Cézanne, Picasso, Van Gogh, Matisse, or any other "modern" painter. Her work is,

painting in oil, except that Miss Konody, using a different kind of medium, with a different kind of brush, draws and paints as that medium demands. In fact, one of the pleasures one derives from her watercolours is caused by her bold manipulation of the medium. Even the lay person must notice the clean sweep of her brush done with surprising directness and precision. In this respect she has shown an increasing technical skill, as may be seen in this show. But Miss Konody does not use her skill merely to display it; she has a genuine love of landscape, and particularly of still-life and flower-painting. Whilst her landscape-painting has sometimes the effect of a "background," owing to the wide flat washes she introduces, it seems to take its place more effectively as such in her flower-pieces and still-lives, which are

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THE STAFFORDSHIRE DOG
By Pauline Konody
At the Goupil Gallery



JESNERIA
By Pauline Konody
At the Goupil Gallery



AUTUMN

At the Goupil Gallery

By Pauline Konody

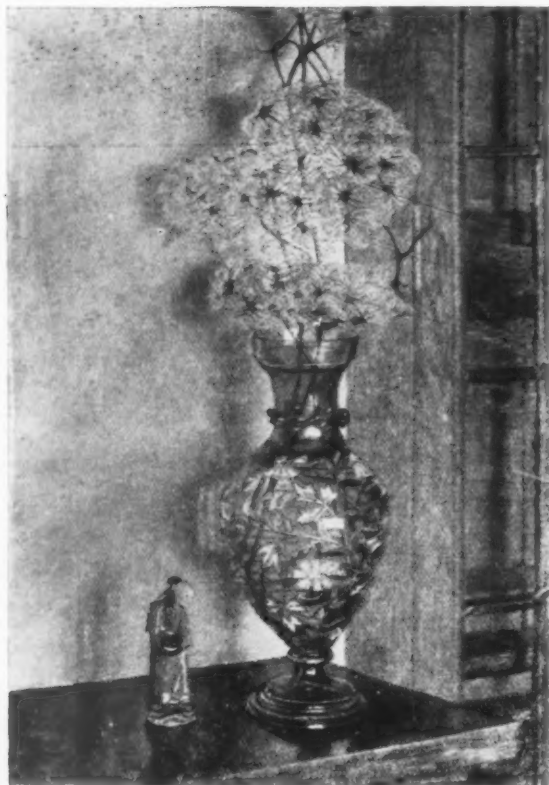


TOADSTOOLS

At the Goupil Gallery

By Pauline Konody

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



STILL-LIFE

By J. S. Pyke-Nott

At the Goupil Gallery

distinctly her "forte." Our illustration "Autumn" (on p. 133) is a good example of this, and in fact of all the qualities that distinguish her work. Here the sunny atmospheric landscape is the foil to a foreground distinguished as much by the linear design as by colour—which, unfortunately, the monochrome print cannot convey. The little Japanese garden of toadstools is, incidentally, a delightful idea as such, and here has helped to furnish inventions of colour and texturing. These inventions she has more fully exploited in the picture "Toadstools" (see p. 133) which, by reason of its composition, seems to have become symbolic of nature and art by the juxtaposition of the growing fungi and the examples of the potter's and the weaver's craft. A little red note in the toadstools holds this picture firmly together, makes its rhythm self-contained. The red note used for such a purpose is an old and traditional practice. In "The Staffordshire Dog" Miss Konody has substituted a blue accent for the red one. The blue is found in the candle and a streak on the dog. This problem of the blue note has "intrigued" painters for generations. The point, of course, is that red is self-assertive and advances, whilst blue is naturally retiring. A blue picture therefore requires a different kind of colour orchestration to make it hold its own. In this Miss Konody has been conspicuously successful; the blue here holds the composition as effectively as the red.

Miss Konody, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Fine Art Society, and at the British Artists Exhibitions, and has a painting, bought from one of the latter organization's shows, in the Belfast City Gallery, is fast becoming one of our most skilful, thoughtful, and—if she will accept the qualification as a compliment—most virile women painters of today.

One feels inclined to praise Mr. Pyke-Nott's paintings for opposite reasons—a qualification which he may possibly not regard as the praise for which it stands. His delightful flower-pieces are distinguished by an almost feminine tenderness. His work has, so far as I am aware, not often been seen; at all events this is the first time for years that it has been placed on exhibition. Very different from the work of his niece in conception, his paintings are nevertheless original, subtle, and charming. Mr. Pyke-Nott gives his subjects an elusive, half-concealed emphasis. Now it is a blue note in translucent glass that supplies the dominant note in the pleasing design of a flower—or more strictly here a fruit-piece; anon, it is not so much the flowers in the foreground as the "view" half concealed by a lace curtain that rivets attention; or else it is, on the contrary, the lace curtain that half screens the flowers.

Instead of the robustness which characterizes Miss Konody's art, we have in Mr. Pyke-Nott's a delicacy of treatment and a pronounced originality of composition.

Perhaps this contrast between robustness and delicacy constitutes the difference between the two generations. It is not a matter of sex, but of a different viewpoint.



STILL-LIFE

By J. S. Pyke-Nott



SHIP IN PORT

At the Wertheim Gallery
See page 136

By the late Christopher Wood

Art News and Notes

OILS BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS AT THE REDFERN GALLERY

This exhibition is difficult to "review," mainly because the exhibitors are all well known and are represented by examples which, without being in any sense soul-stirring, are good and typical. Perhaps the best things here are Mr. R. O. Dunlop's portrait of a dark woman, "Melita," and of an English girl, "The Blue Wrap"; Mr. Lucien Pissarro's two landscapes, but especially "Le Revest," with a satisfyingly placed red roof; Mr. Paul Nash's "Bouquet" and Miss Frances Hodgkins' "Grey House," both abstract, but consistent; whilst Mr. Claude Flight's geometrical "Seafoam and Rocks" is surely consistence flying in the face of common sense. The most expensive picture here is Mr. Augustus John's "Le Passage au Niveau," but it does not quite come up to its expectations; whilst Mr. Pitchforth's "Olive Trees," and especially Mr. Fergus Graham's unassuming "Stables in Dorset," are at their prices a bargain; and there are others, for example, Mr. Derwent Lee's "Lyndon and the Rocks," Mr. Lionel Ellis's "Kathleen," and Mr. Charles Gerrard's "Gladioli."

THE SEVEN AND FIVE SOCIETY AT THE LEICESTER GALLERY

The "Seven and Five" show is an exhibition that must irritate the enemies of *l'effort moderne* beyond measure; it is the kind of thing that induces them to write angry letters to the Press. Of course, they are wrong; but the trouble is that in expressing a generally favourable opinion the angry ones endeavour to commit the critic to approval in every particular—which again, of course, is a *non sequitur*. These "Seven and Five" are boldly proclaiming the right of the artist to distil æsthetic sensations from the prosaic facts of vision, by any and every means that he may think fit. There is only one possible case in which such right might be legitimately challenged. That case would arise if these artists had received commissions of a definite nature from a public of patrons and had refused to carry out their patrons' expressed wishes. In such an event the censure of the angry ones would be fully justified. Meantime, the artist can do exactly as he likes. He can, for example, paint a picture like Mr. Ben Nicholson's landscape called "Hare Hill" which, in my opinion, is extremely silly, and all the more so because several of his other pictures such as, for example, "Christmas Eve, Sutton Veny" are not at all silly. On the contrary, this one is an interesting interpretation of something that passed before the eyes and through the mind of the artist on that occasion. It has fine colour and good rhythm, though I should have liked a little more emphasis on the animal's head, which appears to me a shade too low in colour value. Perhaps Miss Frances Hodgkins's quite arbitrary "Pastoral"—arbitrary from the angle of "nature study"—would make people even more annoyed; but it is, nevertheless, æsthetically speaking a quite exciting adventure. Mrs. Winifred Nicholson's "Ragged Robbin" again has an emphatic chair in it that out-does Van Gogh's in its offence against tradition, but though I am not sure that its "weight" is not a little too heavy, I am sure that the flowers and their background are beautiful and just right, as they are in her picture "Roses." Her portrait "Amy," a little Laurencinish is likewise attractive.

Mr. John Aldridge's "Landscape, Mallorca" is very pleasing, not only on account of its colour and light but because its rhythm is self-contained; it does not go on and on beyond the frame. Mr. Cedric Morris's "Second Flowering," an almost old-masterly flowerpiece, rather suffers from the fact that its rhythm is not defined—it breaks off where it meets the frame, a mistake that he has avoided in the lovely landscape "Polstead Village, Suffolk." Fine colour, though of a restricted and rather melancholy kind, distinguishes Mr. Ivon Hitchens' "Landscape" which, as such hardly recognizable, is "symphony in grey, green-yellow, and black." In his "Poppies and Blue Jug" he is in a much jollier frame of mind. Mr. P. H. Jowett's watercolours are charming but one wonders what they are doing in this *galère* for they are purely representational. Quite the opposite is the case with Mr. Len Lye's—I don't know what to call them. The "Stills of Film 'Tusalava'" arouse one's curiosity, but until one has seen the film in action it is better to withhold criticism. But all his designs, whether done in film, print, plasticine, cement or what-not, suggest that he has a regrettable kind of vermiform complex. Of the late Christopher Wood's pictures I have something to say on page 136.

Mr. Kanty Cooper's "woodcarving" is good, but I fancy it adds nothing to what African niggers have already said as well, if not better. Amongst Mr. Staite Murray's stoneware pottery the "Blue Bowl" is the loveliest, and the bottle called "Golden" is strangely, but to me not quite pleasingly, fascinating; it looks as if it were mortal clay bursting to be incarnated.

THE PASTEL SOCIETY AND THE PENCIL SOCIETY AT THE NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES

Those societies which proclaim themselves devoted to the cult of a medium should have definite views about the right and the wrong way of handling it, not only in theory, but in practice; and the right way to handle a medium is to use it according to its nature. Pastel is a soft chalk; it is dry and brittle; it can be manipulated so as to draw lines as well as tones; it possesses a "bloom" foreign to other media. Undoubtedly, therefore, Mr. J. McLure Hamilton's "Portrait" is far and away the most characteristic demonstration of the medium in this exhibition and, in addition, in itself a very charming portrait. By the same token Mr. H. Butler's three flowerpieces, although attractive in themselves, are about the worst exposition of the medium as such; they appear to have been painted with a liquid. Mr. Terrick Williams' handling of the landscape in his four pictures suits his hand, and rather proves that pastel and not oil or water-colour is his true medium; but too many of the other exhibitors treat their pastels like oil without gaining anything from its natural bloom, brilliance, or richness.

Ignoring the medium and judging the exhibits on their merits, it must be said that it continues to make its dull, but honest, impression. Amongst the best work may be mentioned Mr. David Richter's "Potters' Market," Mrs. Eastlake's lively "Girl's Head," Mr. Duff's sympathetic sheep studies, "March" and "In the Fold," Miss Helen Bedford's straightforward portrait drawings, Mr. Redworth's very elaborated "Staithes," Mrs. Sutro's "The Convent Walls," Miss Florence Small's cartoon "Francesca da Rimini," Burne-Jones-like though it be,

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Mr. Luard's "Lone Duck," Mr. Alfred Palmer's colourful "Drakensberg," and Mrs. Laura Anning Bell's excellent portrait drawing "Mrs. Bonus." Nevertheless it is such work as Mr. Spurrier's studies and Mr. Hope Read's humorous "impertinences" which make one feel that there is still "a certain liveliness," if not in the Society, at least in some few of its members.

WALTER GREAVES (PUPIL OF WHISTLER) MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY

It is meet that the Goupil Gallery should hold this Memorial Exhibition of the late Walter Greaves's work, since it was through the proprietor of the Goupil Gallery, W. S. Marchant, now, unfortunately, also deceased, that this "pupil and friend of Whistler" made his name. Time plays curious tricks with reputations: Whistler's is on the down-grade, for the moment, and serious attempts have been made to establish his pupil amongst the "masters."

Walter Greaves was never a master nor can he be taken very seriously as an artist. He had what one might call the "documentative" outlook of the child, and might, if Whistler had never crossed his path, have eventually become a painter of distinction. But Whistler's influence began before the pupil was able to digest that "master's" teaching.

Incidentally there seems to be something wrong about the chronology of this apprenticeship.

If, as he himself says, he made Whistler's acquaintance "in the late 'fifties," and if he painted, as he also says, the "Hammersmith Bridge on Boatrice Day" (now in the Tate Gallery) before he made Whistler's acquaintance, then he must have been about twelve when he painted that picture, and not, as he says, about sixteen, for, according to his own statement, he was born in 1846.

But however that may be, Whistler's influence, whenever it first occurred, came too soon.

In this exhibition one has plentiful evidence of the fact. One sees how anxious the pupil was to conceal his natural instinct for the plain statement of simple facts under an atmospheric veil of Whistlerian sentimental impressionism.

Fundamentally both he and his master remained amateurs; only Greaves's amateurishness is more evident because he committed himself more to plain statement, and because he had not what the other possessed in so high a degree—natural taste. Nevertheless, Greaves's "Carlyle" as a statement of facts is infinitely preferable to his master's "arrangement" of the same sitter. You can tell Carlyle's temperament from his boots, which Whistler hid. And left alone to his own devices—as in such scenes as "Lawrence Street, Chelsea," "Old Battersea Bridge," "Battersea Reach," "Greaves's Landing Stage, Chelsea Reach," "Cheyne Walk, Old Chelsea" (the last the joint work of the two brothers)—Greaves produces good honest stuff of considerable associative interest, which also distinguishes the watercolours, "The Fountain, Cremorne Gardens," "Approach to Bridge," and others.

His work is most painful where "the master" is most *en évidence*, as in "Interior of Studio" or "Almond Blossom on the Embankment" or "The Balcony," where, however, the foliage gave the pupil at least something to "hang on to."

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER WOOD'S PICTURES AT THE WERTHEIM GALLERY

Ten of the late Christopher Wood's pictures are in the "Seven and Five" show which will be closed by the time these lines appear in print, when another exhibition of this artist's work will just have opened at the Wertheim Gallery. Christopher Wood died prematurely in his thirtieth year. He was, I believe, "discovered" by Mr. Augustus John, and his pictures like those of the other "Seven and Five" at first made an impression of sophisticated childishness. It seemed difficult to take his rather heavy colour and childlike drawing seriously. But there are pictures, both in the Leicester Gallery and here in the Wertheim Gallery, which not only show that he was seeking expression for something worth saying, but also that he was finding that this "something" was not to be so simply uttered. His recent pictures are much more subtle and complex. Like that of most of his fellows of the "Seven and Five," his work is not to be understood in terms of Nature imitation; it is carried a stage further. There is a kind of psychological overtone in it, as for example in the black-and-white "Ponies" seen against a blue sea, in the Leicester Gallery show, or in the "Yellow Horse" and the "Yellow Man" in the Wertheim Gallery. Christopher Wood was what I suppose one would call "a good colourist"; he had, indeed, a true sense of rather gloomy colour; but he was more than that; he understood what "design" means, and in addition he could create along with a sense of the third even that of the fourth dimension. In the Wertheim Gallery one may see his progress from his earliest work and the naturalistic "Innkeeper," through the Rousseauish "Sloop Inn" and the Matisse-like "Woman with Dogs" to such fine harmonies of design and colour as the shipping pieces, notably the "P.Z. 134" or "Ship in Port" (see colour plate facing page 134).

It is a great pity that Christopher Wood was not allowed to have his full say in this world.

SHORTER NOTICES

The *Beaux Arts Gallery's* exhibition of paintings by O. Coubine and P. E. Gernez during the month of February should prove a great attraction. It was not open at the time of going to press, so a notice of the actual exhibits is not possible, but Coubine is already famous in Paris, and Gernez is fast making his name. The *Beaux Arts Gallery* have shown the latter's work upon occasion. The combination of these two artists is interesting since there is between them a similarity but also a great difference. Both artists are in opposition to abstract cubistic, surrealist expression in art, though Coubine has passed through many phases from Impressionism to Fauvism and Cubism. He has now arrived at a style which may be called sculptural or monumental, whilst Gernez's manner is distinctly calligraphic, not unlike Boudin's. Both artists paint landscapes and flowerpieces and comparison between their different conceptions adds a further interest to the show. Gernez excels in pastel and in watercolour, the latter a rather unusual accomplishment for a Frenchman. Coubine's "L'Écolière," which is reproduced on the opposite page,

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gives an idea of his figure-painting, but it is doubtless his landscapes, quiet and dignified, which will make the greatest appeal to the English public.

The *Twenty-one Gallery* have brought together a number of predominatingly, though not entirely, French lithographs. They belong for the most part to what Aloysius Horn would call "The Earlies," and include Fantin Latour, Odilon Redon, Albert Moreau, R. Bresdin, Gavarni, Gauguin, Steinlen, Vuillard, but also Utrillo, Jean Marchand, Maillol, and Marie Laurencin.

There is no doubt that the earlier men, such as Isabey, Gavarni, Willette, and Fantin understood and exploited the medium far better than the moderns, got every ounce of gradation out of their black chalk, but, on the other hand, they sacrificed directness, and here, as elsewhere, one cannot make technical questions the test. Odilon Redon's "Yeux clos" is a head entirely in grey; Bresdin's "La Cascade" is scraped out of black; Asselin's "Maternity" is done with the brush; Steinlen's "Cat" is done in colours; Gauguin's "Tahitian Study" is done "anyhow," but it is not the technique that signifies, for which reason one appreciates Lepère's "The Fair," which has crept into this show of lithographs because it looks like one, and not like the woodcut it is. On the whole I should choose Bresdin's "Intérieur Flamand," Legros's "Self-Portrait," Utrillo's "Moulin de la Galette" (in colours), Gavarni's "La Croix de Jésus," and Steinlen's "Crèche du XVI Arrondissement" for myself, and one could not imagine greater contrasts.



BOUQUET DE FLEURS

Pastel by P. E. Gernez

At the Beaux Arts Gallery



L'ÉCOLIÈRE

By O. Coubine

At the Beaux Arts Gallery

Monsieur René Le Plat's Mediterranean landscapes at the *Goupil Gallery* possess two attractive qualities: they are sunny and full of positive colour. They are also simple, but with a simplicity that in oil-painting is wasteful, inasmuch as that medium is capable of greater complexity. As it is, the artist has to rely on the accidents of natural form—if buildings may so be called—to make his designs tell. Where their cubes and their pattern of light and shade compel the artist to greater variety of design he is consequently most successful, and the absence of "texture" is not felt. Hence "Gravedona, Lago di Como: Morning," and the same subject, "Afternoon," are considerably more interesting than many of the others; but "Mentone, Provence," and "Varenne, Lago di Como: Morning," are also worthy of special mention.

One must be still furiously angry with the last decade of the nineteenth and the first one of the twentieth century in order to appreciate the paintings by *Vivin* at the *Wertheim Gallery*. They are most charmingly unsophisticated, artless, childlike, what you will, but nothing but profound disgust with meretricious technique can, or ought, to blind one to the fact that they have nothing whatever to do with adult art. Henri Rousseau by comparison a sophisticated technician.

At *Messrs. Leger's Gallery* in Bond Street there is a show of pictures by *British Artists* which proves that even "bad times" cannot suppress the vitality of British art. The exhibition is not by any means "advanced" but neither is it old-fashioned. It is not possible to enter into a detailed notice, more especially as these lines have had to be written before the exhibition was complete, but amongst the more notable achievements are two very pleasantly calm landscapes by Mr. D. Turner, entitled "The Chilterns" and "Hampstead Heath"; "Old Stockham" by Mr. Charles Cundall; a sunny "Ruined Buildings near Martigues" by Arnold Mason; a sparkling "Bormes-les-Mimosas" by Miss Beatrice Bland. Miss Fairlie Harmer appears with her delicately painted "Chelsea Figures" in a new rôle as a still-life painter; Mr. George Bissile has introduced into his "Kirk Hallam Farm, Derbyshire" a rollicking farm labourer,

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as a deliberately humorous note, one supposes; and Mr. John Luke, who is, I hear, still a student, appears in his "Saturday Night" distinctly promising. Miss Estelle Rice seems once more to have taken up her brushes, and in the "Garden of the Grande Vatel, Cap d'Antibes" her fine sense of colour is more noticeable than in the watercolour painting, which however is more "modern."

There are vigorous paintings by Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. William Townsend, and Mr. B. Wymer.

"The New Year Group" at The French Gallery consisting of Mr. Alfred Hayward, Mr. C. Brooke Farrar, Mr. Van Hengelaar, Mr. Henry Bishop, Mr. J. B. Manson and Miss Nadia Benois, has again put up a very good show.

Miss Benois's flowerpiece "Autumn" is exceedingly splendid—it looks as if it ought to decorate the dining-room of a wealthy man; whilst in her other paintings she has a more restrained palette in the black and grey key. Her technique, in her figure subject "Diana and Actaeon" particularly, does, however, incline to be impressionistically "woolly," a defect which she to a certain extent counteracts by the bigness of her forms. This impressionistic indefiniteness is, of course, more pronounced in Mr. Hayward's work, though not in the charming portrait. He compensates for this atmospheric indefiniteness by the subtlety and tenderness of colours. Firm and resolute with a clear design is Mr. Brooke Farrar's painting. Amongst his landscapes are many of very great attraction, coherent, and with a fine feeling for recession, and also for local feeling as in the endless Bapaume-like "Road to Alicante." "Street in a Spanish Village" and "Station in Spain" are amongst several others of equal attraction. Only in "Landscape near Paris" or "Le Pont du Chemin de Fer" his liking for little notes of very positive colour tend to irrelevance. Mr. Van Hengelaar's flowerpieces are distinguished by an original sense of design—he paints single blooms, brilliant against a dark setting. In some, as for example "Orchid Plant" and "White Orchid in a black vase" there is a psychical overtone. Mr. Henry Bishop's paintings are as good as ever in their silvery pink orchestration—as a matter of fact it is when he avoids green that he is most convincing and happy, notably in the view of "Tetuan."

There are also some good pictures by the new director of the Tate Gallery. His painting is a kind of intermediary stage between the definition of Mr. Farrar and the elusiveness of Mr. Hayward. "Freshening Breeze—St. Briac," "The Hotel Garden—St. Briac," and the "Pink Roses" matched cleverly by the shot colours of the tablecloth, are amongst the best things in his show.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons announce an exhibition of paintings on glass by Valentine Prax, the wife of Ossip Zadkine, the sculptor. It is to take place from February 18 to March 7.

As we go to press we are informed of an important exhibition of sporting pictures which is to be held at the house of Viscountess Allendale, 144 Piccadilly, for a fortnight from February 6.

Pictures by the best known masters of sporting paintings are being lent by the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Durham, the Jockey Club, and

many other collectors. The exhibition is being held in aid of the London Foot Hospital.



EARL SONDES AND HIS BROTHER MR. R. WATSON
AT ROCKING CASTLE

By Ben Marshall

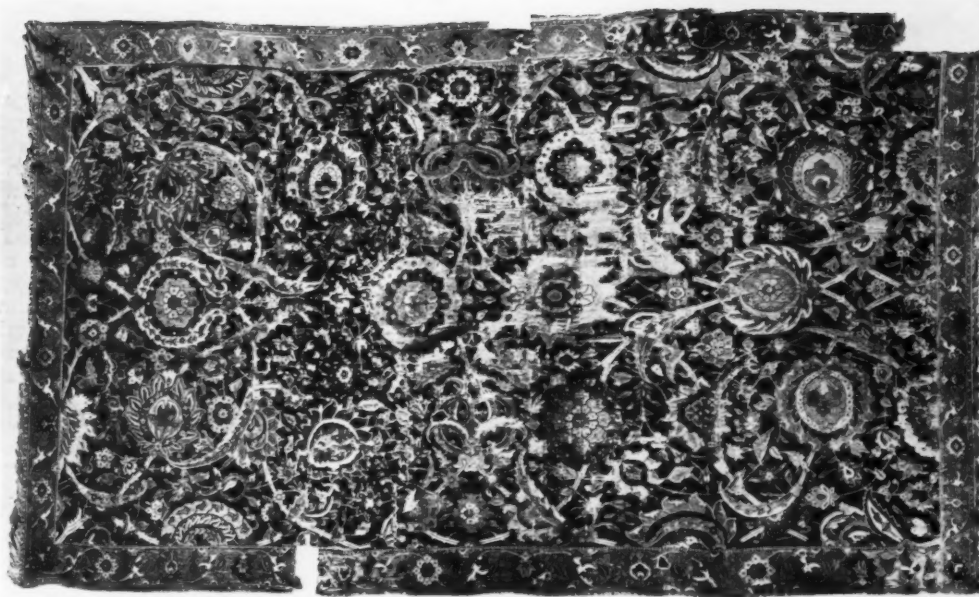
Lent to Viscountess Allendale's exhibition by Lt.-Col. Seymour

I note with regret the death of Giovanni Boldini. He was one of the gods of my youth. I worshipped his art which was only second to that of Sargent. He painted with such *verve*, with such elegance, beautiful women in satins—Lady Colin Campbell, for instance; and who, if he was a youth scarcely out of his teens, would not admire her?—and children with long limbs in silk stockings. It was all so *chic*. And now he has died at the age of 88—and *chic* is the one cardinal sin in the eyes of the modern painter. But *on revient toujours*—it was not great art, perhaps it was not true art, but at least it was not morbid, not depressing.

Amongst the public lectures arranged by University College during the second term of the session 1930-31, the following are likely to be of special interest to our readers. On February 25, a public lecture on "English Medieval Art, with special reference to Illuminated Manuscripts," by Mr. Philip B. James; on February 26, a public lecture on "The Renaissance in Ferrara," by Professor Edmund G. Gardner, F.B.A.; on March 5, a public lecture in Italian on "Pisa," by Dr. Camillo Pellizzi; on March 9, first public lecture of a course of three on "The Family of Bellini," by Mr. E. K. Waterhouse, of the National Gallery; on March 12, a public lecture in Italian on "Pompeii," by Dr. A. M. Bassani.

All these lectures have lantern illustrations.

At the London Schools Guild of Arts and Crafts Mr. Henry G. Dowling, F.R.S.A., the chief decorative adviser to John Line & Sons, gave an interesting lecture, "An International Survey of Arts and Crafts," on January 5. Mr. Dowling's chief point was a demand for "an inquiry that will set in motion forces that will enable English Industrial Art to be a controlling economic feature."



ISFAHAN CARPET

Early fifteenth century

At Messrs. Jekyll's Galleries

PERSIAN AND OTHER CARPETS AND RUGS OF THE SIXTEENTH TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AT THE JEKYLL GALLERIES, 74 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

It was a happy idea on the part of Messrs. Jekyll to make their exhibition of sixteenth to eighteenth-century carpets synchronize with the great exhibition of Persian Art which is now attracting thousands of art lovers to Burlington House, for their galleries at 74 South Audley Street are within easy walking distance of Piccadilly for those lovers of the art of the Near East whose appetites have not been satisfied by what is undoubtedly the most remarkable display of the art of Persia that has ever been held.

Though limited in scope—the catalogue contains only thirty-five items—the majority of the exhibits are marked by distinctive features which give them an appeal to both the student and the lover of harmonious colour schemes.

Chief in the Persian section is a so-called Polonaise carpet in silk with gold and silver thread. It is carpets such as this that were in the early seventeenth century given to foreign courts by the Shah and which even now arouse debate as to their exact place of origin.

This particular carpet, which measures 6 ft. 6½ in. by 4 ft. 7 in., is undoubtedly one of the earliest of this group of the small category of "Polonaise" carpets and its state of preservation is unusually good.

Its central medallion ornamentation and scroll work which are strictly of a Persian type of the Isfahan Court

looms, place it in a well-marked class. With a field largely composed of finely woven gold and silver thread its chief glory lies in its small areas of soft but brilliant colours of peach bloom, fawn, topaz, and deep rich blues shading off to a delicate blue of a butterfly's wing, the whole enclosed in a border of a repeated graceful design on a shimmering ground of silver and green.

This, like most other so-called Polonaise rugs, has aroused discussion amongst experts in both London and Paris as to the period to which it belongs; and, basing their decision on the state of preservation of the metal and silk and the character of the weaving and design, opinions are almost unanimous in placing it amongst those woven between the last half of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Another noticeable exhibit is a sixteenth-century floral medallion carpet, the central medallion in old rose, ivory, and gold on a ground of deep blue richly covered with a profusion of lotus flowers, leaves, and blossoms set in intricate patterns.

This carpet is important not only for its obvious beauty but also for the close resemblance of the ornamentation of the main field to that of the Ardebil carpet. The colours are similar, many of the botanical details are identical, and though the carpet is smaller, later, and simpler, it is so near in style that it appears



TRANSYLVANIAN PRAYER RUG

Early seventeenth century

to be a continuation of the same tradition rather than a copy.

Two fine seventeenth-century Indo-Isfahan carpets, Nos. 7 and 12, call for notice, the first with foliage sprays and palm leaves in gold, green, ivory, and blue on a ruby-red field, and the other with an old rose field with cartouches in bottle green sprays of foliage and palm leaves.

An even finer example of the Persian weavers' art, displaying an almost perfect balance of drawing and colour, is an Isfahan carpet of the end of the fifteenth century. Its foliage design has a remarkable similarity to that in Plate 62 of Martin's "History of Oriental Carpets before 1800" and goes far towards justifying the date to

which it is attributed in the catalogue.

In the Caucasian section are several fine Armenian carpets and a rug, one of the most rare pieces of the Karabagh family ever seen. On a turquoise blue ground are two medallions in rich wine colour, inset with green and ivory decoration, with a design including two lions, six doves, four dogs, and two goats.

Though by no means the most costly, one of the most delightful of the Armenian carpets is one with an old red field with four star-shaped medallions with palmette-leaf design and branches in aubergine, bottle green, and old gold. There are four border stripes, the main stripe consisting of a design of red branches with star-shaped flowers in various colours, the inner stripe repeated "S" figures in red and blue on old gold, and the second and outer stripes a repeated trefoil design in corrosive brown on blue.

In the Asia Minor group are several fine Ouchak examples. None, of course, can compare with the Tamerlane carpet exhibited at Messrs. Jekyll's galleries last year, but there is one with a white field which takes high rank amongst the carpets of this class.

The white field is strewn with archaic birds, foliage, and flowers in mellowed red, old gold, rich blue, and green, with a border stripe with conventional shield design and flowers in mellowed red, green, and blue on ivory.

Equally fine is another Ouchak carpet with a rich blue field with mellowed red medallion bordered with half medallions in light blues and foliage in old gold. The two border stripes consist of floral and foliage design in blues and gold on mellowed red.

Almost every item in this interesting exhibition is worthy of separate mention, though the beauty of some, as is so often the case with Oriental rugs and carpets, not apparent at first, only reveals itself after close scrutiny.

There is in fact little beauty in the average product of the Eastern weaver evident from a hasty survey. A glance is not sufficient, for only by a lengthy examination is one able to appreciate the superlative excellence of the Eastern appreciation of the harmonious blending of perfect line and restrained colour.

W. G. M.

THE LURISTAN BRONZES*

By VLADIMIR MINORSKY

AN outstanding feature of the Exhibition of Persian Art are the so-called "Luristan bronzes," but the visitors who admire them feel somewhat annoyed by the silence of the catalogue as to the date and origin of these beautiful antiquities.

This reticence is no one's fault. The Luristan bronzes, of which only isolated and unidentified specimens existed in some museums, began to come to light in great numbers only since the early part of 1930. And if the importance of these finds—tantamount to a discovery of an unknown centre of civilization—has been immediately realized by the scholars, only external archaeological comparisons have been made until now between the Luristan bronzes and objects of similar description hailing sometimes from such remote localities as the ancient Scythia.

Archæological data, unfortunately unaccompanied by any written evidence, need certainly a long preliminary study. The object, therefore, of the present article is to throw some light on the bronzes chiefly from the geographical and historical points of view.

The discoveries have been made in the region of the plains which stretch across the northern part of the little-known Persian province of Luristan, east of the River Kerkha, of which the sources come from the neighbourhood of Kermanshah and Hamadan and which, in its lower course, fringes the famous Susa. The latter is separated from the plains in question by a very mountainous tract of land of Central Luristan. The sites of the finds, according chiefly to Mr. A. U. Pope's indications in the "Illustrated London News," extend from west to east in the plains of Khava, Alishtar and perhaps Khurramabad.

The objects found in this region reflect a complete field of civilization. One can see in the vitrines of the Exhibition arms, vessels, ornaments, ritual objects with representation of gods, etc. The term "Luristan bronzes" falls far short of completeness because the finds comprise objects in other metals (iron, speculum) and pottery.

One conspicuous trait characterizes the finds from Luristan: their appurtenance to a horse-breeding people, and a people who used horses not only for riding but also for driving. Along with beautiful bits ornamented

with cheek-pieces representing animals, one finds objects which evidently belonged to chariots.

Sir H. Rawlinson—whose testimony is especially valuable as being entirely independent from our subject—with his usual insight had already recognized "in the rich and extensive grazing grounds of Khava and Alishtar," which he was the first to visit, "the plains called Nisaeen." The locality Nisaia, situated in Media, was famous for the breed of its horses. According to Herodotus (vii, 40) the King Xerxes' personal chariot was driven by Nisaeen horses. Diodorus (xvii, 110) says that Alexander, deflecting his course from the direct road to Bagistane (Bisutun), spent thirty days in the locality, where 160,000 horses used to pasture in the days of old. Strabo (xi, 13) also refers to the plain in Media called Hippobotos, supposed to be the home of the Nisaeen horses. The Greek Nisaia exactly corresponds to the name of the Median locality, Nisāya, which is found in Darius's great inscription: the impostor Gaumata was killed in the fortress Sikayahuvatish, situated in that region. This point may correspond to the ruined city of Alishtar, where particularly numerous bronzes have been found.

One penetrates to Alishtar from Harsin (south of Bisutun), where some sculptures on the rocks were found. These monuments, according to Professor Herzfeld's suggestion, are of Median epoch. As Harsin is on the direct route, Bisutun—Khava—Khurramabad, one should not be astonished if the monuments and objects found in that region (or at least some of them) belonged to the same epoch. We should have then, in the Luristan bronzes, which are coming to light in such profusion, remains of the art of the Median epoch about which until now we have known so very little. Their date could be then about the tenth to seventh century B.C.

On the other hand, should the purely archæological evidence of the objects suggest an earlier dating, we ought to look for the autochthonous population that had inhabited Northern Luristan before the Medians. In that case we should hardly be able to disregard the powerful people of the Kassites or Kossaeans (in Babylonian *Kashshu*, in Greek *Kossaioi*), established since time immemorial in the region, roughly speaking, between Susa and Ecbatana.

The name of these rude mountaineers is first mentioned just before 2000 B.C. Two hundred and fifty years later they conquered Babylon where their dynasty ruled from 1760 to 1180 B.C. After a gap of 700–800 years we still hear that the Achæmenid Kings at the time of their

* This article, with slight additions, is a paper read by the author at the Congress of Persian Art, Burlington House, January 5, 1931.

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autumnal passage from Ecbatana to Babylon used to send presents to the Kassites (Strabo, xi, 13). In the winter of 324-3 B.C. Alexander the Great subdued the Kossaeans, but already in 317 Eumenes met terrible difficulties in their country, as he tried to cross it without previous agreement with their chiefs (Diodorus, xix). The memory of the Kassites (Kashshu) survives, as I believe, in the name of the River Kashgan, which flows to Kerkha precisely from the region where the discovery of bronzes has been made. Their physical type may be still preserved by the Lurs who, speaking now a dialect closely akin to Persian, have a peculiar appearance with their long beards, emaciated faces, and strange profiles.*

As we know of no other important ancient people in these regions, the bronzes must be either Kassite or Median, or perhaps a mixture of the two, as Nisāya was a frontier region where a long series of struggles must have preceded the final establishment of the Medians.

But even before the beginning of Median history some Indo-European (non-Iranian or pre-Iranian) elements had penetrated to the Kassites. They were, perhaps, small parties of adventurers similar to those who trained the horses of the Hittites. The fact is that in the small glossary of Kassite words with Babylonian translation, edited by Delitzsch, the majority are unlike any other ancient language, but some bear a striking resemblance to Indo-European, or more precisely Indian. We can

now better appreciate the importance of such phenomena when we know of Indian equestrian terms inserted in the Hittite texts from the archives of Boghaz-Köy. The Kassite sun-god's name is, for example, "Shuryash"—to be compared with Sanskrit "sūrya," sun.

Babylonians called the horse "ass of the Eastern hills," and it was long supposed that the Kassites were the people who introduced the horse to Mesopotamia and the West. This theory seems to have lost much of its credit, but it will be well worth reconsidering in the light of the evidence furnished by the Luristan bronzes.

One objection to the attribution of these objects to the Kassites is the fact that they were a powerful, but rude, people living in caves and feeding on acorns (still favourite food of the Lurs!), fungi, and the salted meat of wild animals, but such characteristics due to Diodorus (xvii, 111) may be of later times when the Iranians had ousted the Kassites from the plains. Anyhow, a people whose princes were for five hundred years masters of Babylon could not remain outside the pale of civilization.

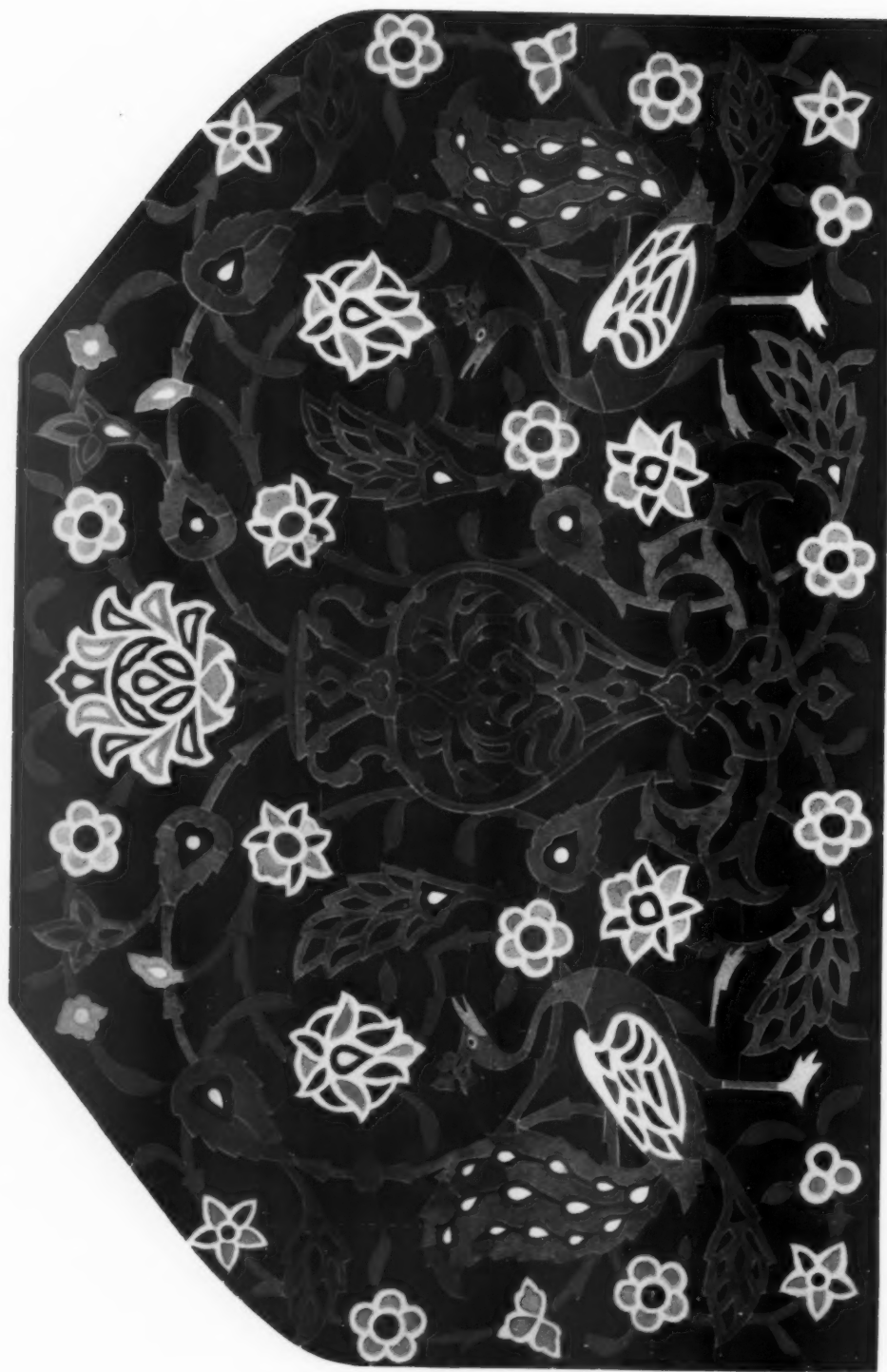
To resume: geographically, the equestrian relics of Northern Luristan give a new weight to the Greek reports of the plains of Nisāia. Historically, we may expect to find in these artistic objects, probably belonging to different epochs, a threefold influence: of early Indo-European infiltrations, of local Kassite culture, mingled with the elements borrowed from Babylon, and of later Median art.

* See V. Minorsky, "Luristan" in *Encyc. of Islam*, ii, 1928.



SKETCH OF NORTHERN LURISTAN

MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS
BOSTON



PANEL IN MOSAIC FAIENCE IN THE MOSQUE OF SHEIKH SAFI AT ARDABIL

Drawn by B. Schultz

THE HOLY SHRINE OF ARDABIL

By FRIEDRICH SARRE



FIG. IV.
MAUSOLEUM
OF THE
SAINT,
INTERIOR

SOME of the most remarkable treasures in the International Exhibition of Persian Art in London are the valuable objects lent by the Persian Government from the sacred shrines of Ardabil, Gum, and Mashhad, including carpets, woven textiles, embroideries, manuscripts, and inlaid metalwork.

Not only were these objects, taken from the treasuries of the shrines, hitherto almost unknown, but so were the mosques themselves; for they are closed to the non-Moslem, and few Europeans have been allowed to enter them. It may therefore be of some interest to give a short description of one of these shrines, the Mosque of Ardabil.

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Ardabil is situated in the north-west province of Persia, Azerbaijan, between the principal town Tabriz and the Caspian coast. The tomb-mosque of Sheikh Safi (1334), the ancestor, and of Shah Ismail (1524), the founder of the Safavid Dynasty, remains to this day a place of pilgrimage much frequented by the Shi'ite population of Persia. It was only

Even in these days of decadence, a rare charm surrounds the Mosque of Ardabil, with its many reminiscences of the Safavid Dynasty (1501-1736), which gave the country power and brilliance after centuries of impotence. There is scarcely another place in Persia where the coloured wall decoration in the courts in the large group of buildings, executed in

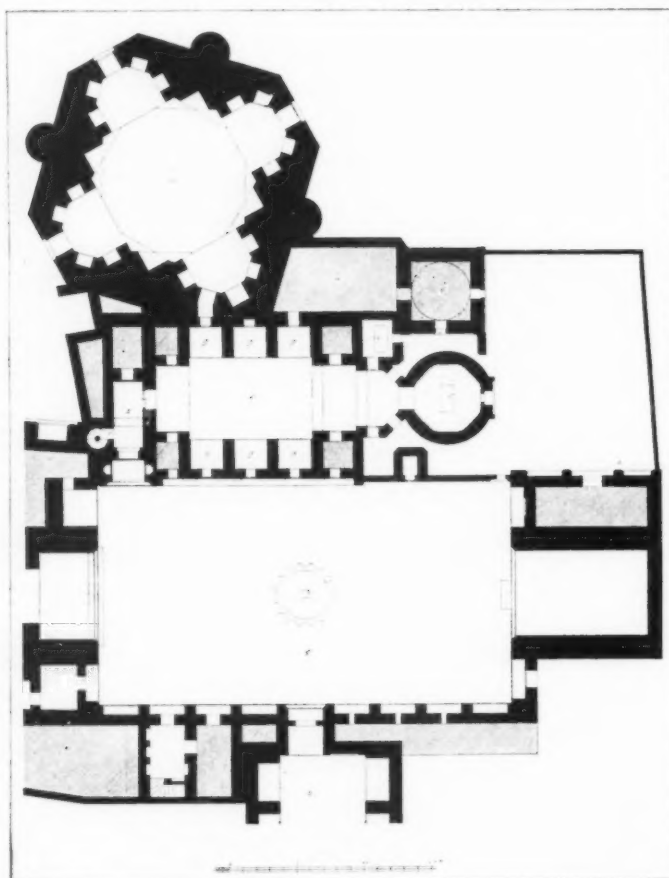


FIG. I.
GROUND PLAN
OF THE MOSQUE
OF SHEIKH
SAFI AT
ARDABIL

thanks to the recommendation of the Russian Consul in Tabriz that the priesthood of Ardabil allowed me and my travelling companion, Professor Bruno Schulz, to examine the mosque in the course of several days, and to take photographs—a rare privilege, considering the religious importance of the place, and due, ultimately, to the influential position occupied at that time by the Russian Empire in relation to Persia, particularly in this frontier province of Azerbaijan.*

* Friedrich Sarre, *Ardabil, Grabmoschee des Scheich Safi*, Berlin, 1923; and *Denkmäler persischer Baukunst*, Berlin, 1910.

glowing mosaic faience, has found a richer and artistically more perfect application, and is in such a relatively good state of preservation, free from additions and restorations of later times.

We owe the first brief mention of the holy tombs at Ardabil to the English merchant, Anthony Jenkinson, who stopped there on October 16, 1562, on his way to Qasvin to the Court of Shāh Tahmāsp I. Jenkinson was to deliver a letter from Queen Elizabeth and open up trade relations with England. He mentions a beautiful mosque with the tomb of the king, who had had it built during his own lifetime.

The Holy Shrine of Ardabil

Then in the seventeenth century the well-known travellers, Pietro della Valle and Olearius, gave more detailed descriptions of Ardabil.

The shrine does not consist of a single

pointed arch with stalactites (Fig. V). The entire surface is covered with coloured mosaic faience composed of separate larger and smaller rectangular carpet-like ornamental



FIG. II.
ENTRANCE
TO PRAYER
CHAMBER

building, but of a group of different buildings surrounding a court, and destined to serve as mausoleums, mosques, a library with a collection of porcelain, offices, and dwellings for the rulers, priests, pilgrims, beggars, and refugees. The principal portal is of special interest, and consists of a deep niche surmounted by a

L 3

panels, each complete in itself (colour-plate). The centre of the plan is occupied by a rectangular court, and the mausoleum of Sheikh Safi is situated along one of its sides (Fig. I). As an example of planning, these buildings, dating from the sixteenth century, are unique, and cannot be equalled in the whole

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realm of Islamic culture. This refers not so much to the beehive-shaped mausoleum (*h*) as to the prayer chamber (*f*) in front of it; the long wall of this latter building facing the court has been developed as a palace façade. Consisting of several storeys, with a high portal (Fig. II) and two rows of windows, and terminating above with a projecting cornice, this façade does not conform to the spirit of Oriental, and particularly of Islamic, architecture. One is tempted to think of the influence of Italian Renaissance architecture. Yet all the details are purely Oriental, especially the rich employment of coloured faience tiles covering the entire portal, the window frames, and the stalactite cornice with pattern.

The exterior appearance of the tomb itself is that of a circular tower resting on a low stone base, and surmounted by a keel-shaped dome (Fig. III). The coloured tile decoration, which covers the entire surface of the mausoleum, is extraordinarily rich. It consists of a repeat pattern composed of light-blue glazed tiles placed diagonally, and bearing the word Allah in Kufic script.

The interior of the tomb, which is separated from the prayer chamber by a golden grille, is of the greatest interest (Fig. IV). The centre is occupied by a cubic wooden cenotaph, richly decorated with carved geometric patterns and ornamental borders with inscriptions, enriched with ivory inlay. The four upper corners are decorated with pear-shaped golden ornaments set with jewels, rubies, emeralds, etc. This magnificent sarcophagus is of Indian origin, a present from the Mogul Emperor Humayun (1530-50), who took refuge at the court of Shāh Tahmāsp I in 1543, and was entertained with great honour. Two low undecorated wooden shrines in front bear bronze candle-

sticks, but only one of these deserves notice as a piece of old artistically valuable work richly inlaid with silver (the so-called Mosul bronze of the fourteenth century). This candlestick is at the exhibition (No. 208), and was reproduced in *APOLLO*, January 1931.

Of unique significance is the domed building called *Chini Hane*, that is, porcelain house, which occupies the eastern corner of the mosque, and joins on to one corner of the

prayer chamber (*n*). The interior consists of a square-domed chamber with four niches. Below is a tile-covered base, then a corbel with flat concave fluting, which leads to a most unusual wall decoration consisting of pierced woodwork, forming variously shaped niches, which served to contain pieces of Chinese porcelain and follow the shapes of these vessels exactly (Fig. VI). The general effect at first sight is that of a very artistically arranged collector's cabinet or museum, and may be compared to a European porcelain cabinet of the eighteenth century. Though they now stand on the floor, the original position of the porcelain vessels in the corresponding niches leaves no doubt about the artistic intention—

the delight in the precious Chinese porcelain vessels—which must have determined the design; on the other hand, the vessels also served purely practical purposes, and were used for meals at court and on festive occasions, such as the reception of foreign ambassadors. This is no doubt the largest collection of Chinese porcelain to find its way out of the country in early times, apart from the collection in the Serail at Constantinople. Perhaps, as suggested by Mr. A. L. Hobson, this Chinese porcelain was sent to Ardabil as a present from the Chinese Emperor Wan Li (1573-1619), who is known to have sent similar presents to



FIG. III. PRAYER CHAMBER AND MAUSOLEUM

The Holy Shrine of Ardabil

the Mogul Emperor of India. Most of the vessels belong to the cobalt-blue underglaze painted Ming porcelain of the sixteenth to seventeenth century.

Another treasure of the Mosque of Ardabil is, or rather was, housed in this chamber; the famous library given by Abbas the Great, and

decorated with miniatures, copies of the *Shah-nameh*, and other historical work. They were splendid manuscripts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in beautiful gilt leather bindings, and one in massive gold covers particularly attracted our attention. Several of these valuable manuscripts have now been

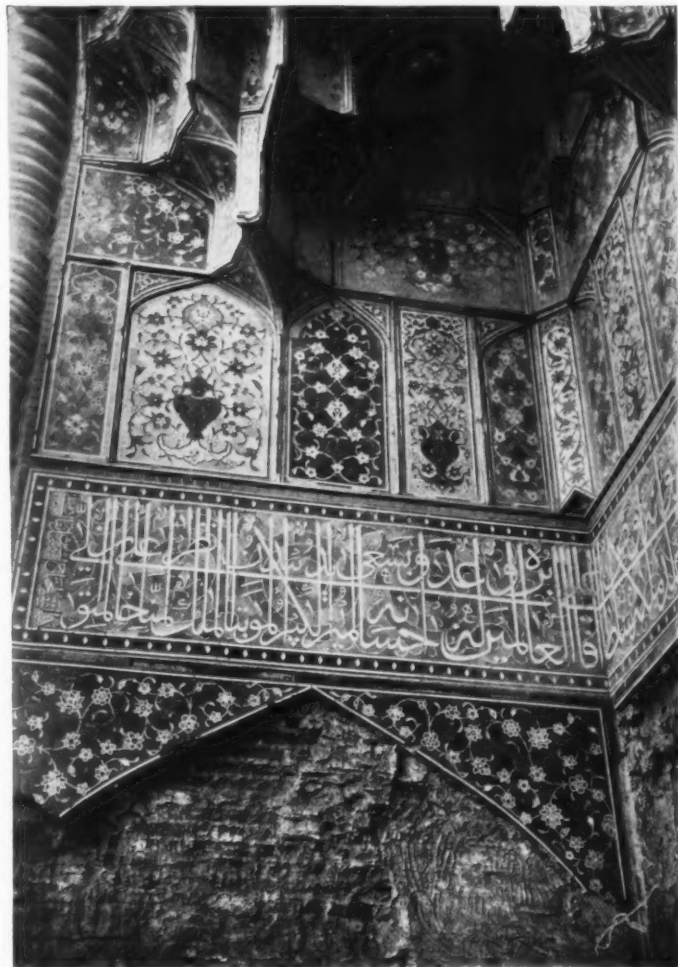


FIG. V.
UPPER PART OF
MAIN PORTAL,
FAIENCE
DECORATION

for the most part removed at the plundering of Ardabil by the Russians under General Paskievich in 1828, when 160 of the books were incorporated in the Imperial Library in St. Petersburg. The books used to be kept in small niches closed with wooden doors. At the time of our visit we were shown some fifty volumes, still preserved in these cupboards, Korans and secular manuscripts de-

sent to the exhibition in London (Cat. Nos. 120L, 126D, 142, 717, 720, 722C).

Besides the above-mentioned porcelain, library, lamps, and candlesticks of precious metal and glass, the Mosque of Ardabil contains among its treasures a number of fine carpets, some of them being used as floor coverings, others preserved in the treasuries. They came to the mosque as presents from



FIG. VI.
TREASURE
CHAMBER,
INTERIOR

princes and nobles who desired to express their reverence for the shrine in this way, a custom which is still in use in the great Shi'ite places of pilgrimage in Iraq and Persia.

Some of the hand-knotted and tapestry woven carpets and silk brocades are also exhibited (Cat. Nos. 100, 106, 129, 365, 378, 382, 518, 522, reproduced in *APOLLO*, January 1931, Figs. II, VIII). But the most important carpets were removed from Ardabil long ago.

One of the greatest masterpieces of Persian carpet knotting of the best period was executed for the mosque in 1539-40. Two versions of the same design were made; one of these is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum,* the other belongs to Sir Joseph Duveen, and may be admired in the Octagon Hall of the exhibition (Cat. No. 856).

* Sarre and Trinkwald, *Old Oriental Carpets II*, Vienna-Leipzig, 1929, plates 18-20.



FIG. V. A LONG SQUAB STOOL WITH SIX LEGS, ONE OF A PAIR

A MAHOGANY AND GILT SUITE AT LONGFORD CASTLE

By R. W. SYMONDS

A SUPERLATIVE suite of mahogany and gilt furniture composed of chairs, daybeds and stools, made in the eighteenth century for Longford Castle, Salisbury, where it has remained ever since, the property of the Earl of Radnor, is the subject of this article.

This suite consists of ten armchairs, two daybeds, eight four-legged stools, and two six-legged stools. The chairs, daybeds, and stools are identical as regards the high quality of their execution, and the carving on all three is enriched with gilding, but there is a variation in their design that suggests that they were not originally intended to be placed in one room or to form a complete suite. The seat-rails belonging to the chairs are decorated with a guilloche with a rosette, whilst the seat-rails on the daybeds and stools are ornamented with a Greek key. The decoration on the knees of the cabriole legs is also different. On the daybeds and stools the legs are decorated with a shell, whilst those on

the chairs have a design of acanthus foliage. Yet another difference is that the apron-piece to the stools and daybeds is different to that of the chairs. In the last-named the central feature of the apron-piece resembles a scutcheon which, from its design, suggests that they might be of a slightly later date than either the stools or daybeds.

Today the daybeds and stools furnish the long gallery at Longford Castle, and the set of chairs are in a room which opens out of it. It is more than probable that the suite was originally made to furnish these two apartments in this manner. This would account for the variation in the design of the legs and the ornament of the seat-rails which would not have been permitted if the chairs had been intended to stand beside the daybeds and stools. This, of course, is pure surmise, but the fact that the quality of the carving and the gilding is identical on the chairs, daybeds, and stools tends to prove that all three, if not actually made at the same time, were certainly



FIG. 1. AN ARMCHAIR, ONE OF A SET OF TEN, WITH CARVED ENRICHMENTS IN GILT.
THE COVERING OF GREEN CUT SILK VELVET IS ORIGINAL

A Mahogany and Gilt Suite at Longford Castle



FIG. II. A DETAIL OF THE ARMS SHOWING THE FINE EXECUTION OF THE LION'S HEAD

designed and executed by the same firm of chairmakers.

Another variation is that the chairs are upholstered with a green cut silk velvet, and the daybeds and stools in a green damask. Both coverings are unquestionably original, and this is further evidence that the furniture was meant to be placed in different rooms. Perhaps the green damask was chosen for the daybeds and stools because these pieces would require more material for their upholstery than the chairs, and the damask was less expensive than the cut velvet.

In the estate accounts at Longford there is an item for a quantity of green damask supplied by a Mr. Descaux on March 18 and April 5 in the year 1740 at 12s. a yard. This green damask is undoubtedly the material that was used for upholstering the daybeds and stools.

Unfortunately, although it is known today as the "William Kent Suite," there is no record as to who supplied or designed this suite of furniture. Judging, however, from the furniture that is actually known to have been designed by William Kent, Lord Radnor's suite has nothing in common with

his work.* Kent's chairs, according to the few examples illustrated in "Some Designs of Inigo Jones and Mr. William Kent," published by John Vardy in 1744, show a strongly marked architectural character, and in this respect differ from contemporary examples which follow the tradition of eighteenth-century design. This suite, with the finely carved massive lions' heads terminating the arms of the chairs, and the cabriole legs with lion-paw feet, has a far more traditional character than any of the furniture that can be attributed to Kent's design. Possibly it is called today the "William Kent Suite" because it is made of mahogany with gilt enrichments after the manner of furniture that has come to be associated with the name of Kent.

A coincidence is to be found in connection with the name "Kent" in the estate accounts for the year 1737, in which a number of items occur for painting and decoration carried out by a Mr. Kent. It is extremely unlikely that this Mr. Kent was William Kent the fashionable

* The apron-piece of the daybeds and stools is slightly reminiscent of Kent's characteristic design, but the resemblance is certainly not strong enough to denote his work, as the cabriole legs are far too traditional in character.



FIG. III. DETAIL OF BACK OF CHAIR SHOWING THE DESIGN OF THE EAGLES' HEADS

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architect and designer of interiors, particularly as in the accounts of January 4, 1746, there is an entry which reads, "W. Kent, for a salmon 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs." There is no record in William Kent's long list of activities as architect, interior decorator, designer of furniture, gardens, and ladies' dresses that he was also a fishmonger.

masks on the arms are of an unusually bold and heavy type and yet do not in any way appear out of scale with the chair.

A very unusual feature is the open-worked guilloche and rosette band decorating the two uprights to the back and seat rails. These bands of ornament must have been fixed after the upholstering fabric had been applied,



FIG. IV. A MAHOGANY AND GILT DAYBED, ONE OF A PAIR

The fact that in the estate accounts for the year 1737 there are these items for the redecoration of Longford Castle, and that the green damask for the chairs and daybeds was bought in 1740, would seem to be conclusive proof that this new suite of furniture was supplied to the order of Lord Radnor's ancestor between these dates.

The rich and sumptuous design of the armchairs is emphasized by their very large size. This is especially noticeable when they are compared with the ordinary contemporary armchair with upholstered back. The lion

as the green velvet shows through the perforations of the design. The eagles' heads terminating the cresting on the chairs is also most unusual. The stools, or squab stools as they are sometimes called in old inventories, were unusual pieces of furniture for a chair-maker to make in the period of 1740. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries these stools were made to stand in the long galleries of large mansions; there are a number at Ham House dating from the late seventeenth century.

The daybed is also an unusual piece to

A Mahogany and Gilt Suite at Longford Castle

find as late as 1740 as, judging from the few examples extant, it would appear to have gone out of fashion in the reign of Queen Anne. The reason why the squab stool and daybed ceased to be made early in the eighteenth century is undoubtedly because houses were no longer planned with a long gallery, which was a typical feature of sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century mansions.

quality furniture and who employed the most highly skilled craftsmen. The gilding is oil, and not water. The reason for this is that in oil gilding the gold leaf is applied directly on to the wood, whereas in the case of the higher quality water-gilding it is necessary first of all to coat the wood with a gesso ground. But the fact that oil-gilding is employed on this suite is by no means detrimental to its quality,



FIG. VI. A FOUR-LEGGED SQUAB STOOL, ONE OF A SET OF EIGHT

In the case of Longford Castle, however, the long gallery having been redecorated in 1737, stools and daybeds suitable for its furnishing were ordered to be made after the current style, although such furniture properly belonged to the previous century.

The quality of the craftsmanship of the Longford Castle suite is of the very highest. The carving of the lions' heads is masterly in its execution and denotes the handiwork of a carver of the greatest skill. The same is also true of the eagles' heads. Unquestionably this suite of furniture must have been made by an important firm of chairmakers; a firm, too, who had had long experience in making fine

as it would not have been a successful undertaking to have coated the carved portions with gesso and left the plain surfaces in mahogany. The gesso ground would not have been able to withstand wear, and in time portions would have chipped off, and given the furniture a shabby appearance, whereas with oil-gilding applied direct on to the wood, there would be no question of this happening. In the case of furniture that is completely gilt and in which the whole surface of the wood is covered with gesso, water-gilding is a *sine qua non* of quality.

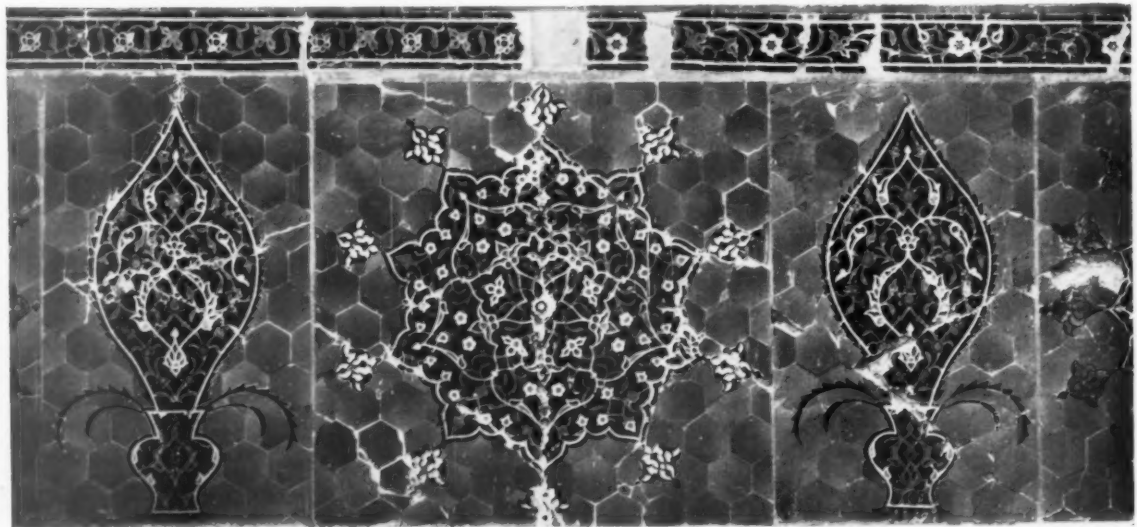
It is interesting to speculate on who could have been the maker of this important suite.

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It is safe to assume that the firm was not a provincial one. There would certainly have been no chairmaker at Salisbury in the eighteenth century of sufficient skill or experience to make furniture of this description. One can therefore presume that it was a London firm of chairmakers and probably one well known and patronized by the rank and fashion of the time. It could not have been Chippendale, as it is doubtful whether he was established in business at this date, as he was only twenty-two years of age. The fact that a suite of such superb quality as this was made prior to Chippendale's advent as a cabinet-maker in the eighteenth century, goes to prove how exaggerated are the grounds for his posthumous reputation. Although it has not as yet been possible to identify the firm who made this suite, they must unquestionably have occupied as important a position in their day as that held by Chippendale in the years 1750-70. Their name has been lost to posterity because they never perpetuated it in print as Chippendale was clever enough to do. That a suite of furniture of such

outstanding craftsmanship should exist today and nothing be known of the firm who made it shows how limited our knowledge is of eighteenth-century cabinet makers.

Of those suites that have survived from the eighteenth century only one, in the writer's opinion, is comparable to this suite as regards size, importance and quality; that is the magnificent suite of chairs and settees covered in the original *petit point* needlework, with upholstered backs and cabriole legs decorated with lion masks, the property of Mr. Wythes, of Copped Hall. When one considers the lavish scale in which the wealthy nobility lived in the eighteenth century, and the number of fine houses possessed by them, each one of which must have contained a fine suite of furniture in the salon, it is surprising how few of such suites have survived intact today. Six chairs or a settee or a couple of stools is generally all that is left out of a suite that once comprised perhaps twenty pieces. It becomes apparent from this fact how extensive the destruction of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture has been.



PORTION OF A WALL IN MOSAIC FAIENCE; floral decoration on a turquoise ground of hexagonal tiles; from Central Persia, fifteenth century. (No. 370)

Lent by the Pennsylvania University Museum, Philadelphia

(See p. 162)



FIG. I. GENERAL VIEW OF THE VERĀMĪN MOSQUE (FROM THE NORTH WEST)

THE MOSQUE OF VERĀMĪN

Illustrated by B. Morosov

By VLADIMIR MINORSKY

ONLY through some adverse circumstances M. Morosov's name has not become known until now to wider circles of the lovers of Persian art.

M. Morosov, graduate of the Russian Academy of Arts, had a long experience of Moslem architecture in Turkestan, Transcaucasia, and Crimea before he happened to visit Persia in 1927.

Here he was struck by the grandeur of the cathedral mosque of Verāmin and, without any hesitation, decided not to leave it before he fully discovered the laws of its architectural harmony. He spent nine months among its ruins, living as a dervish, hardly seeing anything but his beloved ruins, and himself hardly understood by his occasional neighbours. When—alone, and without any appliances—he climbed on to the dome eighty

feet high, to disclose its secrets, the villagers gathered in a crowd below, eager to see the fall of the "crazy Firangi." But they did not reckon with the invisible wings of his enthusiasm!

Verāmin is now a desolate place. It is situated some twenty-five miles south-east of Tehran, in a still very fertile locality which supplies the Persian capital with grain. The great ancient centre of the whole region south of Elburz was Rayy which the ancient Greeks called Rhages. That great city was destroyed in A.D. 1220 during the Mongol invasion, and the seat of government was transferred to Verāmin which flourished till the fifteenth century. Later, the new capital, Tehran, which arose near the ruins of ancient Rayy, eclipsed its predecessors. The highway linking west with east, the historical "Khurāsān road,"

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also followed a more northern course nearer to the foot of the Elburz mountains. So Verāmīn, like so many other ancient places of Irān, fell into decay and no one took care of its magnificent buildings.

One still finds in Verāmīn a castle, a shrine

the main portal, 722 (A.D. 1322). It was built by one Hasan ibn Muhammad, commissioned by the last of the Mongol rulers of Persia, Abu-Sa'id Bahādur, who reigned from A.D. 1316 to 1335 and was the son of Uljaitu, the builder of

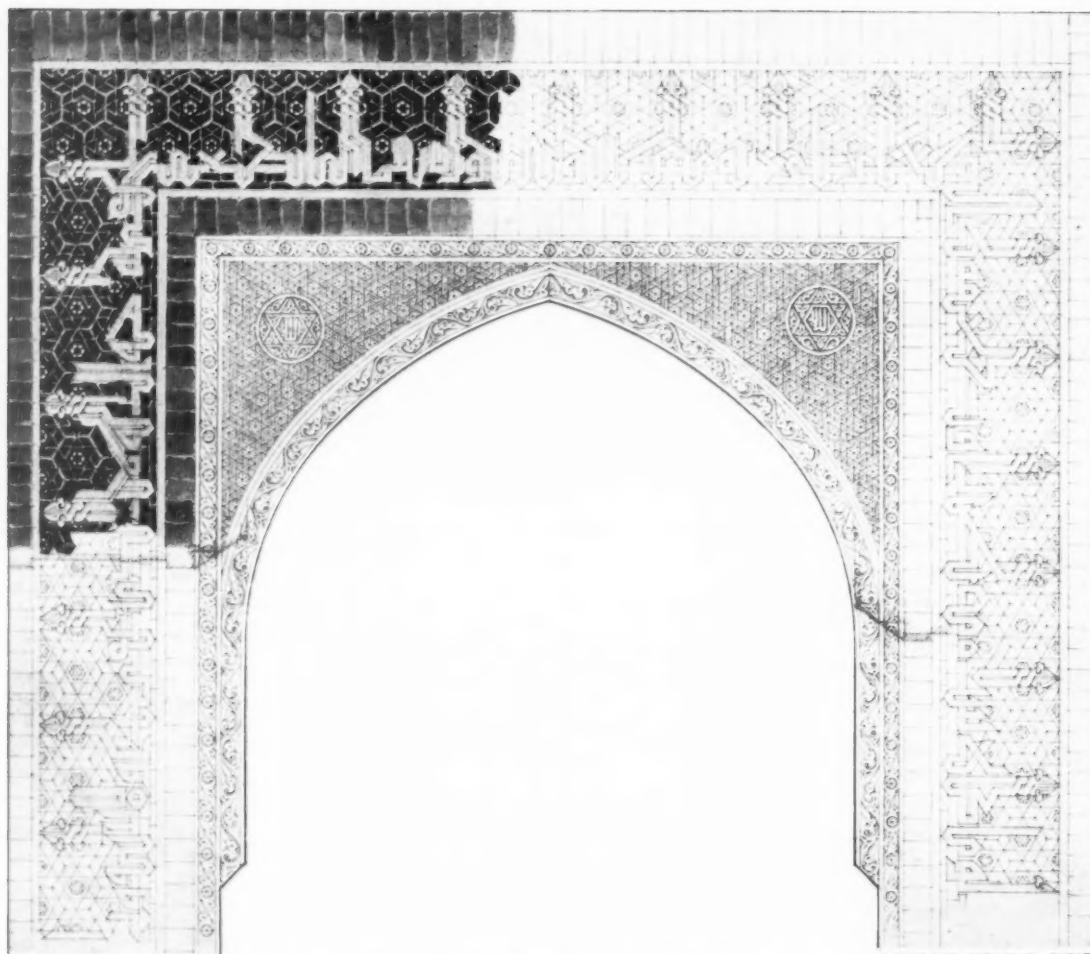


FIG. II. EASTERN NICHE OF THE VERĀMĪN MOSQUE

B. MOROSOV, VERAMINE, PERSE

(twelfth century), a funerary tower (twelfth-thirteenth century) and a cathedral mosque. The latter belongs to the number of the most remarkable constructions in Persia.

This imposing building covers an area of 66 by 43 metres and consists of a chief portal over the entrance, an interior court, and a domed mosque.

It is now generally admitted that the original date of the mosque is, as stated on

the famous mausoleum of Sultāniya, finished probably some ten years before the mosque of Verāmīn.

It is true that a second inscription on the portal of the mosque itself mentions the date 815 (A.D. 1412) and the name Yūsuf Khwāja, minister of Shāh Rukh, son of Tamerlane. Yet this second entry, made ninety years after the first, must bear only on some embellishments and decorations.

The Mosque of Verāmīn

The plan of the mosque, very simple and clear, shows that from the beginning (A.D. 1322) the construction was conceived as a unique whole.

The mosque was already known, thanks to the works of Hommaire de Hell and his companion the artist Laurents, of Dieulafoy, of Sarre and his assistant Schultz. Should, then, these predecessors' work diminish M. Morosov's initiative and merits? Nowise, because his achievements represent a different stage in our knowledge of architectural remains of Persia. Instead of the former general surveys of monuments, his study, strictly individualized in choice, has aimed at a deepened knowledge of a single building. No monument of Persia has yet been examined with such patience, thoroughness, and minuteness in all its details. It is enough to say that M. Morosov, who knows no Arabic, copied 77 yards of Arabic inscriptions with an accuracy which permits their decipherment without the slightest difficulty.

He measured, photographed, and copied all the remaining parts of the building and particularly investigated the technical methods of constructing Persian domes and arches, of brick-laying and of panelling of walls with tiles. All these details enabled him to draw very important theoretical conclusions as to the basic measure of the Verāmīn mosque on which all its proportions depend, the geometrical law of Persian "stalactite niches," etc.

M. Morosov's materials, destined to form a book on Verāmīn, comprise purely architectural plans, pencil drawings and watercolours. Of all this mass of studies only a few samples were available for reproduction in the present article.

Fig. I gives a general view of the central part of the ruin and of the vaulted recesses which once surrounded the interior court. On the right (western) side they have been entirely destroyed by a flood. The lofty dome still stands intact, though deprived of its former coating of tiles.

Fig. II reproduces the upper part of a niche on the eastern wall of the mosque, with the name of Allah inscribed on the spandrels, and the outward border of beautiful Qur'anic inscription. The latter is in the script now called *Kufic fleuri* and may serve as an example of the ingenious use the Persian architects

made of Arabic characters for purely artistic purposes.

Figs. III and IV reproduce the wonderful



FIG. III. TILEWORK PANEL OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE

By B. Morosov

tilework which once adorned the walls of the mosque. The reconstruction is based on the originals still in place. The first of the two panels is in turquoise and lapis standing out among light-brown bricks and

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white frames of stucco; its companion is a more rare combination of two different blues with carmine red.

from the centre of the stars to control the perfection of the design shows the spell of the Persian artist's imagination over Space and

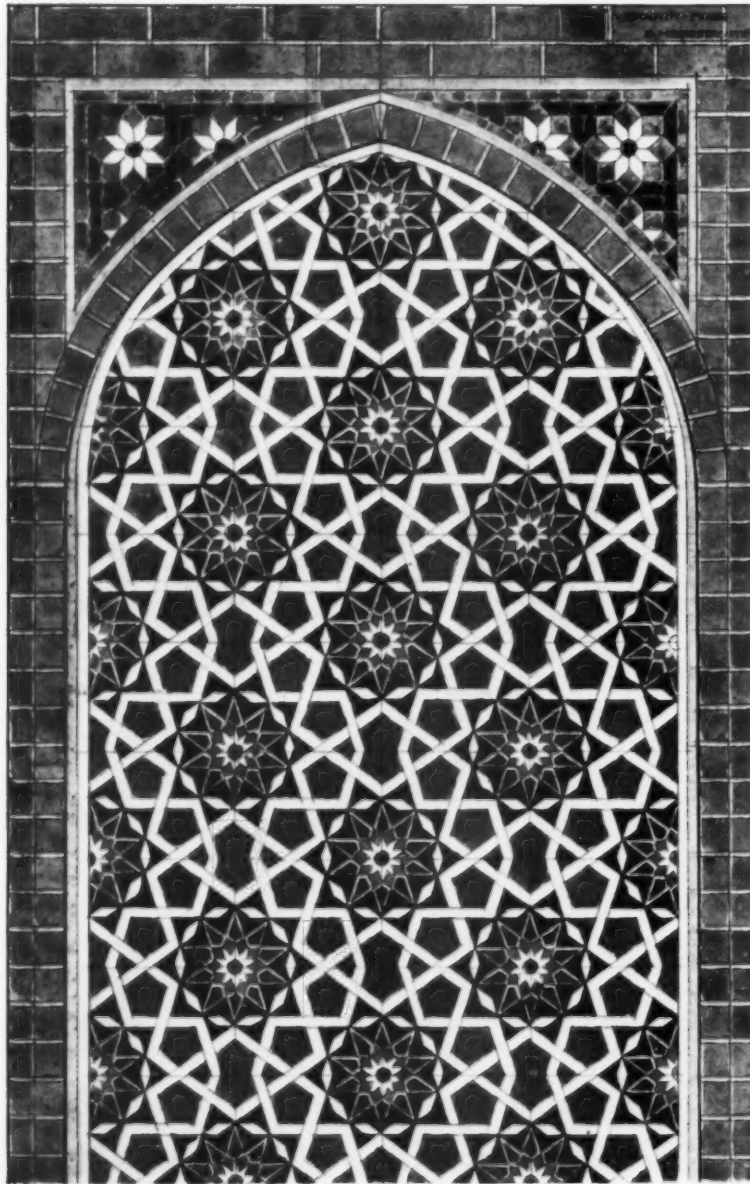


FIG. IV. TILEWORK PANEL OF THE COURT ARCH OF THE MOSQUE OF JUMA, VERĀMĪN

By B. Morosov

The illustrations show M. Morosov's skill as draughtsman and his extraordinary sense of the rhythm underlying the intricate combinations of lines. The harmony of rays shooting

Matter. But it also reflects the joy which, centuries after, a lonely artist, working amid ruins, felt in tracing the order and the laws over which the ages had no power.

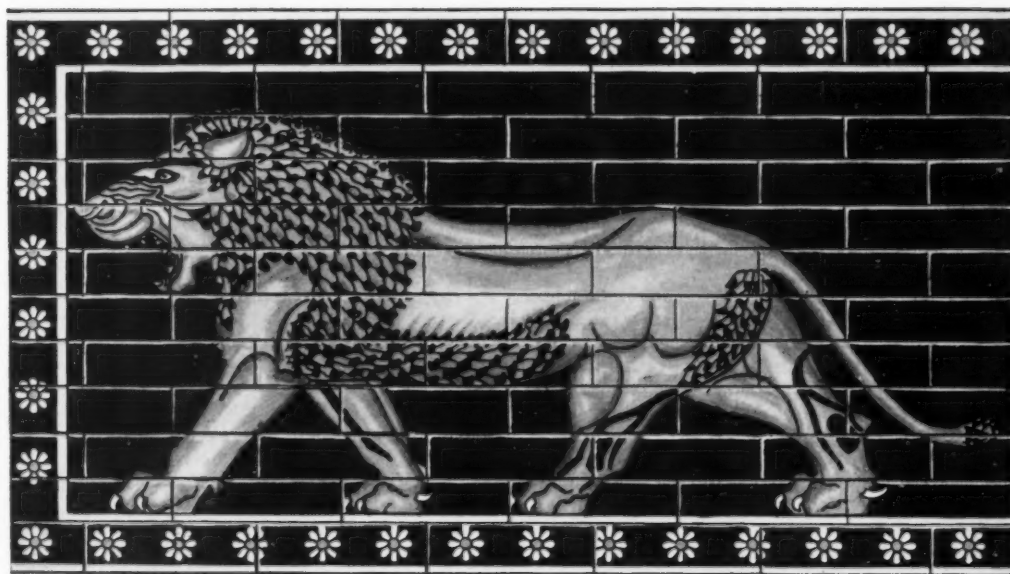


FIG. I. LION AT KHORSABAD, ASSYRIA, in painted and glazed bricks. Eighth century B.C.

TYPES OF PERSIAN BRICK AND TILE DESIGN

By W. LOFTUS HARE

THE word "Persia," used in the political sense, applied originally to Pârs, a single kingdom on the Gulf, ruled by a family of the Irânian race.

With the extension of the political power of the Achæmenian house, Media, Assyria, and Babylonia became part of Persia on its western borders; and with later invasions from the south, east, and north, Persia received to herself large additions from her conquerors in what are now Syria, Afghanistan, and Turkestan. In the cultural sense, therefore, and for the purposes of this article, "Persia" extended from Kabul to Damascus, from Bukhara to Cairo.

Due to these facts, Persian art added to its own those forms appropriated from the earlier civilizations of Mesopotamia and from non-Persian sources: Byzantine, Turkish, Mongolian, and Chinese.

Restricting ourselves here only to some aspects of brick and tile design, we realize how vast a field is before us, and endeavour to discern the relationship, and a little of the history, of the several types of design which are becoming familiar to the public through the Exhibition of Persian Arts and the literature it has called forth.

Wheresoever there is clay there will be bricks made of it; the bricks will be of handy size and form, alike in Babylon and Britain; and, taken by themselves, there is little scope for art, though a great measure of utility. Yet there is a close affinity between the brick and tile.

The sculptures of Ancient Assyria were carved in hard rock, and there is little doubt they were often painted in vivid colours. The craftsmen's labour involved was immense and the engineering feats required

were arduous; it was almost inevitable, therefore, that in clay lands it would be found easier to build up in bricks, in low or high relief, sculptural representations of men and beasts, monsters or gods, in imitation of the earlier monuments. Fortunately, there are left to us some evidences of this vigorous art so characteristic of the mighty men who conceived it. One of the earliest discoveries of the excavators in the desert lands of the East was made at Khorsabad, in Assyria, a sketch of which stands at the head of this article. The large bricks are in relief, painted and glazed; the whole design shows a thorough mastery of the material employed and a well-established artistic tradition.

The appropriateness of this example (Fig. I), which belongs to the eighth century B.C. and to a civilization which only became Persian by conquest, will be at once observed by comparison with the exhibits in Gallery II at Burlington House, where brick designs lately from the Louvre (Nos. 9 and 14), but originally from the truly Persian palace at Susa (fifth century B.C.), may be seen. Models of other figures, as vigorous as the lion of Khorsabad, adorn the walls of this gallery. The unicorn is there!

We may assert, then, that in this class of painted and glazed brick we have one of the origins of the glorious tilework of later days. But there are other contributory streams which flow towards the final artistic phenomenon. At Susa have been found specimens of painted square tiles bearing cuneiform inscriptions described by the experts as brick and enamelled square tiles. Clearly, the origin of the Persian tile is remote.



FIG. II. PANEL IN KUFIC CHARACTERS ON THE GUNBED-I-QĀBŪS

Relatively, bricks were not often, perhaps rather seldom, sculptured and glazed. Nevertheless, builders satisfied their taste and fulfilled their needs by other means, by the development of a geometrical structure of which numerous examples remain. Whence came the style seen in these remarkable buildings? They still stand in many parts of Persia, notably in Khurāsān, of which Dr. Ernst Diez has made a special study in his "Churasanische Baudenkmäler." Professor Dr. Sarre also, in his "Denkmäler persischer Baukunst," includes many examples.

In the first-named work the reader's attention is caught by the very beautiful decorated brickwork and Kufic inscriptions in brick on a tower and another in the Radkan (Figs. II and III). At Herat the surfaces are overcrowded with detail and begin to resemble the fussy and useless pinnacles of Western Gothic. At Senghest we see the inner surfaces of small domes held up by "herringbone" brickwork. Dr. Sarre's plates enable us to see some very fine examples of decorative uncoloured brickwork at Damgan in the mausoleum of Pir-i-Alamdār



FIG. III. FRIEZE WITH KUFIC INSCRIPTION

(A.D. 1026) (Fig. IV) and Chihil Dukhteran (A.D. 1054) and on a tower in Khosrūgird (A.D. 1111). At Nakhseván (Fig. V) is the mausoleum of Yusuf ibn Kuthayyir, in which the pattern consists of pure geometrical forms. There is no sign of life of plant or animal; each brick supports its neighbour by mechanical necessity, to which a cold intellectual element is added by a Kufic inscription; yet there is rare beauty displayed. At Nakhseván also there is a mausoleum of Mumin Khatun (A.D. 1186) where very decorative white mosaic appears to be crudely pressed into the clay bricks of a tower. Decoration by



FIG. IV. MAUSOLEUM OF PIR-I-ALAMDAR AT DAMGAN

pattern is the dominant feature of this brickwork which comes earlier than the familiar tile or "covering" to the brick surface.

This brings us to the end of our reference to unpainted decorative brick structure and prepares us for a change. Inside the last-named mausoleum raised and countersunk tiles of brown and blue, excessively geometrical, are used with no natural forms. At Konia, the Seljuk capital in Asia Minor, another mausoleum to Fakhr eddin Ali (A.D. 1269-70) shows some plain hexagonal wall tiles and, on the arch, interlaced twelve-sided circles made of short straight pieces of faience bricks. In the same town is the Sircheh Madrasa (A.D. 1242), with faience decoration, very geometrical, but with the introduction of some formal floral motifs in blue and dark brown. Kufic and Neshk inscriptions are added. Also in the Madrasa Kara Tai at Konia the faience decoration is of the same style; severe and floral forms are blended beautifully (Fig. VI).

Types of Persian Brick and Tile Design

In the Mosque of Aya Sofia, also at Konia (A.D. 1421), the geometrical patterns are excessively minute and lose the grandeur and force of earlier specimens, again illustrating the tendency to over-elaboration.

At Verāmin (about A.D. 1322), on which Professor Minorsky writes so authoritatively in this issue, the basic geometry is everywhere, though enriched with other features. Here are eight-pointed star and cross tiles, but the former are not copied from anything seen in the heavens, nor is the cross symbolical; the one is the result of the imposition of square upon square, and the other

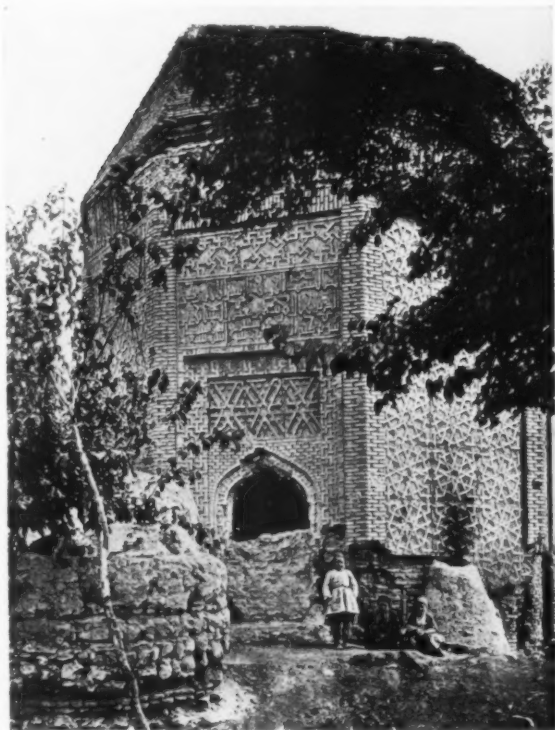


FIG. V. MAUSOLEUM OF YUSUF IBN KATHAYYIR
AT NAKHSEVĀN

is required to fill the space and to keep its fellows in position (as in Figs. VII and VIII). The beautiful floral stars on one of M. Morosov's plates are the result of geometrical principles which Nature's blossoms mysteriously display.

The foregoing paragraphs traverse a period of time in which plain uncoloured bricks have become enriched by the most elaborate patterns and constructions; and these, in their turn, by a new medium of faience, have found their expression in a covering or tile which retains the design but has lost the structural force which the brick possessed.

Before leaving this theme it may be permitted to ask the origin of this persistent form of art. Not Arabian, not Sasānian, not Indian, not Parthian, certainly. Can we trace it to some Mongolian or Turkish Euclid, a master of geometrical construction? Or is it, perhaps, the

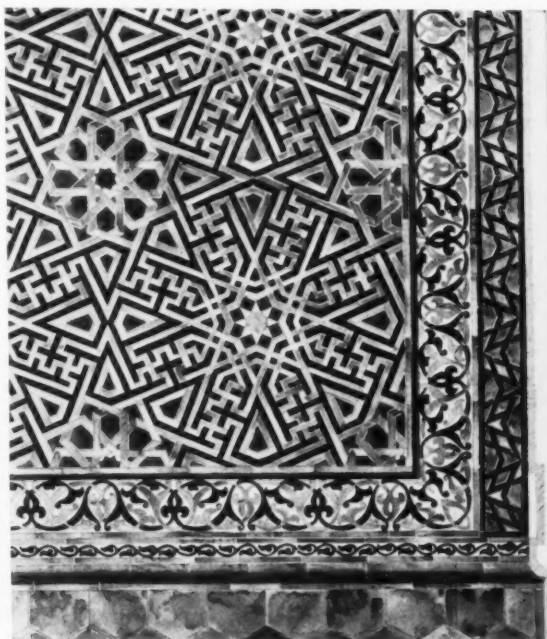


FIG. VI. FAIENCE DECORATION IN THE MADRASA
OF KARA TAI AT KONIA



FIG. XII. PORTAL OF MOSQUE AT VERĀMĪN
SHOWING BRICK FOUNDATION OF STALACTITES

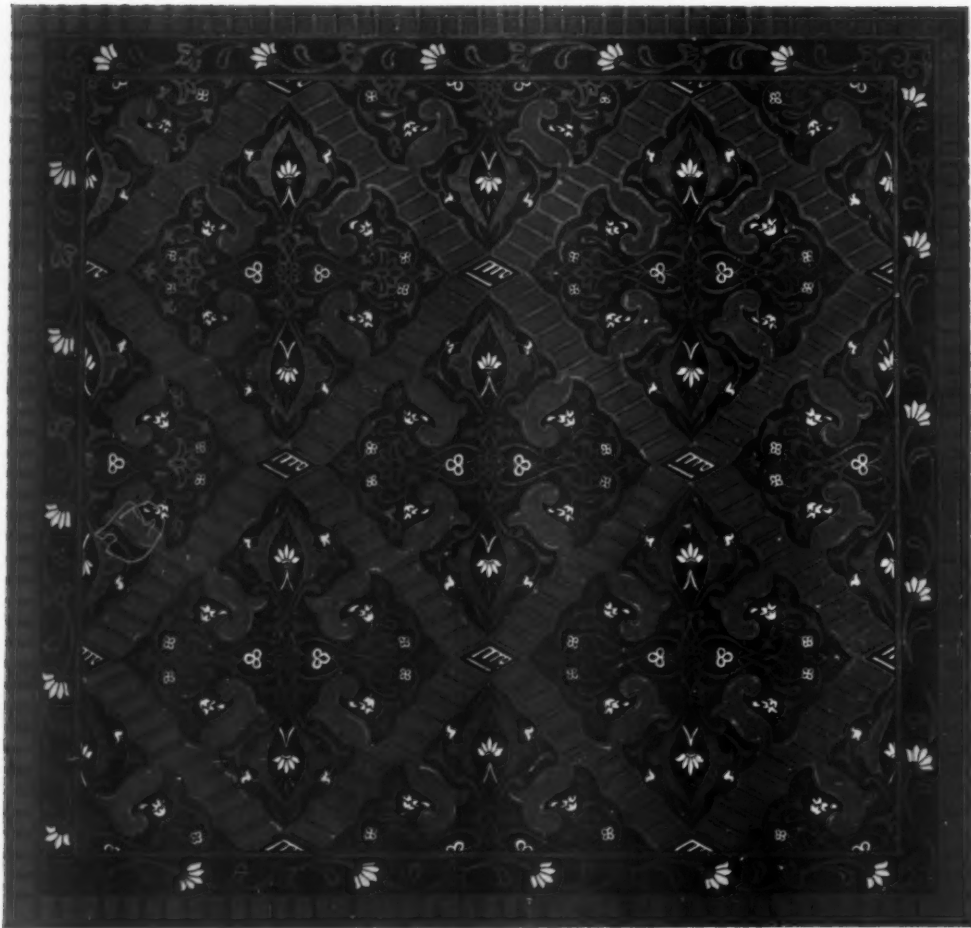


FIG. IX. MOSAIC FAIENCE PANEL IN THE BLUE MOSQUE AT TABRIZ

outcome of the long Greek cultural dominion which lasted from Alexander's days till well into the Parthian period, impregnating classic discipline into the plastic and imitative taste of the Middle East?

Leaving the geometrical and formal floral designs, we now pass to those on which the floral element predominates, together with the new technique of mosaic faience (which was described so well by Mr. Pope in *APOLLO* last month).

In the "Blue Mosque" of Jahān Shāh (A.D. 1450) at Tabriz, the art of imaginative decoration with a floral basis reaches its height; the forms are very rich and varied. Plate 50 in M. Texier's work,* here reproduced, represents a panel repeated on the four pillars which uphold the pendentive. The ground is brick red, with blue and green encrustation. The originals are now much damaged (Fig. IX).

The ornament of the porch of this mosque is made in mosaic faience (Fig. X). The blue is oxide of cobalt, the white oxide of lead; pale gold is laid down

on a yellow ground, while black and green serve for the filets and the floral garlands. Each brick has but one colour. We have taken the liberty of doubling M. Texier's plate in order to give a good impression of the beauty of the design.

A further example may be taken from Gallery IX at Burlington House, where a section of a wall (No. 370) of mosaic faience of the same type may be seen. The ground is of hexagonal turquoise shapes and the floral display is very charming. The piece comes from Philadelphia, but originally from Central Persia (see page 154).

With the partial abandonment of mosaic faience by the craftsmen of the sixteenth century, the fully-painted square tile came into greater use. Two examples of this may be seen at Burlington House in Gallery VII, lent by Mr. and Mrs. H. Kevorkian of New York (Nos. 295 and 307). In one there are 145 square tiles and in the other 65, done by the seven-colour system.

Mention must now be made of the designs adapted to the manufacture of large plaques or slabs inscribed with embossed Arabic sentences. Of these, an example

* *Description de l'Arménie, la Perse et Mésopotamie.*

Types of Persian Brick and Tile Design

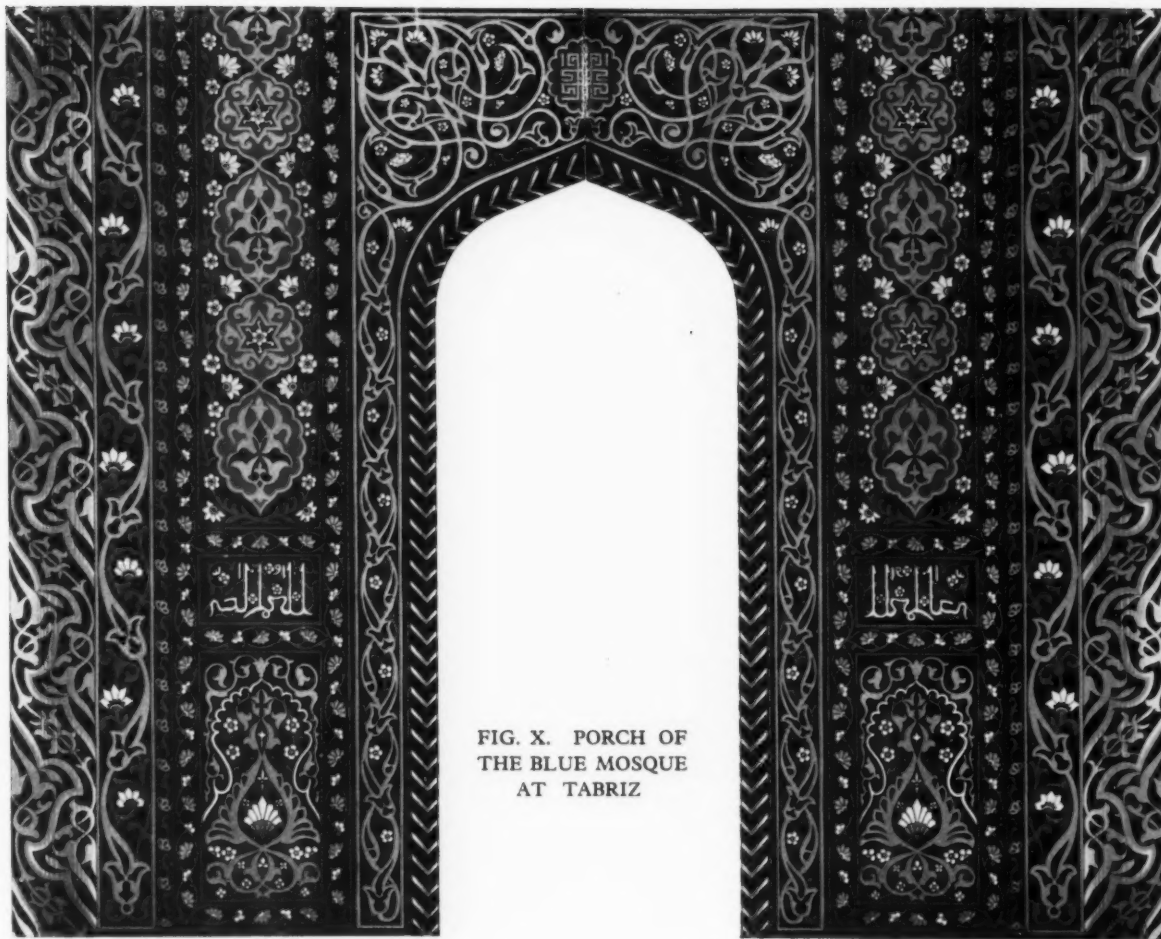


FIG. X. PORCH OF
THE BLUE MOSQUE
AT TABRIZ

is taken from the Godman collection (Fig. XI). Here natural design is entirely subordinated, indeed almost absent, in order to give the greater force to the sacred script.

Further, the complete pictorial representation of persons and scenes was made on large rectangular tiles for non-religious uses. For example, the visit of the Persian Ambassador to the court of Queen Elizabeth is recorded in this manner. There are several such picture tiles in the palace of Ali Kapi.

There is one type of tile, not hitherto mentioned, which should be included in this enumeration: it is known as the "stalactite." There are examples in Persian architecture which reveal the fact that the natural object (formed by minerals dripping through the roof of a cave) was well imitated. The Moslem architects soon subjected this slow, irregular, and beautiful growth to a geometrical discipline; they built the courses of little honeycomb cells in small brick, corbelled to support the half dome, and then covered each one with an exquisite painted tile. The uncovered brick structure of the ruined mosque of Verāmin is a good illustration of this feature (Fig. XII). The model of the main entrance to

the Masjid-i-Shah at Burlington House, and our coloured plate of the original, display this wonderful style brought to perfection; the dripping-point is now generally omitted.

The authority of Sir Banister Fletcher may be invoked in order to explain this remarkable architectural device more fully. He describes how the characteristic "stalactite" vaulting (from Greek *stalactos* = "icicle-like") aimed to bring a square plan to a circular base to carry the dome; but "stalactite" vaulting, instead of being treated as a plain surface like the Byzantine "pendentive," consisted of rows of upright pointed niches, rising in ranges one above the other, till the circle for the dome was formed, or the semi-dome in the case of a portal. Each row projected in front of the one below, and thus by easy graduations the square was brought to the circular ring of the dome. It may well be, therefore, that this peculiar style has two meanings: structural and æsthetic. It appears to hang from the roof which, in reality, it supports (Fig. XIII).

Our last example may almost be described as both brick and tile, and is used for the outer covering of minarets whose inner structure consists of courses of



FIG. VII. STAR TILE in the Godman collection, painted in lustre, blue, and green. Twelfth century



FIG. VIII. STAR AND CROSS TILE in the Godman collection, showing method of covering walls and floors



FIG. XV. FOUR-RAYED STAR TILE in brown lustre in the Godman collection



FIG. XVI. PAVING TILE from the entrance to the Madrasa at Chargird

Types of Persian Brick and Tile Design

bricks laid horizontally. The ornamentation, however, resembles what is known as the "volute." The design in tesserae, cut perfectly square, rises about an angle of 45 deg. from the base and winds round the minaret in a line which only ends at the top, the circumference decreasing with each upward step.

Without deep research we have noticed several examples in which this method is adopted, and with singular resemblance. The finest is the triumphant structure of the Royal Mosque at Isfahan which possesses four tapering minarets. The stones are chiefly coloured turquoise with winding bands of *swastika*, or so-called "Greek border," laid in white, black, and dull red stones. It belongs to the late sixteenth century. At Samarqand, however, on the Madrasa of the Timurid Ulug Beg (A.D. 1434), a similar pattern is shown; and far away to the west the Mosque of Indje Minareli possesses towers covered in like manner. It belongs to the thirteenth century.

The coloured plate following this article is copied from a lithograph by M. Pascal Coste of the College of the Mother of the Shāh Sultan Husain; it was built in the opening years of the eighteenth century and is similar, in respect to the minarets, to the Royal Mosque on the south end of the Maidān at Isfahan. This peculiar design therefore persists for five centuries.

It may be useful to terminate this incomplete survey of some types of brick and tile design by a summary and suggestive paragraph.



FIG. XIII. DETAIL OF STALACTITE TILES



FIG. XI. MIHRAB TILES moulded in high relief; floral design and inscription in Neskhi; in the Godman collection

The heavy stone sculpture of ancient times was the prototype of the brick sculpture of Khorsabad and Susa; the stone supplied its own defence against the elements of disintegration while the brick had to receive paint and glaze—faience, in fact—to protect it. Here the "tile" of later days found its progenitor.

Secondly, plain brick, universally employed, ceased in some hands to be plain, and was made capable of expressing feeling and idea in its structural patterns, reaching its maximum development in some of the examples given here.

Then occurred the marriage of ornamental brick and faience in relief, sanctified by Kufic sentences to the uses of religion. This form, too, attained its full development and could go no farther. The bricks were short, straight and narrow, and could not suggest dynamic force or natural life; their resultant patterns were bound to be ultra-formal and symmetrical.

It is probable that the introduction of floral and natural motifs into the geometrical groundwork led to the requisite invention of, and the mastery attained in, mosaic faience, where formal and representative floral designs appeared.

Meanwhile, the potters had made great headway and must now come into the story. They were able to make representation of natural forms and objects taken often from the book-paintings of Persian artists. The hares,



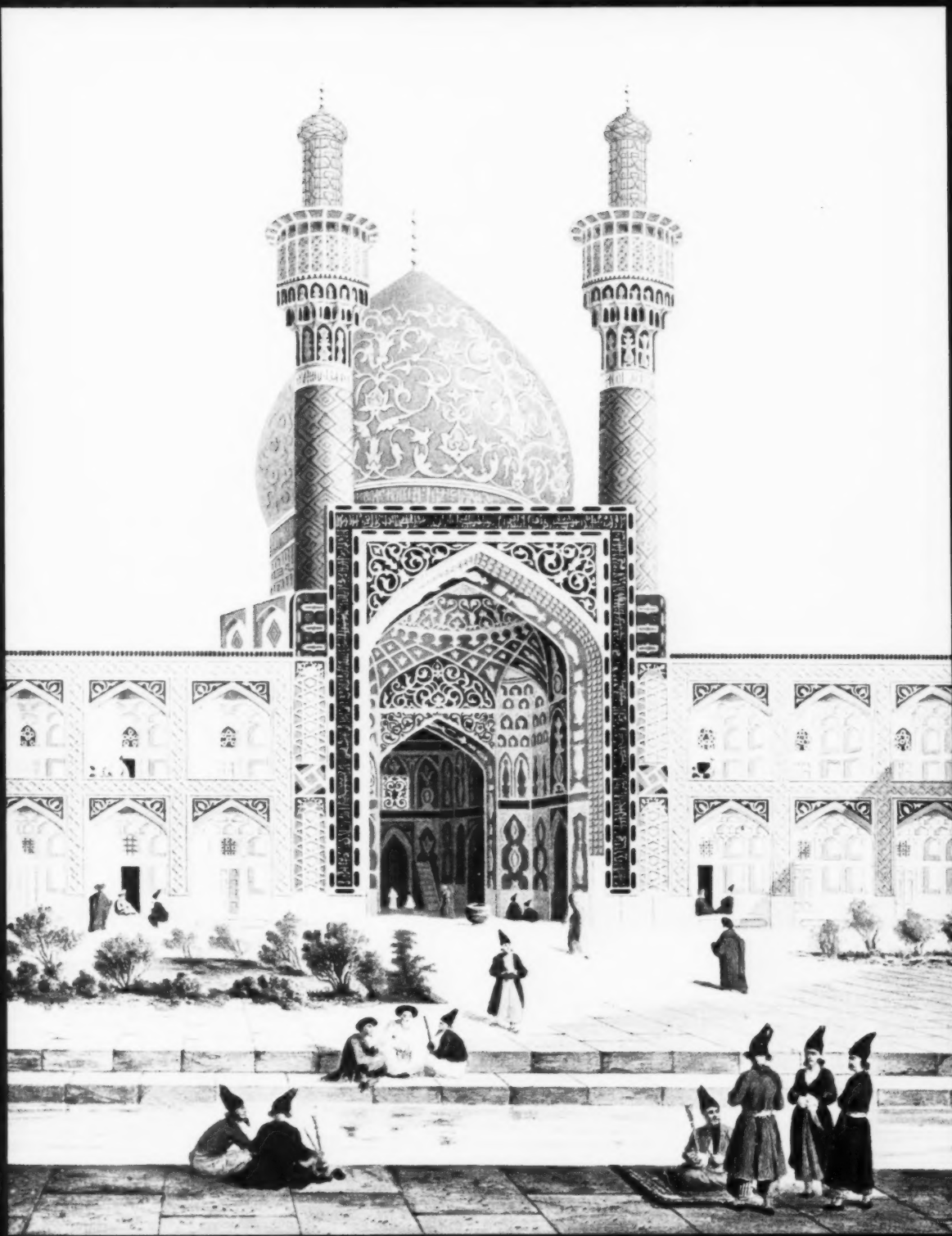
FIG. XIV. BAHRAM GUR AND THE MAID; Lustre tile in the Godman collection

foxes, and tigers of Bidpai's Fables sprang on to the jugs of Rayy and with another leap reached the lustre star-tiles and their supporting crosses. Bahram Gur emerges from the pages of Firdausi to gallop on a hundred picture tiles (Fig. XIV).

For the service of religion the mihrab and the frieze, the arch and the panel, were constructed of large plaques,

whose surfaces were equal to several tiles; and for the delight of royal laymen panels of figures were painted and glazed to decorate the walls of palaces. The pretty four-pointed star stood in the centre of some decorative scheme (Fig. XV). Even more charming is the twelve-pointed star from the entrance floor to the Madrasa at Khagird (Fig. XVI).

Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the authors and publishers of the several works from which our illustrations are taken, namely: "Mesopotamian Archaeology" by Mr Percy S. P. Handcock, Fig. I; Dr. Diez's work quoted, Figs. II, III, XIII, and XVI; Dr. Sarre's work quoted, Figs. IV, V, VI, and XII; M. Texier's work quoted, Figs. IX and X; and Mr. Henry Wallis's book on the Godman Collection, Figs. VII, VIII, XI, XIV, and XV.



A BEQUEST OF STUART ENGRAVINGS TO THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

By W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH



LANDING OF JAMES
VIII AND III AT
PETERHEAD

Fine Dutch engraving
printed in red

IT was a salient part of the destiny of the Royal House of Stuart, to elicit across long years a beautiful loyalty which, gazing back on it today, looms one of the finest of the world's romances. Nor indeed is it a small number of people, who entertain even yet emotional feelings of the strongest, about these bygone kings and queens. The collection of prints relating to the dynasty is contained in twenty-two portfolios, each of which is appropriately blazoned with the Scottish emblems, the thistle and the lion-rampant. The things brought together are about 400, and all are mounted in a way making them alike strong and of the same size. Is there here a muster of which it may fairly be claimed that it will become by degrees a Mecca to devotees of Stuart iconography?

Only a little while ago the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, through receiving a fabulous present from a wealthy son of commerce, Mr. Grant, became the National Library of Scotland. With increased staff, as also with lengthened hours, it now offered itself to the general public. And, in likelihood, these events influenced the late Dr. Walter Blaikie when, desirous that his Stuart engravings should never leave the Scottish capital, he

chose as ultimate home for them the institution which he had seen transformed into the property of a nation, instead of being a mere adjunct of the law courts. Not professionally engaged in historical research, Dr. Blaikie was nevertheless enthusiastically preoccupied with it. He was author of several important books about the Jacobites, notably, perhaps, "An Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," which was published by the Scottish History Society. And these words about the donor of the prints will serve to adumbrate that he was copiously versed in the subject involved.

Two portfolios are consecrated exclusively to the portraiture of the man whose friends called him James VIII and III, and whose enemies styled him the Old Pretender. Resident in France in the early years of his exile, he then sat repeatedly to Jean François de Troy. But James was ejected from that country by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, whereupon he made his home in Lorraine, being at that time an independent duchy. The portraitist he favoured there was Alexis Belle, and if the Blaikie things necessarily include sundry after the two artists in question, one of the finest of such works is that by Marie Nicolle Horthenels, from a painting by

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JAMES VIII AND III

By M. N. Horthenels, after Belle

Alexis. This lovely rendering in line appears doubly interesting when it is remembered that Marie became Mme. Belle, and that the lady engraver's two sisters also plied the burin. With the decline of the political hopes of the Stuarts, James decided to go to Italy; and living for a little while at Urbino, he next settled permanently at Rome. Among the historical documents at Windsor, there are several which demonstrate that the crownless monarch evinced lively admiration for Antonio David, a talented artist who was much employed by the Vatican. Receiving from the exiled sovereign an appointment as a court painter, Antonio expressed himself delighted with the laurel, and his Windsor letters allude to certain Stuart presentments by him, of which the whereabouts are today unknown. Very probably it is one of these things of his mentioning which was the original of the line engraving of his royal patron, describing itself as fashioned by Gabriel Muelileu, from a picture executed by David in 1717, at the Eternal City. This is the item which may well be hailed as the chief rarity amid the thirty-three works in the portfolios devoted to the last King James.

Not long ago the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, was enriched by an exquisite painting of Prince Charles Edward, and a companion picture of his brother, Prince Henry. Both bear the signature of Antonio David, along with his statement that the thing was wrought in Rome in 1733, otherwise, when the royalties twain were still boys. It was straightway

observed that these works are practically identical with a couple in the National Portrait Gallery, London, long claimed as by Largillière, and debate therefore arose as to which pair should be viewed as the initial creations. Did Largillière copy David, or did David copy Largillière? People seemed to forget the fact above noted, that the ejection of the Stuarts from France led them to migrate to Italy, and that Charles and Henry both spent their youth in that land of their birth. Similarly, people seemed to forget that, in 1733, Largillière was resident in Paris, nor are there grounds for supposing that he made an Italian journey then. The work aforesaid, by Gabriel Muelileu, is not the sole article in the Blaikie collection which sharply reminds of the intimacy of Antonio David with the Stuart court. For there are three portfolios of Prince Charles's own portraits, the effigies of him being over fifty; and among them are two line engravings by the younger Edelinck, from a painting of Charles by David, which two present a curious little difference. The picture involved must not be confounded with that in the Edinburgh Gallery, for the Edelinck prints show the royal boy as still younger than he is in the former representation of him. And in one print his head is uncovered, whereas in the other he has a typical Scottish bonnet, with white cockade attached. This latter version of Antonio David's work is doubly valuable through its absence from the British Museum;



JAMES VIII AND III

Engraving by Gabriel Muelileu

Bequest of Stuart Engravings to the National Library of Scotland

and it cannot but be wondered whether King James, in eagerness to please his partisans in far Scotland, caused the significant headgear to be added by the engraver!

When Prince Charles reached Edinburgh in 1745,

who is figured with a suit of tartan and wearing a hat with a plume. Few portrait engravings are harder to discover than this one, so that the National Library of Scotland is much to be congratulated on an impression



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

Colour-print by Richard Cooper

there was living here Richard Cooper, his home being in John Street, Canongate. He is memorable as having engraved most of the plates in *Vitruvius Scotticus*, the superb architectural album compiled by Robert Adam's father. And Richard made a colour-print of Charles,

of the work being in the Blaikie collection. There duly occurs here, too, the tolerably familiar print of the Stuart adventurer, done from life in Edinburgh in 1745 by Sir Robert Strange, who was serving his apprenticeship with Cooper on the gallant Prince's advent in the Scottish

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FLORA MACDONALD
Mezzotint by Faber, after Hudson

capital. It was Strange's sweetheart, Isabella Lumisden, who constrained him to enlist in the Jacobite army. And if his picture of his leader is the more notable, as the creation of one who fought throughout the campaign which ended with Culloden, it is good to recall that Strange's image of the young Stuart royalty was much admired as a veracious likeness by some of the Jacobite captains. Of no great beauty, yet of high rarity, is a little presentment in line of Charles, which is signed by T. Scott as artist and engraver, seemingly nothing being known about this person, alas! But his surname tells that he was a Caledonian, and quite possibly he was a fellow-pupil with Strange under Cooper.

There must be a big number of people who have often wondered why but slender homage has been offered as yet to so rare a school of portraitists as those of Italy in the eighteenth century. If the Charles Edward portfolios serve to illustrate the talents of several of these men, as Batoni and Geynari, Blanchet and Domenico Dupra, the art of the latter two is furthermore represented in the series of thirteen portraits of Prince Henry Stuart. Francesco Cavaliere Trivesani was a native of Capo d'Istria, who went to Urbino, where he gained the friendly notice of the ducal house of Modena. And since they were close relations of the Stuarts, it is not surprising to find that Francesco became the favourite portrait painter with Queen Maria Clementina Sobieska, the mother of Charles and Henry. The Blaikie prints embody three of that lady, from pictures by Trivesani.

And there is likewise an exquisite line engraving of her by the younger Drevet, after a painting by Antonio David, wherein lies a further reminder of the intimacy of that artist with the Stuart court in Rome.

Of the men and women who were closely associated with Charles Edward during his Scottish sojourn, there are few, if any, whose aspect cannot be scanned at the National Library of Scotland. For there are over sixty items in the three portfolios called "Jacobite Leaders"; there are over forty in the two entitled "Jacobite Ladies"; and these two sets have great extraneous interest, as telling the tale of Scottish portrait painting, immediately prior to the coming of Raeburn. Apart from numerous things brought together under the name "Anti-Jacobite Leaders," there are fourteen images of the Duke of Cumberland, among which is an impressive and uncommon engraving in line with the signature Zurüque. Clearly this individual has looked upon the lordly equestrian portrait at Windsor of Charles I; and with deftness remarkable he has borrowed its noble Arab steed whereon to mount the Butcher of Culloden.

On the eve of that fray, when the Jacobite forces were in dire straits financially, the Stuart Prince suggested the issuing of paper money; and naturally it was Sir Robert Strange who was called on to engrave for the purpose a copperplate. In modern times this article was discovered on the shore of Loch Laggan, Inverness-shire, within the estates of Cluny MacPherson, so that it became the property of that chieftain. And an impression from the plate is included in the very extensive



MARIA CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA
Line engraving after a picture by Francesco Trivesani

Bequest of Stuart Engravings to the National Library of Scotland



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART
Line-engraving by Edelinck, after Antonio David



DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

By Zurück

Bequest of Stuart Engravings to the National Library of Scotland

part of the Blaikie muster, whose receptacles are labelled "Incidents, Caricatures, etc." The works assembled under this generic term are largely composed of popular broadsides, and it is to the Stuarts in exile and to the efforts to reinstate them that all these things allude. It will now be transparent that the true strength of the Blaikie collection lies in its lights and sidelights on the dynasty of the White Rose, subsequent to their loss of

did not refuse admittance to the mean little engravings which savour of the penny box; or to express the case differently, there came as fish to his net whatsoever things illuminated the topic of his love. When the National Library of Scotland became such, there was much writing in the public Press about the desirability of furnishing the institution with a department of prints and drawings. And it is eagerly to be hoped that a



MARIA CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA

By Drevet, after Antonio David

sceptre, and not during their epochs of rule. But in the three portfolios assigned to what may be spoken of as non-Jacobite works, the gathering is a little over sixty in number. And elucidating the portraiture of Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley, as again that of Charles I and Charles II, these series display the faces of all the early Jameses, as likewise the visage of the far-off founder of the Stuart line, Robert II.

If the broadsides merit the definition of pictorial history rather than of art, honesty demands that it should be told that a considerable quantity of the portraits are also of no moment in point of beauty. Garnering in though he did a wealth of exquisite works, Dr. Blaikie

stimulant towards doing this will be found in the acquisition by the great Northern storehouse of books of a Stuart collection which may reasonably be called unique. While it is regrettable in the extreme that the donor never personally compiled a catalogue, and that sundry, if not numerous, of his treasures are wholly innocent of titles, surely this will ere long be rectified. When equipped by an index relating adequately the story of each individual item, then indeed the Blaikie works will constitute a Mecca to that legion of men and women who know, even yet, strong emotional feelings concerning those kings and queens whose crown is a garland woven of blossoms of romance.

FIG. VII
LADY FRANCES PEACOCK
By Hoppner



*In the collection of Sir Philip
Sassoon, Bt.*

THE GEORGIAN ART EXHIBITION * AT SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S HOUSE

By M. JOURDAIN

GEORGIAN ART is a wide title, and sheltered by it there has been brought together for exhibition some of the finest examples of English portraiture and of the applied arts of the eighteenth century. Of the four of this series arranged in Sir Philip Sassoon's London house, 25 Park Lane, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, this is the most in the nature of everybody's exhibition, and what it lacks in bulk it makes up for in consistent high quality. Portraiture was the keynote of English painting of this century, and the exhibition has concentrated upon portraits and portrait groups by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hoppner. By Gainsborough (who illuminates this exhibition) there is an interesting early self-portrait,† portraits of his wife (Fig. I), his daughter Margaret, and of his nephew Gainsborough Dupont; as well as portraits of many sitters during his Bath and London periods. The picture of Eliza Linley and her brother Thomas—a complete expression of their sensitive

and finished beauty—was painted at Bath, its date being fixed by a letter in which he speaks of having "begun a large picture of Tommy Linley and his sister" (May 11, 1768). Eliza Linley is here Gainsborough's first thought, and Tom is tucked into the composition as best he could. The picture, formerly at Knole, is from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's collection. The vivid head (Fig. II) is of Gainsborough Dupont (1767-97), of whom Gainsborough made many sketches. "Van Dyck was in the artist's mind when he painted it" (writes Sir Walter Armstrong), "but the Fleming never put so much vivacity into a human head as we see here."‡ This was at one time owned by Gainsborough's friend Philip Thicknesse and passed to Lord Bateman, and later, through the artist, George Richmond, to its present owner, Lord d'Abernon.

Of Mr. Widener's collection, the first in point of interest of his Gainsboroughs, the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, is lent—a half-length study for the full-length portrait in the National Gallery of Scotland, which was admired by Waagen for its expression of "youthful disdain." The sitter was a daughter of

* Open until March 30, including Sundays, from 11 to 7 daily.

† From Sir Philip Sassoon's collection.

‡ Thomas Gainsborough, p. 152.



FIG. II. GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT.

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by the Viscount d'Abernon.



FIG. III. MISS JULIET MOTT

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by Mrs. J. Horace Harding, New York.

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Mc Kissell & Co., Inc.



FIG. V. WILLIAM BECKFORD

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by Mrs. Samuel P. Rotun, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co., Inc.



FIG. VI. MRS. DAVID KINLOCH

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by J. Frederick Dover, Esq., Pittsburgh, U.S.A.

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. M. Kneller & Co., Ltd.



Georgian Art

Lord Cathcart and married in 1774 to Sir Thomas Graham of Balgowan* (afterwards Lord Lynedoch). The picture was painted in 1775-6. Mr. Widener's picture is softer in expression than the full-length.

From Knole is lent Gainsborough's portrait of John Frederick Sackville, third Duke of Dorset, whose "time was devoted to gallantry and pleasure among the fashionable circles, as well in France and Italy as in England," according to the author

the portraits in the exhibition, ranging in date from the early Lady North* (Fig. IV) from Sir Philip Sassoon's collection to the Althorp portraits painted in the seventeen-eighties, his final and greatest period. From Althorp is lent Lavinia Lady Althorp (who sat to Sir Joshua in 1781 and 1782) and her sister, Anne Bingham, a few years later.† Dating from the same decade are Lord Spencer's Richard Burke,‡ Mrs. Samuel Rotan's William Beckford of Fonthill,§ "the incarnation of the



FIG. IV
LADY NORTH
By Sir Joshua Reynolds,
P.R.A.

*In the collection of Sir
Philip Sassoon, Bt.*

of an early guide to Knole.† The handsome gallant‡ of the portrait (which is painted in an oval) was also a man of taste who added to the collections of Knole. Gainsborough's receipt at Knole (1784) gives the date of the portrait. Another charming portrait is his Mrs. David Kinloch (Fig. VI). Juliet Mott, twelve years old (Fig. III), is one of Gainsborough's portraits of children. It was painted in 1766, and was given by the painter to the child's father, Richard Mott, of Carlton in Suffolk, "as a token of gratitude after he had been nursed through an illness when staying at his house."

The variety of Sir Joshua Reynolds can be seen in

* "He was so fond of his wife that her early death almost deprived him of reason."—Whitley, *Artists and their Friends*.

† Brady's *Guide to Knole*, 1839.

‡ The Duchess of Devonshire in 1777 described him as "one of the most dangerous of men."

spirit of the eighteenth century" (Fig. V), painted in his brilliant youth after he had written "Vathek." An exceptionally well-preserved portrait is Reynolds's Lady Caroline Price,|| who sat to him in 1787. A fine portrait (Fig. VII) by Hoppner is from Sir. Philip Sassoon's collection.

At the close of the eighteenth century, the place of the great portrait-painters was taken by Lawrence, whose activities dominated the first three decades of the nineteenth century. One of his most agreeable works is his Miss Conyngham and her dog.¶ It will be noticed

* Anne, daughter of George Speke, who married in 1756 Lord North (afterwards Earl of Guilford). She sat to Reynolds in 1757.

† She sat to Reynolds in 1786.

‡ Painted in 1782.

§ Who sat in 1782.

|| From Lady Ludlow's collection.

¶ From Mrs. Stotesbury's collection.

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what a large number of English portraits (thirteen in this exhibition alone) have migrated to America, and are revisiting this country through the kindness of their owners for the duration of the exhibition.

In another direction—topographical painting—there are two views of London by the Venetian “painter of views,” Canaletto, dating from the year of his arrival in London, 1746, with an introduction to the Duke of Richmond. It was suggested to the Duke that Canaletto should “draw a view of the river from yr dining-room, which . . . would give him as much reputation as any of his Venetian prospects.”* The river view, with its luminous colouring and amusing detail, is characteristic of Canaletto’s work in England. The terrace in the foreground of this picture makes a diagonal across the calm river enlivened by boats. In the companion picture, Canaletto paints the Priory gardens and Whitehall, extending as far as Charing Cross, with an amazing wealth of detail.

The pictures are shown in one room, while in others furniture is grouped both from collections such as the Duchess of Roxburghe’s and Mr. Henry and Mr. Leopold Hirsch’s, and from country houses such as Langley Park, Houghton, St. Giles’s House, Osterley, and Southill, which are rich in furniture made for them and epitomizing the early, middle, and late Georgian styles. The furniture from Houghton, with one exception, dates from the first years of George II’s reign, when Sir Robert Walpole, confirmed in power, spared no money to make the most of his great Norfolk house.

From Langley Park, in Norfolk, one of the few houses, there is good reason to believe, to have been furnished by Thomas Chippendale in his early and “Director” styles, there is lent some furniture which belongs a few years later in date than 1740, when the house was built; and a wall bracket†

* *A Duke and his Friends* (1911), vol. ii, p. 602.

† The pair of this is figured in Mr. Oliver Brackets’s *Thomas Chippendale*.

carved with a female mask, resembling a design dated 1760 in the third edition of the “Director.” St. Giles’s House, in Dorset, contains furniture of the full “Director” style which it is reasonable to attribute to the firm, since Lady Shaftesbury was one of the original subscribers to the “Director,” and from it Lord Shaftesbury has lent pole screens, a table, and an armchair of brilliant workmanship.

From Osterley, “the palace of palaces,” which Horace Walpole wrote of enthusiastically, there has been lent the brilliant lacquered commode, with its panels divided by pilasters, finishing in rams’ heads, and a tripod fire-screen from the Etruscan room, a variant on a design by Robert Adam in the Soane Museum, dated 1776 (“a fire-screen for Mrs. Child”). The frame is painted in red and black on a cream background, and is thus brought into the colour scheme of the “Etruscan” decoration.

Graceful painted furniture is a feature of Southill, in Bedfordshire, a house remodelled by Henry Holland for Samuel Whitbread between 1795 and 1800; and from it comes a painted settee of delightful design, and one of the interesting early Regency pieces, a rosewood and painted table, in which Henry Holland has translated the French *directoire* into his own idiom.

Among early Georgian furniture is a gilt coffer of State from Stowe,* in Buckinghamshire, which bears on the lid the cipher and baron’s coronet of Richard, Lord Cobham, who added to and decorated his house.

Against this fine and representative collection there is the coloured background of two panels† with a design of arabesques, in which the principal motifs are vases of flowers supported on elaborate stands, and a panel of Soho tapestry from the collection of the Hon. Mrs. Maclaren, who possesses five of these decorative pieces with designs based upon the scattered motifs of Chinese lacquer relieved against a dark ground.

* Lent by the Kent Gallery.

† The larger from Hagley, lent by Lord Cobham, the smaller panel from Mrs. David Gubbay’s collection.

MUCH ADO ABOUT “GENESIS”

ONE has come to expect, at regular intervals, when Jacob Epstein produces an original work, a torrent of abuse poured, not merely on the work, but also on the artist himself.

Each one of these outbursts, owing to their extreme violence, dies down and is well-nigh forgotten before the next one is due to arrive. How many people walking eastward down the Strand will remember, or ever heard of the outcry against the figures on the building of the British Medical Association? And does not “Rima,” after one or two epidemics of tar and feathers, live peacefully enough in Hyde Park? Now the flood-gates are open once more and the cascade of unthinking prejudice, vulgar wit and ignorance, falls upon the marble statue called “Genesis” exhibited at the Leicester Galleries.

As a rule we do not admire one who sheds tears of

joy before a work of art, nor can we approve the other extreme of foaming rage in the presence of something which the beholder fails to appreciate or understand. It is not to be expected, perhaps, that our old friend “the man in the street” will be able to discover an artist’s intention when confronted with creative work, and so our newspapers and reviews employ professional art critics to inform and guide the public on such matters.

It is therefore lamentable to note that, with one or two exceptions, the art experts of the London Press have treated Mr. Epstein as if he were a clown who, in the midst of his performance, had suddenly gone mad.

By a strange coincidence it happens that the critics of two of the leading serious newspapers have discovered that there are two Jacob Epsteins: “one is a powerful and expressive modeller for reproduction in bronze, and

Much Ado about "Genesis"

the other is, or behaves like, the sculptor hero of a bad novel." There are *not* two Jacob Epstein.

What these writers fail to see is, that in the exhibition which puzzles them by its twofold aspect, the sculptor is dealing on the one hand with portraits of living persons, and, on the other, with the imaginative rendering of a creative idea.

experts. Here is something new, startling; something one did not expect to see. What does it mean?

If Mr. Epstein says merely "There it is, you must take it or leave it," one is thrown upon one's own resources, and it is *so* easy to say "a bad joke in marble"—"obscene"—"a mockery of expectant motherhood."

"He has a genius for titles, this man who cracks bad



"GENESIS"

Marble statue by Jacob Epstein

At the Leicester Galleries

They approve the "superb" portrait bronzes (such as that of Lord Rothermere, because it resembles him), and it is said, "They are essentially picturesque and romantic in conception, translations into bronze of human types." The trouble begins when something must be said about "Genesis"; and here, of course, if at all, the public might reasonably look for enlightenment from the

jokes with a chisel," says one outraged writer who supposes that the artist started with the idea of making a hideous statue and afterwards searched for a title. It happens that many people are asking "What does it mean?" with a desire to know.

Mr. Epstein seems to have proposed to himself to transmute the idea of "Genesis" into marble, and was

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not merely thinking of carving an expectant mother, which would have been comparatively easy; he conceived the much greater idea of rendering a kind of double "Genesis"; one of the human race and one of the human unit. A narrower conception would have been achieved had he carved a woman of classical type, very smooth and beautiful, which would have evoked the idea of the beauty of motherhood.

Obviously, however, this method would not have satisfied his wider vision, which was the beginning of the human species; and, whatever one may think of the final achievement, it must be admitted that here was a problem for a sculptor of creative genius.

Now given this idea, what should one normally expect? Surely not a sort of Venus de Milo, still less an English type of today, although such a work might have met with the applause of the sentimentalists among us. It is complained that this woman is of Mongolian type and lacks intelligence. Does it not seem likely, however, that the artist deliberately intended to suggest a primitive creature, rather pathetically bewildered?

We have only to imagine what kind of primitive being would appear before us were it possible to endow with

life one of the prehistoric skulls familiar to students. He or she would, no doubt, be a shock to our pride and complacency; but should one be reasonable in saying that our humanity was outraged? Unfortunately there is still a tendency, at least in this country, to condemn any work of art, if the subject-matter be not beautiful—a theory which would make short work of some of the greatest tragedies of Dramatic Art, and which has been responsible for the horrors of the late nineteenth-century school of pretty "subject" pictures. The question raised by "Genesis" is not whether its originality shocks some people, but simply whether it does convey the idea of a Primitive Dawn; if it does so, surely that is a great achievement.

It is to be noted with regret that some newspapers took the strange course of illustrating only the head of "Genesis," pleading that they dare not do more! What would be thought of a literary critic who published, with contemptuous comments, but two lines of a Sonnet?

We publish here an illustration of Mr. Epstein's statue in the belief that our readers will desire to see it and judge of its merits for themselves.

T. LEMAN HARE

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

By CARLYLE BURROWS



MADAME LÉON MAISTRE
By Henri Fantin-Latour

Lent by the Brooklyn Museum

ALTHOUGH there are at present several exhibitions of outstanding character to which New Yorkers are trooping in numbers, the loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, pastels and prints by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec and Odilon Redon has been the latest to open and, being a most brilliant affair, consequently is the one most discussed at the present moment. At the Metropolitan Museum the exhibition of Russian icons sent to this country by the Russian Soviet Government also is attracting a great deal of attention, having proved so far in advance of

expectations as to have been received with a considerable shock of pleasure and approval by laymen and critics alike. This in spite of the fact that many no doubt had had their interest cooled somewhat owing to the advance protests filed with the museum by persons out of sympathy with the aims and policies of the present regime in Soviet Russia.

These protests, it may be said, however, caused only a mild flurry in the newspapers, while the Metropolitan Museum easily maintained its dignity in the face of them, and the opening reception took place in due course

Letter from New York

without untoward incident. That these icons had been carefully chosen to illustrate the true dignity and beauty of the Byzantine tradition in the early art of Russia was made clearly manifest by the exhibition, which previously had been received by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is also the same exhibition which was held a year ago in London, when many of the readers of this magazine had the opportunity to examine intimately the attributions of the works in question and discover for themselves the reasons for their peculiar force and charm.

We, ourselves, were especially impressed with the bold colouring of these panels considering their long exposure upon the walls of chapels and monasteries in Russia. And there was much that appealed to our imaginations in the majestically stylized patterns in which the different themes were dramatized. Previously, only occasional specimens of icon painting had come to our attention and they, it may be said, were hardly impressive. But to see several score of selected specimens beautifully hung in the large gallery for special exhibitions at the museum, and these among the finest of their kind, was surely something of a revelation.

As to the Lautrec-Redon exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, which credits that infant institution with another brilliant achievement, the language of the artists concerned is, however, more readily and more universally understandable. Both were products of the epoch immediately preceding our own, and although artistically they possessed very little in common, both served to enrich in their different ways the background out of which much of the present-day spirit in painting evolved.

What it was constituted the individual contribution of each may be clearly perceived through the media of representative works from numerous public and private collections and loans, also from art dealers both of this country and abroad. Chief credit for the showing rests, no doubt, with the Art Institute of Chicago, whose exhibition of the works of Toulouse-Lautrec during December and January closed in time to permit most of the pictures to be reassembled here. Through co-operation with the western institution practically all of the thirty-one oil paintings which were shown in Chicago are exhibited as well as several important examples borrowed especially for the New York exhibition.

Totally unlike Redon, who plied his art in a mystical realm of his own imagination, Toulouse-Lautrec reaffirms for us his passionate regard for life, which was the life predominantly of the cabarets, theatres and the music halls of the Paris of the eighties and the nineties of the last century. During the whole of his maturity—Lautrec was born in 1864 and died in 1901—he devoted a large portion of his time and energies to those themes, drawing and painting with extraordinary poignancy of understanding and a strength and power which are evident in the simplest of his drawings.

He was relentless in the truth of his observations, as so many of the works on view amply demonstrate, recording what he saw as the very stuff of life itself. Rarely did he make concessions to the public taste, going his own way, singling out often the sordid and the ugly, but not leaving them merely so. For, as with the great of all ages, Lautrec had it in him to transmute through his own gifts the bare reality of the things he saw. One of his most omnipresent qualities in any group of his works is the faculty which was all but instinctive with him of

adjusting his view to meet the demands of powerful design. Among all the painters of his day, with the possible exception of Gauguin, no one was more conscious than he of the value of this great principle in painting.

The human spectacle, as he thus conceives it, sets forth for us a vivid chapter in the annals of Parisian night life, a chapter which at the museum is replete with haunting portraits and unforgettable references to the Bohemianism of a day that is now past. We see him painting with biting intensity the portraits of singers and dancers of the famous cabarets, popular favourites, such as



LA QUADRILLE AU MOULIN-ROUGE

By Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

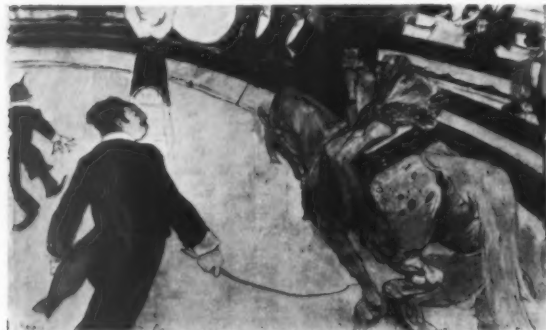
By courtesy of Mr. Chester Dale, New York

Jane Avril, May Belfort, and May Milton, whose physiognomy caricatured with grotesque emphasis, lends a weird mask-like note to the splendid canvas from the Chicago Art Institute, the "Moulin-Rouge" of 1892. This consummate example of rich painting and design is but one of the famous works in the exhibition, another being that vivid fragment of action in the circus arena, "At the Circus Fernando," also from the Chicago museum. Still another painting worthy of a place among the finest of his compositions is "the Quadrille at the Moulin-Rouge," from the Chester Dale collection, in which the artist combines as he often did in his pictures, incongruous personifications of gentility and grotesqueness. But as is true of the fine portrait of Maxime Dethomas, lent by Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre, the setting

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is so real that the different actors in it appear unconsciously part of their environment, and serve to give it an aspect of convincing truth.

Early in his career Lautrec set the keynote for what was to follow with the painting which, chronologically, opens the exhibition. This is a roistering souvenir of the early days on Montmartre, "The Louis XIII Chair at Bruant's," contributed by Messrs. Durand-Ruel. But it is still the life of the amusement hall that he mirrors in one of the several beautiful crayon drawings of 1896, and the kindred spectacle of the dramatic stage in Mr. Adolph



AT THE CIRCUS FERNANDO

By Toulouse-Lautrec

By courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

Lewisohn's resplendent "Messalina," painted the year before his death.

Two 9-ft. canvases, painted in 1895 for a street carnival, are contributed by the Louvre Museum, one representing "The Moorish Dance or 'Les Almees,'" the other "The Dance at the Moulin-Rouge," but there is nothing here that is not told in a more precious vein in smaller works throughout the exhibition. Yet as souvenirs of the part which Lautrec himself played in the life of the amusement world of Paris their presence is wholly pertinent to the exhibition.

There are other works more gentle, more restrained in key. The "Lady with a Dog" is a delightful portrait lent by Mr. Gerald Brooks and there is the charm of tender sentiment about the female study "The Toilette," belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, a quality the more warmly appreciated because of the unusual rôle it plays in his paintings.

Proximity with the virile genius of Lautrec stresses perhaps more than otherwise would be apparent, the slight content in the work of the visionary, Redon. His life span covered many more years than did Lautrec's, but he seemed to live much less purposively, starting in early to draw, shifting to architecture and sculpture, then altering his course to paint, to practice lithography and etching. He rarely touched hands with life, but seems rather to have shunned it. He took good pains, however, to learn to draw, and although several figure subjects in the exhibition show him to have been a fluent draughtsman, he had little feeling for form and pattern, being apparently content in his painting and drawing to obey the subtle promptings of the spirit.

In several of his flower-pieces one feels very deeply the rich, imaginative beauty of his colour. Especially charming are the pastels, such as "Flowers and Butterflies," lent by Mrs. Cornelius N. Bliss, jr., and Mr. Thomas Cochran's softly vivid "Vase of Anemones." The larger decorative panels, from the Kraushaar Gallery and the J. A. Carpenter collection, of Chicago, are slightly more formal in composition, but in these, as in the various allegories—"Spring," "Dantesque Vision," and "Apparition"—the message lacks something of complete formulation. Yet one cannot escape the indefinable magic, the mystery and spiritual force of his artistic utterance and is fully aware of the all but unique place which he held in the art of the immediate past.

The nineteenth century is traversed more extensively in another French exhibition recently opened here under the auspices of the Museum of French Art at the French Institute in the United States. Through the generosity of Mr. Chester Dale the former showrooms have been greatly enlarged and fitted out as a complete modern exhibition gallery where Mrs. Dale, as chairman of the museum's art committee, has assumed charge of exhibitions. The opening event in the series which is planned presents portraits of women under the sub-heading "Romanticism to Surrealism," and includes thirty examples commencing with Gericault and ending with Lurcat. It proves a most attractive event in which the charm of the subject-matter weighs heavily with the observer quite apart from the lure of technique which is exploited with brilliance in not a few instances. It also defines for us in a comprehensive way the several trends in the growth of French school of portrait painting during the past hundred years.

At the outset we have, for instance, the polished realism of Couture and Courbet, followed by the rich textures of Cabanel, the brilliant passages of Alfred Stevens and Manet, the depth and subtlety of Fantin-Latour. The impressionists follow, and by way of Boldini and Besnard, the sequence reaches Van Gogh, Matisse and several others of the moderns, who, in the case of Lurcat, in particular, make a strange contrast with the body of the works shown. Among the more unusual episodes are those occasioned by the precisely painted "Young Girl," by David d'Avignon, the follower of Ingres and David, whose work is seldom met with here, and Monticelli's fine portrait of Mme. Cahen.

The latter is peculiarly rich and beautiful in colour, as might be expected, leaving a softly radiant though solidly painted impression. One of the finest portraits is the somewhat early Renoir, "Portrait of Mlle. Sicot," which antedates the cultivation of the glowing flesh tones found in his later portraits, presenting a quietly restrained harmony of colours in which the sedate lavenders and blacks of the lacy costume predominate. The Degas is a charming family souvenir, the portrait of Mme. Rene de Gas, in soft greys and pinks, the figure seated on a sofa and facing the observer; while the "La Loge," by Mary Cassatt, the American artist who allied herself so closely with the French, is a distinct departure from her favourite maternal theme.

The more modern group, featured by Picasso's large portrait of Mme. Picasso, figures by itself on two adjoining walls, no doubt as much to its own advantage as to that of the older paintings which are arranged more freely throughout the rooms. A full-sized figure by

Letter from New York

Modigliani is entirely representative without commanding undue notice; while the Matisse is a decorative head in his more objective vein. All of which, and not forgetting the extraordinary large group, "Ma Femme et Ses Sœurs," which the Luxembourg has lent to represent Henri Caro-Delvaile, rounds out a highly enjoyable exhibition.

There is little space available for detailed mention of the Rousseau exhibition which the Marie Harriman gallery presented to the public during January. This showing of the varied work of the obscure and untaught Douanier, without question added much to his reputation in America, since more than 7,000 persons visited the rooms where the pictures were hung; pictures which included some now historic specimens from the collections of Baron Fukushima, M. Paul Guillaume, and Paul v. Mendelssohn Bartholdy and others well known abroad.

Among the paintings which created a very extraordinary impression were the large jungle picture entitled "Rain," the "Liberty and the Independents," a work bearing witness to the genuineness of Rousseau's sentiments; and the touching, quaintly decorous family group, "The Cart of M. Juniet." Thirty-one large and small pictures were shown in the exhibition, some others

being "Portrait of Joseph Brummer," "Flamingos," "Woman in Brown in the Woods," "Outskirts of a Town," and "Telegraph Poles."

An American, whose painting, grounded in the tradition of the Munich school of the final decades of the last century, proves ever popular with American gallery goers is the artist George Luks. His recent exhibition at the F.K.M. Rehn Gallery, consisting mainly of figure paintings, was notable for its indication of a new freshness and warmth in his point of view. Always Luks has been noted for his broad and vigorous characterizations and for his sympathy with vivid, human types which reflect the wholesome spirit of American life. But he proved that he had something new to offer admirers in the broadening of his colour schemes and the general enhancing of the vital appeal of his work. One of his most striking portraits, which indicates the racy feeling that is in him, showed a full-length figure of a country housewife standing in the middle of her kitchen and holding in her arms a white Leghorn rooster. The Luks' idiom is one of rigorous simplicity, and though always concerned with the objective side of life, his paintings stand out with a clear emphasis in the panorama of American painting of today.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

THE French Federation of Artists has invited us to a most interesting event in its home in the Avenue de la Tour Maubourg, that district so seldom opened to the fine arts, although it is dominated by a masterpiece of the grand siècle, the Dome of the Invalides by Mansard; the exhibition is one of "French Drawings of the Eighteenth Century."

It would be difficult to name the artists of Paris who have banded themselves so as to form this society, of which we are going to sing the praises today.

In vain one would interrogate hundred of artists of the most diverse generations on the reality of this Federation: one knows only that it is a grouping of connoisseurs, more or less anxious to pose as men of taste, and above all desirous of helping certain unfortunate artists. Maybe the present crisis gives them plenty to do. The exhibitions in which this Society took the initiative were hitherto of an unequal interest; the present one can only be praised.

Without doubt, the organizers could feel assured of universal approval. The friends of art who have never reconciled themselves to the revolutionary ways of modern art have always taken refuge in the safety of classical art; where time and criticism have done their work, there remains only to admire in full confidence without the fatigue of any uncertainty. As to the modern chiefs and their defenders, have they not always held that they make war on the dull academic training only in the hope of returning art to the classical powers?

It is no less true that the preparation of such an exhibition was no easy matter. It was first necessary

to justify and legalize the enterprise in grouping together a whole which would not give the feeling of having been seen already at the Louvre or other national museums, the print room of the Rue Spontini, and even in private collections opened to some privileged persons.

The organizing committee has admirably succeeded: only congratulations can be offered to Mme. Edgar Stern, president of the administrative council, to MM. le Comte d'Harcourt, le Comte d'Arjuzon, le Comte Arnaut Doria, Fabien Sollar, president of the committee of the Federation. It is in this light that one will forgive much to M. Fabien Sollar—whose couplets written for a famous musical operetta, "Phi-Phi," are not to the greatest glory of French poetry of the twentieth century. Who knows whether the century is not more guilty than the author, and whether in the seventeenth century "Phi-Phi" would not have been the theme for one of the ballets so much appreciated by the Roi-Soleil and for which a Simon Vouet or a Jacques Stella would have created steps both emphatic and voluptuous.

The organizers have had the luck of putting their hand on a treasure, almost unknown, in M. Jean Masson's collection.

The precious drawings exhibited today come from the gift that this acute connoisseur made to the State several years ago. It would be difficult enough to reconstitute the circumstances: in any case the Press was strangely discreet on the subject, and I do not remember that critics were advised of this gift and of the possibilities of enjoying it.

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Having patiently amassed his treasure, M. Jean Masson went one day, accompanied by his notary, to seek for an audience with the Ministre de l'Instruction publique des Beaux Arts. In the most simple way he made a gift to France of all his portfolios, containing six thousand drawings, and of his rich library of five thousand volumes. Experts value the whole today at many tens of million francs at least. There are in it, in hundreds, the most perfect types of all Western schools. From that time the collection was kept at the Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. By what administrative fault did it happen that the exhibitions of these marvels were not as frequent as the kingly donor had hoped?

This fault is happily remedied today. At last the Federation of Artists, in accord with M. Jean Masson, exhibits ninety-five pieces, all of the first order, of the French School of the seventeenth century.

There is among these fragile paintings on vellum—fragile but admirably preserved—a very curious *grisaille*, also on vellum, "La Vocation de Mademoiselle de la Vallière." It is a piece of small proportion but of excellent composition. In the foreground, the royal favourite, in a beautiful gown, stands in ecstasy, her eyes lifted towards a celestial apparition: the Saviour, with angels, appears among clouds. In the middle distance a terrestrial cortège, but infinitely less real than the mystic apparition; the King, on horseback, in sumptuous array, prancing at the head of a troupe of courtiers, starting for war, or the hunt. There is in this tiny figure-piece more richness than in all the *vies romancées* so fashionable today.

Anonymous also is a very fine double portrait (presumed) of Ann of Austria and Louis XIV as a child, in an oval frame, in body colour picked out with gold, on vellum. Anonymous again, among others, a very



PORT

By Claude Gellée (Le Lorrain)

General interest is assured in every one: even anonymous specimens deserve to be considered at length, and are here and there the most interesting ones. I will mention among these unknown artists those which deal with the pathetic life of the priests and nuns of Port-Royal des Champs, specially four illuminated sheets on vellum, with nearly all the ornaments of medieval miniatures and representing "Les Cérémonies des Sœurs de Port-Royal des Champs."

This comes singularly apropos. There is, indeed, in intellectual circles a renewal of interest in this high level of spirituality of which, in the nineteenth century, Sainte-Beuve retraced grandly the doctrine, existence, and painful ending in persecutions. A deep study of Pascal's works had prepared us for this revival.

A curious book by M. Louis Artus, "Au Soir de Port-Royal," has the success of a novel of adventures: other writers study Nicole and the great Arnaud as contemporaries.

Indeed, the illuminations shown to us take us back to the "désert" of Port-Royal des Champs in this Vallée de Chevreuse so favourable for spiritual evocations.

humane "Portrait of Charles I of England," a three-quarter bust to the right, in coloured crayon, in an oval frame. One finds a fine series of Jacques Callot, of whom a "Feuille d'Etudes de Figures" is very interesting as to the spirit of research of the author of the "Horreurs de la Guerre." There are forty-four figures, more or less sketched, more or less finished, of which several are found again in the master's finished work. Claude Gellée, surnamed Le Lorrain, is magnificently represented with a "Paysage d'Italie," a "Baie rocheuse," a "Port animé de Barques et Navires," pen-strokes of bewildering accuracy in their finesse, on a slight pencil sketch, the foreground delicately depicted in sepia, and "Deux grosses Barques et un Canot," a little marine piece by brush in bistre, the style of which announces the marine painters of the nineteenth century. By Eustache le Sueur, too long neglected and to whom our century is rendering justice, we have a collection of twenty-two studies, not described, but which can be only serious sketches for the execution of the glorious "Vie de Saint Bruno."

Will the young modern painters, so full of Père Cézanne, sombre pope of modern painting who swore





ADONIS

By Adonis

Exhibition of Spanish Art and Architecture, 27 November 1911

by the Gallery, London, 1911

1911



FIG. 1. MRS. GAINSBOROUGH

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

Loan to the Georgian Art Exhibition by Mr. Samuel Courtauld.



Letter from Paris

to "refaire le Poussin sur nature" in his "désert," sufficiently Jansenist in his Jas-de-Bouffan, try to discover the texture of Nicholas Poussin, this great master and formidable draughtsman, in studying these masterly pieces so fertile in teaching?

Of Pierre Puget, whom, on account of the rough cariatides of the Hôtel de Ville of Toulon, Charles Baudelaire called "the melancholic emperor of convicts," there is, in ink and pencil, lightly washed with chinese ink, a drawing of extreme grace: Cupid playing with a Dolphin which rises out of a shell.

It would be interesting to know all the reactions of the connoisseurs, and above all of artists, before a simple pencil drawing, with the background washed with chinese ink, called "Portrait d'un Abbé" by Philippe de Champagne, the painter of "Port-Royal," whose work happily has been placed not far from the miniatures already mentioned.

handled so cleverly, with high lights of white crayon for accentuating the delicate flesh modelling, a little marvel which promises the graces of the eighteenth century but still in the marvellous equilibrium of that golden age of mind which did not anticipate that a day would dawn when art would tease those who do not understand its accents.

I can give but a general impression, and I must forbid myself to write a monograph on Jean Masson's collection. Therefore, I must mention quickly, excusing myself for omissions, Jacques Bellange, A. S. Belle, P. Bergaigne, François Boitard, with "Orphée aux enfers charme par son chant les divinités infernales" (pen and wash); Bonnat, with a pleasing series of "Personnages de la Cour de Louis XIV, Turcs, Chinois, Hérétiques"; Boullongne, Sébastien Bourdon, Nicholas Chapron, from his biblical inspiration the "Déluge" to the pre-naturalistic conception of the "Enfants



ETUDE DE FEMME NUE

By Simon Vouet (Paris, 1590-1649)

So many foolish things have been said about that word "modern" and so many on that other word "classic." It was M. Jacques-Émile Blanche who very wisely exclaimed one day: "The authentic masters, all great artists, always appear to me to belong to the same century." A word of profound truth. I know of nothing more modern than this sketch of Philippe de Champagne.

The Federation shows another work by that artist, a page of three studies of the head of Christ, for the "Sainte Cène," in black and sanguine with high lights of white crayon.

I have greatly enjoyed the studies of Simon Vouet, alas ignored by ninety per cent. of artists. It is first of all a tender rendering of the "Quatre-Saisons," allegorical figures on some clouds, studies intended for the decoration of a cupola. With what delicate verve the reddish wash follows the light pen-stroke: high lights of body colour on a background of blue paper, fixing all future values of realization.

But perhaps his "Etude de femme nue" might be preferred; in black and white which Simon Vouet

cherchant à capturer un lapin"; Nicholas Cochin, Corneille le Jeune et Corneille l'Ancien, Cotellet le Vieux, Jacques Courtois, Coypel, whose "Tête de Jeune Fille," in black and sanguine, which, without causing deep reflections, is nevertheless one of the joys of the exhibition; Noël Coypel, Le Guaspre, Focus, Forest, Francart, Huret, Journet, Jouvenet, La Chambre, La Hyre and his brother Louis, La Roche, Le Clerc, Léger l'animalier, Mignard, Millet, Robert Nanteuil, Pérelle, Picart, Pascal de la Rose and his "Trois Mâts de guerre," St. Igny, Israel Silvestre, les deux Stella, Vernansal, Claude Vignon, Aubin Voueta, and apologizing for not delaying before such a masterpiece as "Le Monastère en Italie," of La Hyre, a bewildering work for so many moderns placing their easels on the red southern earth and so certain that they are indebted only to their epoch; Claude Mellan, a portraitist of the most intense psychology and of whom one would like to find tomorrow in the place of honour in the Louvre, and no longer buried in the folios of the Rue Bonaparte, the haunting portrait of "Jérôme Frescobaldi," musician and organist of St. Peter in the Vatican.

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As if there were not already enough galleries in Paris, in full business crisis, another one has just been opened: La Nouvelle Revue Française. It is as yet impossible to say what will be the policy of this new venture, opened under the patronage of the most intellectualist of the young French Revues. I do not say intellectual, but intellectualist, which signifies a little more and a little less.

Many artists of less than fifty years have joined in spirit the works of the N.R.F. All watch keenly, if not in constant sympathy at least with a kind of temper, furious at times, the criticism given by their confrère, André Lhote. The mysterious manager of this gallery has not yet unmasked his guns. To intrigue the moderns he takes refuge in the antique and Asiatic antique; the first exhibition was one of statues from Pamir, now is one of Gothico-Bouddhique works. It is enough for rumour to spread that the director cannot be André Lhote and most likely is M. André Malraux, the writer of the "Conquérants" and "La Voie Royale," books which have for frames mysterious China and sleepy Indo-China. M. André Malraux visited Cambodia and his methods of investigation put him in conflict with the colonial authorities before a verdict from Europe had placed him in the rank of energetic but proper explorers. He is very young and believes that the whole universe is no older!

If he be responsible for the exhibitions of the N.R.F., he must be congratulated for their intrinsic value, but from the point of view of novelty, he must robe himself with modesty. All he shows us—with magnificent examples, I admit—had already been revealed to us twenty years ago. The learned, whose works M. Malraux will not be the only one to consult with advantage, have written much since the day M. Pelliott presented at the Sorbonne his books on the sculptures of Chinese Turkestan, sculptures which one marvelled then to find so akin and near to the works of primitive Greece. But then the epithet "hellénistique" was not yet on the lips of every snob. Still more, M. Pelliott, who engaged in an endless quarrel with Chavannes afterwards, had dazzled us only with lantern projections! It is obvious that the Asiatic stones of the N.R.F. move us a great deal more than the magic-lantern of our youth.

There! Much has been said about the past and little about Parisian art news; but the writer cannot be blamed if news in living art has been so sadly lacking since the start of this year.

I shall not even speak to you about the "Indépendants." Round the brave Signac, consecrated to the works of his youth, gather only painters of second order who have very rarely his spirit of disinterested defiance which formerly produced the noble and authentic interest in the last *Salon des refusés*.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By FERDINAND ECKHARDT

AMONG the current exhibitions in Berlin the most interesting is undoubtedly the one showing work by living Japanese artists. As it will be more fully dealt with next month, we will confine ourselves here to asking the question: How far will it influence the work of our European artists, who might be stimulated in various ways by such a display? Just the qualities which are so seldom found in our modern art seem to be the strong point of the Japanese artists—their work is obvious and easily understandable. The problem which the "New Objectivity" movement set itself in Germany a few years ago without any apparent result—to create works which would be comprehensible to everyone, and yet be art—seems to have been solved by almost every Japanese artist. What the Japanese artists give us is no longer naturalism; it is more than naturalism, and yet in principle it is altogether different to the French super-realism. In France it is a super-realism of form, here of content and subject.

But to turn to the Berlin exhibitions proper. The show of young artists which we pointed out in our last letter seems to have acted as a stimulus, and particularly in the principle of showing only a few artists at a time, and representing each by a number of his works. Now the Secession is holding an exhibition of four of its members, and each has a whole room at his disposal. It is as though the representatives of four different outlooks were brought together, but only the superficial aspect has

been selected. Erich Waske is not much farther advanced as an average expressionist than he was ten years ago. His colossal compositions, many of them designs for stained glass, employ rough dramatic gestures and glaring colour as almost the only means of getting effect, and for this reason they leave us cold and fail to convince us of the religious themes they set out to preach. Emmy Roeder is the sculptor of the proletariat, and her simple and unforced sculptures render the unproblematic type of the proletarian girl admirably. But here it is chiefly her drawings that are exhibited, and it is surprising that an artist with so much plastic capacity should appear so absolutely untalented and unattractive in her drawings. Wolf Röhrich is the modern drawing-room painter, and his pictures find admirers always and everywhere. He paints with a certain amount of skill and a great deal of temperament, in agreeable colours, either a Southern landscape or a quaint negro boy, a flower-piece or an attractive head of a girl. The most important of the four artists is, without doubt, Hans Purrman, whose delicately coloured, fragrant landscapes, fruit and flower pieces, have stood out as the best work in all Secession exhibitions. But a room with some twenty Southern landscapes, all in the same scale of colour, no doubt the product of a short period, is rather dull. Thus, owing to an error in the organization of this exhibition, even this important artist does not appear to advantage, for it is easier to show six canvases of one artist than a large roomful

Letter from Berlin

The second exhibition of "Young Berlin Art," at the Verein Berliner Künstler in the Bellevuestrasse, shows a certain falling off compared with the first exhibition under this name, though even here the fresh element of youth plays its part. The exhibition in the galleries of the Jurifreien is also limited this time to fewer painters, each of whom has a room to himself. Here again we see that it is a great proof of quality in a painter when we can endure a whole room of his pictures; unfortunately, in most cases the reverse is the case.

No domain of painting seems to have reached such a point of decline today as wall decoration. The architects have taken care in these last years to reduce the decorative activity of painters by designing plain surfaces for their buildings. The experiments in decorative

almost like a desperate effort to bring something into being which in reality does not exist. The Flechtheim Gallery, which was showing revolutionary young artists a few years ago, seems now to have fixed on the prevailing tendency and is slowly growing old along with that tendency. This is, indeed, the impression we receive from Kandinsky's paintings; they seem somehow torpid, not to say boring. Twenty years ago his colourful and formally expressive sketches were justified as a transitory stage, never as eternally valid painting; now, after all this time, the compositions "Veiled Glow," "Accent in Pink," "Round and Pointed," ever varied and yet always the same, are wearying. Oscar Schlemmer (also at Flechtheim's) who, like Kandinsky, belongs to the "Bauhaus" is quite different, for he has changed. His



THE PYRAMIDS 1929

In the Kokoschka Exhibition, Munich

paintings made by Walter Bergmann with the assistance of Ilse Rotzoll and Elfriede Glaser are a crowning example of the inadequacy of modern wall-painting. So much has been said against the "decorative" in art during the last years that today artists really seem no longer able to treat a large wall or a whole interior decoratively. The surface is not filled, the composition does not take into account the whole, but at the most a single figure; the colour is not calculated for the whole scheme, but rather for a picture. Among the other artists exhibiting here mention must be made of the abstract paintings by Otto Nebel, who was originally an architect, and the small watercolours and drawings by Hans Jänisch. The former adds together hundreds of impressions, which he collects, for example, in a cathedral, forming a new composition, which expresses something of the dignity of a cathedral through the confusion of stained-glass windows, piers, and arches; the latter paints fantastic little figures in the primitive forms of a Paul Klee, but without that artist's immense narrative force, which animates his fantasies and forms the entire substance of his art.

The Berlin art dealers are showing remarkable activity, and have arranged a series of memorable exhibitions. It is above all young artists who come to the fore, mostly artists whose names are scarcely known. It looks

abstract, too intellectually constructed compositions have now developed into figure compositions, which, though perhaps still a little too abstract and cubistic, yet show something like the ideal type of modern man in the simplification of the human form, and the simple movements, best of all perhaps in the gymnastic picture for the Berlin Stadium.

The Möller Gallery is showing an artist who is no longer one of the very young, but who has not yet had a one-man show. Christof Drexel's works, representing peasant and fishermen types in the heavy language of a Nolde, produce a very curious first impression. But on closer inspection something vital appears in them: blue cats begin to glow; a dark-green branch of a tree against deep blue sky with white clouds is like a fairy tale; children with pink faces, yellow hair, and light-blue frocks stare at us with enormous eyes, and become fantastic apparitions. Drexel is yet another instance of the fact that some of the most gifted artists seem today more than ever to take refuge from the noisy market where they appear but seldom, and only to disappear again, and perhaps continue to develop untroubled by and independent of the fruitless clamour of the critics and the "tendencies."

The Neumann-Nierendorf Gallery, whose speciality

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it is to show quite unknown young artists of all tendencies without any special programme, is now holding an exhibition of the young Saxon, Franz Lenk. He moves more or less deliberately in the path of his great countryman, Caspar David Friedrich. He approaches the representation of landscapes or still-life with quite unusual precision for these days, and if his works have not yet reached a high standard technically, yet his love for the subject is particularly attractive.



LANDSCAPE

By Franz Lenk

By courtesy of the Neumann-Nierendorf Gallery, Berlin

The art dealer Hartberg is showing a young Frenchman, Kanelba. He is a product of the impressionistic traditions of Monet and Renoir. He does not attempt to solve great problems in his paintings, but they are quiet, light and agreeable, like the artist himself as seen in his self-portrait.

Outside Berlin there are two important exhibitions at present. In Dessau the complete works of the three brothers Olivier are assembled; hitherto Ferdinand and Woldemar Friedrich have always been referred to, while the eldest brother Heinrich was less well known. All three Oliviers belong to the creation of one of the most remarkable periods of modern painting, when the Nazarenes built up on the foundation of Romanticism a peculiar revival of the early Renaissance style and that of the early German masters. The value of the present exhibition is that it shows all three Oliviers in an equally

strong light; and to do this, public as well as many private collections in Germany have been drawn upon.

The Mannheim Kunsthalle, long celebrated as one of the most active supporters of modern art, has rendered a special service now in organizing a large Kokoschka exhibition, consisting of eighty paintings, almost all his engraved work, and a large number of watercolours and drawings lent by museums and private collections and ranging from his earliest period to the last years. Kokoschka is undoubtedly the greatest pictorial genius in the German countries. The most obvious proof of this is the almost universal recognition accorded to his works by the oldest men as well as the moderns. This exhibition clearly shows the artist's development: after absurd beginnings with fantastically distorted, extraordinarily sharply seen psychological portraits, after a period of visionary compositions in light and colour, he has finally become an artist of colour, who paints an Egyptian landscape or a view of the Thames with the nonchalance of a virtuoso. In so unsettled a period as the present, even artistically, when values do not always come to light, Kokoschka certainly represents a point of rest, a definite standard of real ability.

Contrary to the general tendency, the Berlin art market can register very satisfactory results in the prices reached at the Böhm sale at Lepke's. After the recent scandals, the news of the high prices was received with the greatest scepticism on all sides, till it was definitely proved that they were genuine and uninfluenced. They proved that the nineteenth-century Germans fetch quite as good prices as the contemporary Frenchmen, with the exception, of course, of a few outstanding masters like Manet.

Among the coming auctions, special mention must be made of the sale to be held at C. G. Boerner's in Leipzig at the end of April of the Blasius collection of engravings, well known as the largest private collection of Dürer's work, whose last owner died last year, and to this will be added one of the most important of Dürer's woodcuts in private hands in Germany. The sale will also include engravings of the fifteenth to eighteenth century, the fifteenth-century examples being particularly well represented, including a great rarity, a plate by Veit Stoss; a collection of Rembrandt etchings, the property of the late Dr. Moll, of Arnheim; and a third lot of duplicates from the Hermitage. The third important group consists of a large collection of drawings from the Hermitage, particularly rich in French masters of the eighteenth century; drawings from various other public collections in Russia; and a collection of drawings and etchings by some of the most notable German artists of the early nineteenth century.



BOOK REVIEWS

PABLO PICASSO, by EUGENIO D'ORS. (Published by A. Zwemmer, London.) Price £2 10s.

PABLO PICASSO will be fifty in October of this year. He has been famous in all European capitals, and such cities of America as care for European art, since 1910—and before that, between 1901 and 1906, he had already produced many of the works which are the most widely admired today. His total *œuvre* up to date has been assessed at approximately a thousand paintings, drawings, and plastic constructions. The appearance in the English language of a serious illustrated monograph on his achievements can therefore be said to be timely, if not indeed considerably overdue.

The book is a translation from the Spanish of Eugenio d'Ors; it contains fifty reproductions of pictures—four of them in colour—and some thirty-six reproductions of drawings. Eugenio d'Ors has known Picasso from his youth onwards. He tells us—if we are to believe his apparently American translator—that Picasso is a “creator without temperament,” and that in his work “the influence of spontaneity is simply nil (so much so that it may be said that throughout his life Picasso has never produced a single piece such as people call ‘sincere’).” He also tells us that every painter “has to resolve in one way or another the problem of hierarchical relationship between things and their surroundings,” and that the master's *œuvre*, in spite of its apparently manifold character, has really been developed along “two parallel lines of graphic speculations: one in which the accepted appearance of individual objects is on the whole respected, although their morphological rhythm may be violated or deformed; and another in which habitual appearances



THE MOUNTEBANKS

By Pablo Picasso, 1903

are boldly eliminated and disappear, leaving only surviving in each pictorial production a group of abstract relationships.”

These and other interesting ideas are put forward in the Spanish critic's distinguished essay. But the essay nevertheless does not tell us the whole story of Picasso's contributions to contemporary art—possibly because a full appreciation would require a volume twenty times the size.

For Picasso has been able by the sheer originality of his pictures to provide a treasure-house from which half the artists of the modern “Ecole de Paris” have acquired the raw materials of their art. Of the “Ecole de Paris” today one half goes back to Cézanne via Matisse and the “Fauves,” and the other half goes back to Seurat via Picasso. Name any artist of the second group and I shall probably be able to show you the actual pictures by Picasso which set him on his way. There are men whose conversation inspires others to write books and plays. There are others whose attitudes send men to heroism. Picasso is a man who on Monday can make a drawing



UPTURNED SCULPTURED HEAD

By Pablo Picasso

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Mlle. SUZANNE B.

By Pablo Picasso, 1904

which provides the synopsis of a new chapter in art history to be expanded and popularized by other men, and who on Tuesday can paint a picture which provides the synopsis of another. His own productions go in groups and series. He works at a problem till he has found the key to its solution. Then he throws the key out of the window and allows the most agile of the passers-by to pick it up. The book before me reproduces a series of six pen-and-ink drawings of an "Artist and Model" motif done in the course of 1930. The series shows how Picasso works at his plastic and pictorial ideas. There is something worth stealing in every one of these six drawings. Examine the woodcuts and illustrations in the 1935 éditions de luxe of Europe and America—you will then see Picasso's explorations in these "Artist and Model" drawings brought into the market place and exploited in a dozen different ways.

For my own part I regard Picasso as the outstanding genius among the artists of the twentieth century. Everything he has produced from his youth upwards is the record of a conscious effort to enlarge the field of art at some point where the enlargement will help the twentieth-century mind in its adjustments to life. In this search for an art that will serve the attitudes of his own age Picasso has gone repeatedly against his personal reactions and inclinations. This is why d'Ors is led to call him a "creator without temperament." Picasso has not developed along the line of least resistance which is always the line of individual temperament. He has disciplined himself to work across the grain.

Picasso, son of a drawing master, was born in Malaga in 1881. He graduated at the University of Barcelona and then worked in the art schools of Barcelona and

Madrid. He made his first visit to Paris in 1900 and settled there in 1904. He began by absorbing all that the artists who successively roused his enthusiasms could provide. He absorbed Degas, Steinlen, Toulouse-Lautrec, Carrière, Chavannes, Dürer, El Greco. Then for a while he yielded to his temperament. He looked on the life of the humble with the eyes of Baudelaire. His pictures of circus folk from 1903 to 1906 are the equivalent of some of Baudelaire's prose poems. D'Ors reproduces from this series "The Mountebanks" (1903), "Love" (1905), "Harlequin Family and Monkey" (1905), "Circus Scene," (1906), "Man and Child" (1906)—also a portrait called "Mlle. Suzanne" (1904). If we add our knowledge of the 1905 group of six "Mountebanks"—in which I detect the influence of Louis Le Nain—"The Boy with a Horse" (1905), and "The Adolescents" (1906), we have a fair representation of Picasso's productions in this phase which follows the first period known as the "blue" or Lautrec period and which precedes the experiments that were to lead to Cubism.

In his 1903-6 pictures Picasso, like Baudelaire, was striving unconsciously to give classical form to romantic concepts. The "pathetic" in these pictures is exquisite, and the artist has contrived to escape the sentimental by a classical insistence upon line. But Picasso was so essentially a son of the twentieth century, his mind was so sensitive to contemporary attitudes of thought, that he was conscious all the time that the characteristic art of the



MADAME PICASSO

By Pablo Picasso, 1921

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period must be architectural in kind. Had he been an English artist working in England he might have persisted in his "blue" Lautrec manner or in the field of his "pathetic" 1903-6 productions for the remainder of his life. But in Paris the urge towards experimental creation is not killed in an artist by the time he is twenty-five—as so frequently occurs here. Picasso at twenty-five set out to work across his temperament, to destroy his sense of the "pathetic," to renounce the pleasures of emotive art, and to force painting back to an architectural concept in which the forms of physical objects and concrete things would be considered as jumping-off points for the creation of new forms within the picture.

Between 1907 and 1910 Picasso invented Cubism. First came the drastic formalizations of the human figure seen in pictures like "Composition" (1908) reproduced by d'Ors, and in the "Femme aux Mains croisées" in the collection of M. Paul Guillaume. Then came the completely Cubist pictures of 1910-15. Picasso's Cubism inaugurated a regeneration of pictorial composition in which Braque, Gris, and Leger played, of course, substantial parts. By the time Cubism reached the market place, by the time it had regenerated modern architecture and sculpture and all the applied arts, Picasso—having made his gesture—had turned to explorations of another kind.

Picasso has described himself as a figure painter; and his invention would seem to have always been primarily aroused by human figures. That is why his Cubist pictures found an audience with such inevitable difficulty. It was because the artist had started his pictures with images based on human figures—M. Ambroise Vollard, Mme. Picasso, harlequins, male and female nudes—and because traces of these images remained in his most drastic architectural constructions, that the spectators of his Cubist pictures rose in rage. Compared with our knowledge of and our interest in human faces and bodies we know little and care little about trees, houses, or guitars. If Picasso, in his Cubist compositions, had constructed exclusively with half-guitars, and other concrete or purely vegetable "properties," his work would still have been misunderstood but it would not have been passionately detested. The rage came because the half-guitars were held by quarter-men. Those who brought Cubism into the market place were for the most part more discreet; they tended to construct their pictorial architecture with Picasso's concrete pictorial properties—half-guitars, vases, fragments of newspaper, architectural mouldings, and so forth; they left him the cardboard and quarter-men, and thus they skirted round the most formidable obstacle to their works' reception, and eventually gathered in the fruit.

But Picasso himself retained the human figure among his studio properties; and when Cubism was launched he passed through the gate he himself had opened and applied the age's new pictorial concepts to the further development of architectural concepts of the human form. From time to time from 1915 onwards he has indeed produced detailed representational portraits, "Fauve" improvisations with swift romantic handling, drawings in the crystal line of Greek vases, and other experiments to solve his problems of the day; he has also challenged Ingres ("Portrait of Mme. Picasso," 1917) and Matisse ("The Artist's Studio," 1919); and occasionally he has taken a day off and returned to the romantic "pathetic"

art of his pre-Cubist period and represented it transformed by the Cubist discipline—as in "Harlequin" (1917) in the Barcelona Museum, in the portrait of his son "Paulo Picasso in Harlequin Costume" (1923), and the portrait of the same boy in clown's costume with a mask (1926) which d'Ors reproduces in colour in his book. But his main concentration of the last fifteen years, and especially of the last ten, has been on the recapture of monumental classical grandeur in the perception of the human figure which disappeared from European painting when Piero



COMPOSITION

By Pablo Picasso

della Francesca and Raphael had been carried to their graves. In a series of portraits of Mme. Picasso (1921 and 1922) we find the very essence of Renaissance classical style; and in the famous portrait of the same sitter (painted 1921, and awarded the Carnegie Prize in 1930) we find a further stage—the capture of the essence of the seventeenth century when it escaped Baroque.

But in these portraits Picasso restricted himself to traditions as he found them. In the great picture called "Jeux familiaux" (1923), in the "Mother and Child" series, and the series of female nudes that have followed, he has broken this classical mould and refashioned it on a scale to include our age's knowledge of the monumental arts of Egypt and the East.

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All this intellectual effort has not killed Picasso's temperament, which continually works through—in the form of a hand enlarged for architectural reasons but drawn with a "pathetic" that is purely temperamental, or in the form of a gesture of dynamic energy such as that which brings the wind and fear into "Women Running by the Sea" (1923). It is this intrusion of temperament, of "human quality," that destroys the classical austerity of so much of his work in the eyes of the purist and which alone makes any of it tolerable to those who can tolerate only romantic or descriptive art.

In the last two years Picasso has once more turned to fresh fields for the enlargement of his experience. He is now engaged on constructions composed of forms in themselves evocative of human functional forms. This phase arouses instinctive human hostility even more inevitably than the phase of Cubism. For Picasso's Cubist constructions were evolved from initial images of the exterior of the human form; his latest constructions are evolved from initial images of the human form turned inside out. But Picasso cares nothing for the reactions of the spectator. Isolated in his workshop like a research chemist in his laboratory he pursues the tasks of his own choice. He will leave to others the task of developing these new explorations; and those others (who will make concessions to our prejudices and use other material to achieve their pastiches of Picasso's pictorial inventions) will once more reap where this astonishing pioneer has sown.

R. H. WILENSKI

MR. LOWES DICKINSON'S THEORIES ON ART

AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS, by G. LOWES DICKINSON. (London: George Allen.) 6s. net.

I do not know whether many readers of *APOLLO* have concerned themselves with the argument between Philaethes and Plato whose twenty odd centuries in the shades have made into a blander, more humorous person than he seemed in my schooldays, in addition to giving him a very pretty command of what Flecker, if I remember aright, called our sweet English tongue. But if they haven't they should. For "After Two Thousand Years," even if politics bore you, turns into a delicious book when you get into the last movement where Mr. Lowes Dickinson makes his characters pipe to the themes of Truth, Art, and Love. Personally I am interested in the endless adventure of government, and interested, too, in Mr. Lowes Dickinson, a poet who is torn between pity for his fellow-men and love of the things which the majority of them despise. I read therefore the whole of the dialogue between the young Cambridge truth-lover and the master whom he encounters in the Champs Élysées. He calls it the Elysian Fields, but I am sure it must be Paris, the Paris where alone today men pursue the ideas that are the motive power of such activities as it is the business of *APOLLO* to record and chronicle.

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In saying this I have particularly in mind M. Jacques Maritain, whose book on "Art and Scholasticism" I reviewed some months ago in these pages. Mr. Lowes Dickinson is a Platonist and so approaches the ethics of art from another standpoint than that of the Aristotelean



THE ARTIST AND HIS MODEL

By Pablo Picasso, 1930

and Thomist. Where M. Maritain walks securely in the clear light of a philosophy which embraces religion, Mr. Lowes Dickinson has reason alone to guide him on the abysses of pessimism that yawn round the feet of those whose myths are themselves mere poetic imagery. Here, for instance, is the contrast between the views of the two on the question of art not being concerned with mere representation—a vulgar error which has been egregiously demonstrated of late with reference to Mr. Hardiman's statue of Lord Haig. "Artistic creation," says M. Maritain, "does not copy God's creation, but continues it. And even as the trace and image of God appear in His creatures, so the human character is impressed upon the work of art, the full, sensitive and spiritual character, not of the hands only, but of the whole soul. . . . Art is the faculty of producing an original being capable in its turn of moving a human soul. The new creature is the fruit of a spiritual marriage uniting the activity of the artist to the passivity of a given matter. . . . Hence the feeling in the artist of his special dignity. . . . He is, as it were, an associate of God in the making of works of beauty."

To this theory of "creation in the second degree" Mr. Lowes Dickinson can bring no satisfactory counter-theory because he cannot admit the potency of any supernatural agent. "Art," declares Philaethes, "though it may represent, has in its essence nothing to do with representation." But when Plato asks, In that case, why deal with objects at all?—why should not artists arrive at their patterns without passing through the medium of things?—the only answer he can make is that they might



MR. JOHN THE VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE

By Jacob Epstein

At the Leicester Gallery



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conceivably, but that they do not seem to be gifted with enough invention. The only reason, he opines, why they take the innumerable forms given in the sensible world, is because these suggest to them patterns more interesting and complicated than they could conceive by their unaided imagination. To take refuge thus is surely the despairing counsel of one who, wishing to see a purpose in the world and yet unwilling to admit a creator, blames the artists for not themselves being creators in the first degree. The difficulties that this antinomy

drum we have a mighty chorus of strings, and brass, and wood, and drums, and of each of these many varieties, all blazing away at once and intertwining, in a complex rope of sound, a thousand straws of varying texture and hue . . ."

H. E. WORTHAM

ENGRAVINGS BY ERIC GILL: A Selection of Engravings on Wood and Metal representative of his work to the end of the year 1927, with a complete Chronological List of Engravings and a Preface by the Artist. Large 4to, pp. 14 + 50 + plates 105. (Bristol: Douglas Cleverdon). Cloth. 1929. Limited edition.

This is a handsome book and a compelling one; it compels one to think, and it engages one to admiration, for its subject is a universalist. Heaven, earth, and hell are alike interesting to him; he has friends in all three places; he makes them—places and friends—most acceptable to those friends, his readers of his essays and admirers of his engravings. Eric Gill demands an open admiration, for his love of beauty is so naïve. It is so single-minded that he is able to discard all rules and the shackles of technique, and to make engravings so much after his own heart that they become after the heart of all who love pristine beauty. He is so fond of beauty that he calls it God, and so fond of his profession that he calls it a spade—literally, a job of work. He is a monk devoid of monkery; a philosopher lost to logic; an artist artful in the arts and in evading the rules. He is a Latinist unaware of Latinity, a human being, a masterly craftsman; and he deserves a book such as this, a book of fine character in accordance with its subject, with just that sufficient amount of preciousness to tickle the palate of the collector and to make the connoisseur realize that here he has the right stuff. Eric Gill's engravings are the right stuff because he gets out of a wood or metal surface with the aid of the appropriate tool all that the material and tool will yield, regardless of consequences and even of conventions, and this because he knows how far he may go. He does not reduce the technique of the fine line of the metal engraving to ineptitude by employing it on wood and so prostituting one craft at the expense of another. This was the ruin of the great school of English wood-engraving of the first half of the nineteenth century. He does not try to get spurious effects on metal by imitating the broadness of the wood-medium. He uses the white line in wood-engraving, the designing and enclosing line free from ink, as he uses the black or printing line filled with ink of the metal plate. Sometimes he strays into a black line on an empty background on the wood, which is a weakness—all artists are liable to them if they suffer from the over-anxiety of the urge to express. But Gill errs but little in this direction; his black lines are drawn on the metal plate for the most part; his white on the wood, with the complementary virtue in each case of producing an appropriate and often sumptuous background to his line work. Of his fancy, scholarship and knowledge, it may be said that they are so mingled as to appear absolutely spontaneous, and it is only in some of the stated subjects that the subject governs the execution. In these the artist's fancy is never to seek, however, but it is when it is at its freest that it is at its best, either in the domain of the sacred or the profane or in that of naturalism.

K. P.



SELF-PORTRAIT

By Eric Gill

Wood block engraved for *Engravings by Eric Gill*.
(Bristol: Douglas Cleverdon.)

places before him Mr. Lowes Dickinson never surmounts. But he beats against them with an art—the art of rhetoric, one must call it—which is in the highest degree fascinating and goes to prove that he submits to the limitations which M. Maritain declares to be the very stuff of the artist's vocation.

Here is Philaethes's description, for Plato's benefit, of our music: "The co-operation, at the same time, of a number of different sounds and phrases, all going on at once with an interwoven complexity of which nothing but itself can give any idea. Where you had a dozen voices singing in unison, we have hundreds singing in parts. But more remarkable even than that is the difference in our instruments; where you had a lyre, a flute, and a

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PAUL WATERHOUSE. A Collection of certain of his Papers and Addresses. (Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford.) 10s. 6d. net.

This collection from among the speeches and written papers of the late Paul Waterhouse was worth bringing together. They are full of shrewd and thought-provoking remarks, though, as may be expected from a man of deep-rooted convictions and emphatic opinions, rather dogmatically expressed; and his frequent repetitions are not set down in vain, but because people today are apt to overlook even the most self-evident truths.

Paul Waterhouse, who died at the close of 1924, inherited a large practice from his father Alfred, reputed to have been the most prolific architect of the nineteenth century, and succeeded him to the Presidential chair of the R.I.B.A. some thirty years later.

Though of a deeply critical and investigating mind, his guiding star was his devotion to those things hallowed by the test of the ages. He steered his course by the five classical orders, and he held that the would-be originator "absolutely must *know* the rules of the game before he can be successful in breaking or modifying them . . . There is no such thing possible as a fresh start in architecture." Architects, he insists, are stewards of their inheritance. Again and again he warns those who would fly before they can walk. Here are some of his rulings: "The cry for a new style argues in the utterer a complete ignorance of the history and true principles of architecture." "It is terribly true, at least of architecture, that the abandonment of tradition leads to shipwreck." "Design which departs so far from precedent as not to be reminiscent of previous work and methods is simply unrecognizable as architecture." "Let it be said at once that spontaneous generation is no fit method of birth for architecture. It is not only indecent but, happily, impossible." And "Novelty in architecture," he says, "when it does occur successfully, is not the result of some giant sitting down to his drawing-board and saying, 'Now for a startler out of my own head!'" One would rather like to have heard a discussion between Mr. Waterhouse and, say, Mr. Bruno Taut.

A strong plea is put in for a communal spirit among architects. Ever an ardent supporter of the Institute, which he almost idealized, he felt that architects should bear a mutual relationship and responsibility. He looked upon the profession as a close brotherhood, so much so that he regarded isolation in an architect as an artistic crime. His advice to young architects concerning sketching is invaluable. "To draw is to learn." Drawing should be a daily duty and a delight. It trains the eye, stores the memory, and kindles the imagination; and no assemblage or acquisition of prints and photographs can make up for its omission. By drawing you find out things for yourself, and you always find something you cannot find in books.

Another point the author insists on is that "self-consciousness in art is the sure death of art." Art is not consciously created, it is felt. There is no method for acquiring it. It is only in our age that the attempt has been made to define it. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans had any word for the elusive phantom that we pursue as art. We are not sure even if they comprehended its meaning as we understand it. They merely strove to do as well as they could, and there is much truth in the

reproach that we are today too consciously "arty" and too deficient in craft. *Ars* to the Romans meant no more than skill, or cunning in craft, as the word *Tekhné* to the Greeks denoted much the same thing, and the man in the street today, when he praises or condemns a work of art as well or ill done, criticizes it from exactly the same point of view as did Aristotle some seventy generations ago.

GRANVILLE FELL

ROYAL HOMES NEAR LONDON, by Major BENTON FLETCHER. With 43 illustrations by the author. (London: John Lane.) 21s. net.

Some books give much more than their title promises. This is one of them. In general appearance and "layout" it seems to be just another of those now popular compilations providing little scraps of history to illustrate topographical drawings. Major Benton Fletcher's book, whilst conforming to the general scheme, succeeds in enlarging the reader's vision of the past. It makes him realize the slow growth of ordinary comfort in the "home"; the constant habit of the kings of building pleasure houses subservient to their love of the chase; the high-handed manner in which they proceeded in order to gratify their passion for building. It makes him realize also how much better the kings and the great personages of the past knew how to enjoy life, even though their lives were much less secure. And, finally, the account of these "Royal Homes" proves how wrong the nineteenth-century aestheticians were in trying to convince themselves and the world that art has a moral mission; the edifices in many cases were noble enough, but there was little nobility in their purpose, unless one regards the desire to have "a good time" as a morally commendable impulse. Major Fletcher shows us how the earliest "homes" were mainly built for security, with an incredibly promiscuous life going on in the keep, the great hall. Promiscuity gradually ceased as luxury supervened, but life in these "Royal Homes," as in others, hardly assumed a more moral aspect. Yet it was because of this life that the arts flourished as they are not likely to flourish again.

Major Fletcher's book is not only good reading because he has rescued so many "Royal Homes," most of them no longer extant, except in pitiful fragments, from oblivion, but because he has managed to capture visions of the past—tragic, comic, quaint or curious—in his pages, even occasionally in a single sentence. Endowed with a shred of imagination, one reads these pages as if one were witnessing a strange play; scenes from the drama of Chronos.

Amongst many passages that might be quoted in support of this claim one single one must suffice.

Major Benton Fletcher is describing Richmond Palace and mentions that one gateway of it and the chamber over it still exists. Here Queen Elizabeth died; and this is how the author describes her end:—

"Bodily weakness and mental distress rapidly increased until, in March, she took to her bed. Sir Robert Carey, her kinsman, gives an account of her condition: 'She took me by the hand,' he observes, 'and wrung it hard, and said: "No, Robin, I am not well," and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and

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that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse she fetched in so few as forty or fifty great sighs. In all my life I have never heard her fetch a sigh before, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded.' The dying Elizabeth is said to have insisted on occupying the narrow room over the entrance gateway, there to watch for the hoped-for return of the ring she had entrusted to Essex, whom in her delirium she fondly imagined to be alive. This room remains today as originally wainscoted in deal by the thrifty Queen at a time that English oak was being reserved solely for shipbuilding."

Here is drama, almost Greek in its grandeur; here is also the purely human, and even a glimpse of politics.

The author describes other "Royal Homes" unknown to most of us, such as Jericho or Havering-atte-Bower, Eltham and Ashridge, as well as the famous ones, such as Hampton Court and Greenwich, and everywhere has occasion to conjure up visions of the past, grave and gay, with singular felicity.

His drawings, whilst not especially distinguished in technique, are good honest work and serve their purpose admirably.

H. F.

SPAIN: ITS STORY BRIEFLY TOLD, by CATHERINE MORAN. (Boston, U.S.A.: Stratford Company.) 3 dollars.

The author of this book has contrived to collect within the modest compass of 240 pages a mass of information which leaves the reader astonished and thrilled with admiration. Few persons will gainsay the statement in Mr. Chesterton's sympathetic introduction that "the overwhelming majority even of educated English people hardly knows where to turn for any elementary information" respecting the long and terrible struggle through which Spain freed herself from the yoke of Asiatic domination. "What we want is a narrative that will . . . give us a true outline of history . . . and enable us to relate men and times and institutions to each other in a rational order; and that is the sort of illuminating study that is given here."

Since the author is tutor to the Spanish Royal Family, she has exceptional advantages, and it is not too much to say that she has made the most of them. The book begins with the earliest times, and ends with a description of modern Spain which makes us feel that all our previous ideas of the population of this great country need drastic revision.

Even in the darkest days, torn by wars and revolutions, Spain has held her dignity unassailed. This admirably written survey brings out the heroism through which alone she has borne disaster and financial ruin. But her reward has already come, and now, "shaking off the torpor of inanition into which she had gradually sunk during the struggles and disorders of the nineteenth century, the country has awakened to life bounded by new horizons which offer new fields of activity and achievement." We can well believe that "it has been no easy task to steer the ship of State among the rocks and shoals, the eddies and whirlpools which have beset her course, and it has needed all the prudence and statecraft, the patience and diplomacy of a patriot King to keep the vessel making headway in such perilous seas."

In the last chapters we read of the remarkable increase of manufactures, of railways, of roads, of the development of agriculture, and that "the project of establishing an air line from Seville to Buenos Aires is on the way to realization." It comes with something of a shock to learn that "the port of Bilbao is the centre of the largest iron and steel trade in the world." We must, indeed, look to our laurels, for our educational advantages will soon be outdone by the magnificent University City which is to be built just outside Madrid. "In the Ciudad Universitaria all the faculties, including Law, Commerce, Arts and Medicine, will be assembled. A hospital to accommodate fifteen hundred will be attached to the Medical School. There will be a library, laboratories, lecture hall, as well as students' residences, with university clubs and athletic fields."

The author is not exaggerating when she writes that "as one contemplates the Spain of today, one cannot but marvel at the succession of violent and sudden transformations which the country presents: electric light taking the place of the oil wick dating from Roman times, motor lorries carrying the loads which but a few days previously were borne by donkeys, the automatic telephone replacing a tardy, spasmodic post, aeroplanes travelling over districts which have known neither trains nor motors, tractors ousting the mules and oxen from their plodding work in the fields, the highest buildings in Europe soaring on the site of ramshackle eighteenth-century houses, boys playing at football instead of at bull-baiting, girls leaving the sampler for the ski. Such is 1930 Spain."

Mr. Chesterton quotes the story of a Spanish gentleman of olden days who, having been ordered by the King to entertain a rich parvenu, replied: "At your Majesty's command I will receive him; and I will burn down my house afterwards." The modern Spanish gentleman would install a vacuum cleaner.

Some may regret that the romantic days of Don Juan and Carmen have passed. But, after all, what constitutes romance? Surely such progress as this, in the face of every sort of difficulty, is nothing else than romance of the most entrancing kind.

The book is beautifully produced, and the illustrations and maps add greatly to the charm of it.

C. K. JENKINS

BRITISH WATERCOLOUR PAINTING AND PAINTERS OF TODAY, by J. LITTLEJOHNS, R.B.A., R.B.C., A.R.W.A. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 25s. net.

This book may best be described as a guide to the art of painting with watercolours by acquiring, as the author puts it, "technique without tears." It contains much shrewd advice backed up by admirable illustrations in colour from paintings by living artists whose method of working is discussed and explained. Here, however, there are some notable *lacunæ*; for example, Wilson Steer, Frank Brangwyn, and, as a representation of a different outlook, Paul Nash, are all "British Watercolour Painters" of greater significance than most of those who are included.

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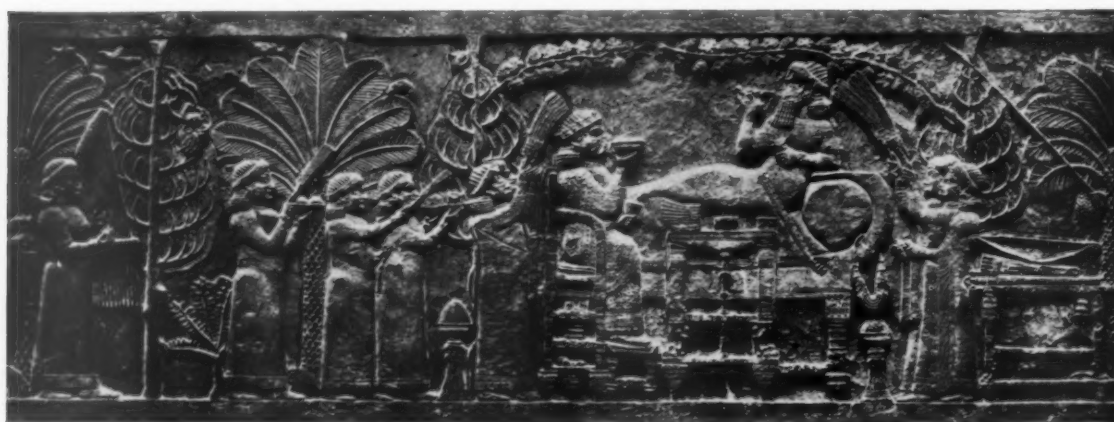
FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

By KINETON PARKES

ASIENS BILDENDE KUNST IN STICHPROBEN, IHR WESEN UND IHRE ENTWICKLUNG: ein Versuch von JOSEF STRZYGOWSKI. Large 4to, pp. 782, illus. 703 + coloured plates, 5. Cloth. (Augsburg: Dr. Benno Filser Verlag, G.m.b.H.). 1930. M. 120.

This is one of the mightiest and at the same time heaviest works with which a reviewer is, in his whole experience, called on to deal. It is the accumulation of the opinions of many brains, of the experiences of many researches, and of the reason of one of the greatest explorers in art the world has possessed. The range of the research is immense and the reasoning voluminous,

imposes the impression that the great man of erudite description owes too much to the present location and too little to its original time and place. There is, further, too little correlation of time and place. Five millenaries before Christ are passed over serenely in museums, but not in actuality, for place is no less mysterious than time, and both are different in Mandalay from what they are in Sicily. It is easy in a book to skip from Ravenna to the Taj Mahal and back to Crete, but the skipping from place to place and time to time does not make for unity of impression any more than it makes for historical progression. But, inasmuch as even Josef Strzygowski cannot do more than vaguely intimate the years of such history; inasmuch as world chronology is lamentably still to seek; it is too much to ask of him an estimate of prehistoric or even historic periods. It comes about then, that both times and places are dealt with at various



ALABASTER RELIEF FROM NINEVEH

London: British Museum.

"The Feast of King Asurbanipal." From *Asiens Bildende Kunst*, by Josef Strzygowski. (Augsburg: Benno Filser Verlag.)

and it is not to be wondered at that sometimes there are some differences. As head of the Art Research Institute of the Institute of Vienna, Josef Strzygowski has exceptional opportunity of collecting and collating material, and on the other hand the Institute has an exceptional intellect by which its affairs are guided and its conclusions reached and its accumulations of material co-ordinated. It is piously to be hoped that when the time arrives for the inception of the Art Institute in London, the University will be so fortunate as to secure as universally minded an art expert as Josef Strzygowski.

In a work of such scope as this, the complete envisagement of the Asiatic arts, the general plan is of the first importance and the first in difficulty. Even for a Josef Strzygowski, the sustaining of a level narrative was an impossible undertaking, and a sectional treatment which would yield to the reader as universal a view as possible would seem to have been the only plan. Inevitably it has its difficulties with which it is not for us to quarrel. If the museum rather than the object is given first place in the captions, that is a minor oversight of organization which has unfortunate results, for it

times and places in the book, which is in the first instance a vast series of most valuable notes and dissertations on the invaluable and unrivalled collection of the author and the Institute.

The material deals with the greatest monuments, such as the temples of Java, to the tiniest piece of gold jewellery; all the great architectural wonders of India with the incidentals of sculpture and painting; the lowlier works of the craftsmen and women in textiles and ceramics; the pictorial efforts of the individual artists from China to Persia and farther westward; the immense prodigality of genius made in the world and bequeathed to the world during seventy centuries. Biologically speaking it is the place in the sun that tells. Man has to struggle to maintain life where he lives amidst cold and wet and wind, until he makes for himself such conditions as are favourable to the birth or borrowing of art. In the place in the sun not only man's body flourishes but his brain flowers and his fingers itch to be making things which the generosity of Nature prompts. Art is born easily, as man is born easily, in such conditions and he has no need to borrow. So, for several millenaries the sun has been

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Photo : Alinari, Florence

FUNERARY BARGE : EGYPT

Turin Museum

From *L'Art Antique*, by G. Contenau and V. Chapot (Paris : Librairie Armand Colin)

shining in Asia and man has grown up in the hot mud of the river banks; made to himself houses, temples, and tombs and all the realizations of his awakening fancies with which to furnish them. So civilizations arose.

Hordes of barbarians came along periodically and despoiled these creators and many of their works, but when they had done their hideous task they passed by or were absorbed and the sun still shone and the merchants got on the routes again and their caravans carried the works of man's hands over the Asian border into Europe. Since Asia, since China and Japan, India, Mesopotamia and Egypt could accomplish these wonders, it is not too wonderful to subscribe to Josef Strzygowski's claim that Asia is the original home of the arts; that there is nothing fundamental in Europe that was not preceded by an archetype in the East—the pointed arch, the dome, the pyramid, the tower, the stone masonry, the brickwork; all those great works that were made with hands, that could not be made by machinery. Mechanics can forge girders but cannot endow iron with life; mechanics can build an Eiffel Tower but cannot paint the lily or adorn the rose. Collective labour carried into effect the ideas evoked by the great architects of India, aided by the strengthening and sustaining sun; but the ideal of the machine is to do without the hand of man and use only his brain.

How are the conceptions of such a one to be seen? Everything that Asian artists did was for the delight of the eye and for some ceremonial or domestic purpose which affected the individual; the machine makes only mass for the mass. Structure and decoration were the ideals which Asia conveyed to Europe—ideals upon which Europe has worked ever since; and this is the thesis of this mighty book. But too much may be made of derivations, and it is not to be supposed that Strzygowski goes the whole hog for Asia. It has to be recognized that there are sporadic uprisings and spontaneous generations; that there may be absolute simultaneous and identical evocations; that successive conceptions, fortuitous discoveries, must occur here and there throughout time. It is the spread-over that is so vastly important in this study, and this great book on the arts of Asia is a prodigious factor in its furtherance.

HISTOIRE UNIVERSELLE DES ARTS, under the direction of LOUIS RÉAU.

L'ART ANTIQUE, by G. CONTENAU and V. CHAPOT. Quarto, pp. 432, illus. 314. Sewn. (Paris : Librairie Armand Colin.) 1930. F. 60.

The first of the four volumes of which this new general history of the world's art is to consist is not only a fine performance in itself, but a generous promise for the whole work. Louis Réau has set out a practical and interesting plan to be followed throughout which correlates general historical knowledge with the special developments of the arts and crafts. In this scheme it has been found

possible to state a date to which the origins may be traced with some certitude, and the date given is 3100 B.C. so far as the present volume is concerned. After a general statement as to the geography, population, religion, and language of the races of which we have knowledge either in literature or by research, Egypt and Western Asia, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Phoenicia, and Palestine occupy the first section of the work. The second is concerned with Greece, Rome, and the Empire, in nine chapters. Subsections of the chapters deal with architecture, sculpture, metal work, ceramic, and painting. The numerous illustrations are all in the text and help the reading of it without the distraction of turning to plates. These illustrations are not only well produced, but remarkably well selected for the purpose of fixing types of works, styles, and ideas. Some of them are, of course, familiar, but many of them are not ordinarily met



Photo : Brogi, Florence

FRESCO : POMPEII

Naples Museum

From *L'Art Antique*, by G. Contenau and V. Chapot (Paris : Librairie Armand Colin)

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with. There are two features of the work which are of special merit. Instead of distracting footnotes, select bibliographies are given for each section, including all the standard works, such as general histories of the arts and special histories by countries and subjects, and the very latest down to the year of publication are included. In some cases the books are classified according to the language in which they are written, and it is satisfying to find that in these cases full cognizance of those in English has been taken. And there is a further virtue of this volume, which is its index, and this is altogether

his subject. His critique errs on the side of redundancy; it is overdone, and to such an extent that it sets the reader in a frame of mind antagonistic to the work set out for his delectation in the thirty plates. This means that the plates have more said in admiration of them than they warrant in themselves. As with the work, so with the artist; Just Havelaar claims too much for him. He sets him beside Redon and Blake. There is nothing in these plates to advance the idea that Hein von Essen is deserving of this honourable and covetable position. He was born in 1886, he "began his social career in 1913 in the



Photo: Giraudon, Paris

BOWL: CORINTH

The Louvre, Paris

From *L'Art Antique*, by G. Contenau and V. Chapot (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin)

admirable. It consists of no less than thirty-nine columns, comprising 2,000 entries, so that practically it is an encyclopædic guide to the whole subject. There is little that cannot be ascertained from the text and illustrations, the bibliographies, and the index concerning the arts of the millenaries before our era in this excellent work.

The writers of the volume have performed their difficult task with distinction. G. Contenau and V. Chapot had no easy task in codifying the knowledge that lay to their hands and reducing it to narrative form. There is little scope for the art historian to air the graces of a literary stylist, but these two authors have done better, they have told their great story simply and well.

THE ETCHINGS OF HEIN VON ESSEN: Thirty reproductions, by JUST HAVELAAR. Large 8vo, pp. 19 + plates 30. (Amsterdam: H. J. Paris.) 1929. G. 10.

Just Havelaar does himself no mean justice in the fluency with which he has filled ten pages of praise of

Dutch Indies" as an architect-engineer, and was a success socially and professionally; but he sighed for Parnassus and absorbed "the magic beauty of the Indian world," and the two things together made him an artist. He returned to Holland, and for six years he has been engaged in graphic work. To look through these representative prints is to take a walk down Sinister Street; the first of them gives you the jumps, and each fresh one renews the complaint. They deal with specimens of humanity sometimes only in fragments; nearly always in fear and morbidity. There is no spark of genuine humour, although there is some grim laughter in certain unpleasant representations of lasciviousness; the rest is gloom; the keynote is morbidity. Yet there are plates here which are not devoid of talent; indeed, they all exhibit talent of a kind, combined with a limited power of vision, tempered by remembrances as of macabre visions of artists of the past, Garvanni and Doré among them.

There is an individual spirit, but no universal

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revelation; the vision is not only morbid, it is also sordid; there is much in it, but there must be a far greater illumination furnished by Hein von Essen before he becomes entitled to wear the honours that Just Havelaar has too prematurely and too generously thrust upon him.

LA GRAVURE EN ANGLETERRE AU XVIII^e SIÈCLE
par ANDRÉ BLUM, avec une Preface de M. CAMPBELL
DODGSON. Large 8vo, pp. x + 90 + plates lxxviii.
Sewn. (Paris: G. van Oest.) 1930. F. 250.

One of the fateful ironies in the history of British art is that in the period of the upspringing, blossoming, and fructifying of "the illustrators of the sixties," as they are loosely called, the best engravers of the time were allowed to remain inactive because of the commercialism of the Victorian period. Whatever may be said of the virtues of that period it has to be admitted that a wrong and wrongful sense of competition vitiated some of its finest intentions. While such artists as the Lintons were living and working, and others only less accomplished, the commercial firms of engravers were approached instead of the artists. It is greatly to the glory of these commercial firms that they were very good and employed efficient workmen. Otherwise the result would have been even more disastrous. To the immense benefit of the eighteenth century, the commercial engraving, such as was known in the century following, was to seek. It was, in the first place, for periodical production; eighteenth-century engraving worth the name was a reproductive art, but it was more, it was an art in itself. It did honour to the art upon which it was founded, but hardly extended its horizon. The mezzotints and aquatints, the etchings and the copper plates, were not as a rule works of art in the first place, but copies in another medium of paintings and drawings, made profitable by the popularity of the originals upon which they were based. So popular on their own account, however, were these reproductions and so profitable to the craftsman who made them, that the craft itself thrived by what it fed on and bid fair to rival in prosperity the original upon which it was built. So these forms of engraving reached a pitch of complacency and competency which raised them into the higher realms in which their originals were to be found. Even then, however, reproduction remained the incentive to production, and John Raphael Smith, Valentine Green, John Jones, Francesco Bartolozzi, and the rest, were content with their own techniques and their makings; they were content to engrave "after" Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Oppner, and Opie for the most part, and there was very little interchange between painting and engraving. And what exquisite things the engravers did engrave "after"! No fairer, no prettier, picture of Great Britain has been revealed before or since; no more consistent vision of a type makes itself manifest in the whole of art. So in the history of art there happens in the case of England in the eighteenth century what might have been prayed for in the nineteenth, and for Pre-Raphaelite art, the approach of painting and engraving, an ideal which still holds English art; in fact, possesses it even more strongly than in the eighteenth century, as

witnessed in the Royal Society of Portrait Etchers; the ideal of which, and of others outside that body, is that every engraver should be his own painter. This is the negation of reproductive engraving, such as was called for during the first half of the nineteenth century before the advent of pen-process work; such as is reasserting itself at the present time. It is the negation of engraving for engraving's sake, but a fact to be thankful for is, that amongst all the movements and vicissitudes of today, there are at work, quietly and unobtrusively, aquatintists and mezzotintists who hardly fall short of the genius of the men of the eighteenth century. The art has gone somewhat out of fashion, but it is by no means lost. To call attention to it no finer testimonial could have been furnished than this admirable and handsome volume of André Blum with its wealth of first-class reproductions, and its historical and technical introduction.

DEUTSCHE LANDE: DEUTSCHE KUNST. Edited by
BURKHARD MEIER. Octavo. Sewn. (Berlin: Deutscher
Kunstverlag). 1931.

MARIENBURG AND MARIENWERDER, von KARL HEINZ
CLASEN. Pp. 36 + plates 56. M. 3.50.

MÜNSTER, von MARTIN WACKERNAGEL. Pp. 92, illus. 92.
M. 4.

SOEST, von ROBERT NISSEN. Pp. 68, illus. 68. M. 3.

These three new issues in their well-known and much-appreciated series provide further material in a popular tourist form concerning the less-known towns of Germany. Each has as its central feature the cathedral or cathedral church, and usually two or more smaller churches of varying importance. Each has a town hall, a market hall or place; often distinguished municipal buildings and sometimes a schloss, all of a certain, and frequently of considerable, beauty. In the cases of the four towns dealt with in these brochures the serenity and calm of the towns seems to be unimpaired, and many of the streets are in the condition they have maintained since the eighteenth century, and some of the churches and towers go back to Gothic times. In all directions there is treasure for the archæologist, the architect, and the lover of the picturesque. The most important town in this selection is Münster in Westphalia with its ecclesiastical Gothic churches and baroque schloss, its bishop's palace, many square-gabled pinnacled houses with arcades, and its stately Erbdrostenhof. Soest in the same province is on a smaller scale, but its decorated churches and their towers, their pictures and sculpture, and the half-timber dwelling-houses, are good. Marienburg and Marienwerder have notable churches and peaceful riverside scenes. But the peace has often been broken by both Sweden and Russia, for the towns are not far from Danzig and the old Russian border. Even now they occupy a dangerous proximity to debatable land, but it is to be hoped that destructive forces will no more be in action and that the beauties of these old West Prussian cities will remain unimpaired henceforth. The descriptive matter is written with distinction and the illustrations are not only numerous but admirable.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

FIG. IV. (Top)
FLAT POWDER-
HORN, middle XVII
century

(Lent by Sir Malcolm
MacGregor, of
MacGregor, Bart.,
C.M.G., C.B., R.N.)



(Bottom) FLAT
POWDER-HORN,
A.D. 1683

(Lent by the Corporation
of Glasgow)
At the Loan Exhibition
of Scottish Art and
Antiquities,
27 Grosvenor Square,
London, W.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH ART AND ANTIQUITIES

The Lady Elphinstone and those associated with her in the organization of this loan exhibition deserve, quite apart from the charity which we hope will benefit by it to the extent expected, the thanks of all interested in art and antiquities, history, and even ethnography. The attraction of the exhibition is, in fact, that it covers so much ground, although it is restricted to Scotland. It is quite impossible to do its contents justice within the scope of these notes. They embrace almost every conceivable type of object, from autographs and printed documents to dress, jewellery and humble things like handkerchiefs, razors, and horseshoes of historical interest; from claymores, pistols, tooting horns, quaichs, toddy ladles, and other "antiques," to paintings by William Dobson, Largillière, Allan Ramsay, Raeburn, Andrew Geddes, Sir David Wilkie, and other known or unknown masters of the Scottish and other schools. Many of the objects had, apart from their associative value, considerable æsthetical interest. Such, for instance, is the case with the powder-horns which are reproduced above. In these, the notable part is the survival of the Celtic ornament. They are described as follows: The upper one: "Flat powder-horn, carved and engraved with circles, spirals, Fraser coat-of-arms, motto 'I am reddie,' and inscribed 'A man of words and not of deeds, and not of deeds (*sic*) is lyk a garden ful of weeds.'" July 24, 1683. Length 19½ in. Lent by Sir Malcolm MacGregor, of MacGregor, Bart., C.M.G., C.B. R.N. The other, and handsomer one,

is deeply carved with panels of Celtic interlaced ornament, etc., on each side, and silver mounted. Inscribed on back: "For Thome McGregor of Drumchari." On edge: "Lord Thov me defend from subtil sort (tort ?) of those that friendship me pretend and are my mortal foes"; with original suspension strap. Length 17 in. Middle of seventeenth century. It is lent by the Corporation of Glasgow. Amongst the pictures Raeburn's, of course, stand out by reason of their undoubted—though often uneven—mastery. The "Master Loch" (see plate facing p. 191) lent by Sir George Marjoribanks, K.C.V.O., is unfamiliar, and quite the most generally attractive of this painter's pictures in this exhibition, but the "Sarah Richardson," lent by Sir T. Richardson, the very "pinkie" "Dr. Alexander Lindsay of Pinkieburn," lent by Messrs. Knoedler, and the characteristic old "George Heggie of Pitlessie," with his generous nose, black coat and breeches, white stockings, and snuff-box are amongst the most notable. Andrew Geddes is especially well represented, not only by his paintings, such as "Mrs. Greatorex," lent by W. Graham Robertson, Esq. (see plate facing p. 182) and the portrait of Sir David Wilkie, lent by Kenneth Sanderson, Esq., W.S., but also by his dry-points, lent by Edward R. Boase, Esq. There are also etchings by another Scottish artist, comparatively unknown, John Clerk, of Eldin, lent by H. Wright, Esq. Were there space one would like to dwell, in fact, on some of the quite unknown painters who show considerable individuality, such as the "master" of "The Henwife of Castle Grant," a virile piece of work bearing the date 1706 and lent by the Seafeld Trust.

Art News and Notes



AUXERRE (1925)

At the London Artists' Association Exhibition

By Roger Fry

A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY ROGER FRY AT THE LONDON ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION

Only the mentally obtuse or the malicious could deny that Mr. Roger Fry has done more to open the eyes and widen the horizon of the British public in matters of art than any other writer. He has a large circle of friends who look upon him as the very high priest of æsthetics. He also has a perhaps equally large circle of enemies who

regard him as a false prophet, responsible for all the "outrages" that have been committed with pencil or brush, with chisel or graver. Superficially, however, there are two Mr. Frys. One is a writer and the other is a painter, and the writer and the painter are—as this retrospective exhibition shows—at variance. For Mr. Fry, as the protagonist of pure æsthetics, is seen in this exhibition to be almost entirely representational and not abstract. Or, to put it more precisely: the abstract

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qualities are used to give representation clearer meaning, which, of course, is as it should be.

No one, however, explains the riddle of Mr. Fry better than himself in the "Preface by way of autobiographical focusing" which precedes the catalogue. It is so short that it may be quoted *in extenso*: "In the first year of my art studentship," he says, "Sargent exhibited 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose.' That marks the date when Impressionism, having spent its impetus, had become academic. This meant that, with my contemporaries, I was left without any guiding principle.



PORTRAIT
By Valentine Prax
At Messrs. Arthur Tooth's Galleries

The present exhibition gives an idea of some of my wanderings in search of one. Apart from any definite achievement it may claim some interest as a record of trial and error during forty years."

There is a theological flavour about this. One associates this peregrination with the wandering in the desert of the Jews after they had lost their reverence for their "guiding principle." Mr. Roger Fry has, indeed, an ecclesiastical mind that needs an "absolute" outside itself and must seek for it through "trial and error."

The interest of this exhibition, however, is not Mr. Fry's literary theory, but his pictorial practice. And in this, his practice, we find Mr. Fry considerably less provocative than his "guiding principles."

Judged by academic standards of technical efficiency, Mr. Fry the painter does not stand revealed as a perfect draughtsman—the hands in his portraits give him away. Judged by revolutionary standards, we find him the very opposite of offensive. Even in moments—anno 1915,

for instance—when he thinks *distortion*, as in "Still-Life" (38), is likely to be the guiding principle, his general design and, above all, his colour, is gentle and suave, and in "The Three Generals" of the same year, a fruit of the war, including, manifestly, a portrait, more or less, of the Kaiser, he is only weak. This complete absence of offensiveness, his ultimately kindly and gentle disposition as revealed in these paintings, makes "the forty years of trial and error" seem singularly quiet and happy ones. It is true he has left the literary sentimentality of the "Tivoli" (c. 1898) behind, but the question is whether he has not returned, after his peregrinations, to the sweet reasonableness of "The Roman Campagne" (c. 1893) in his latest pictures, in "Brantôme" (1928) for instance. Everything is here more defined, though the trees are "woolly," and there is a linear rhythm which is absent from the earlier work, and constitutes a definite gain; but it is ultimately equally representational—a view of Nature—translated into a painting.

So we come to the conclusion that whatever Mr. Fry the writer may have preached, Mr. Fry the painter has found salvation in representation, but with "vision and design." The total impression of the exhibition is that Mr. Fry, as a painter, is more definitely a colourist than a draughtsman—his sense of colour is, in fact, wholly charming; and that his art has gained in the course of experiment in the sense of space and rhythm. Amongst his best work—though this is voicing only an individual opinion—is "Auxerre" (see p. 199) of 1925; "Asheham" (1914); a painting called, inexplicably, "Snow Scene" (1914), though there is no evidence of snow; "Near Nîmes" (1919); and "Green Apples" (1920)—in all these the "guiding principle" may be spelt Cézanne. Admirable, but without obvious Cézannish qualities, is "Spanish Baroque, Madrid" (1924), which looks as if Samuel Butler might have painted it.

VALENTINE PRAX EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES

Valentine Prax, whose exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries was not yet open at the time these notes were written, is the wife of Ossip Zadkine, the sculptor. Like her husband, she may be described as "very modern"—less, however, on account of any severely intellectual experiments than by reason of the freedom with which she handles her unusual if, nevertheless, old-fashioned medium. She is a painter on glass, in the technique of the eighteenth century. But it is only the technique which she employs; the use she makes of it is very different. Possibly there may be a distant affinity with Marie Laurencin. Valentine Prax, however, is—if one may so express it—jollier and more full-blooded. She has in addition a less simplified colour orchestration, employing not only more colours, but also gold and silver, these metals being particularly suitable to the medium and contributing to the gaiety of her figure pictures, landscapes, and still-life.

Valentine Prax was born thirty years ago in Algeria. She came to Paris at the age of twenty, exhibiting in the Salon d'Automne and the Salon des Indépendants. Her first "one-man" show, however, was held in 1922 at the "Licorne"; others followed. Pictures of hers were acquired for the Museums of Grenoble and of Amsterdam, and the La France Institute of Philadelphia.

It is a pity that the illustrations here given cannot

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do justice to her art, which depends not only on her rich colour-schemes, but, in many cases, on the ensemble of frame and picture.

STILL-LIFE AND FLOWER PAINTINGS BY SEVENTEENTH- AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH MASTERS AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES

Amongst all the still-life painters who made the seventeenth century famous for what was then an almost new branch of art there were astonishingly few who had any æsthetical sensibility. Certainly they composed their pictures after a fashion, they arranged their objects more or less, but at the back of their minds was rarely the picture as such. The objects were chosen because of their direct appeal to the nose and the palate and the Dutch burgher's sense of high living. "Fruit, Lobster, and Drinking Glass" and "A Table set for a Meal" are the titles of two pictures here, by two of the most famous still-life painters of the age, Cornelius de Heem and the earlier Pieter Claesz respectively. In fact, the still-life paintings were derived mainly from two biblical sources, "The Marriage Feast at Cana" and the "Vanitas Vanitatum et Omnia Vanitas," so that we get representations of good food and drink, or of *objets d'art*. Added to the symbolical significance of such things were pictures of flowers, botany being at that time also in the first flush of scientific interest. Messrs. Tooths have brought together quite a number of the less known but interesting paintings of such subjects. But there is one of quite outstanding merit; it is J. J. Treck's "Still-Life with China Bowls," belonging to the second quarter of the seventeenth century. Here the artist was manifestly conscious of the purely æsthetical significance of the objects in their mutual relationship, for he has not only "constructed" the design, but also "orchestrated" the colours. A first-rate picture, even in the treatment of "textures," more especially of the napkin, which chal-

lenges comparison with Cézanne! Next to this, Willem Kalf's is æsthetically, and Pieter Claesz's already mentioned picture is from the representational point of view the most remarkable performance; but Isaac Bosschaert's "Flowers, Fruit, and Still-Life" and Clara Peeters's naïve "Tulips and other Flowers in a Glass" are also engaging. The eighteenth-century painters are inferior to their forerunners, and Abraham Mignon is Dutch only "by courtesy."



LES MOUETTES

By Valentine Prax

At Messrs. Arthur Tooth's Galleries

MR. CYRIL ANDRADE'S EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH POTTERY AT 24 HANOVER SQUARE

Now that the Persian Exhibition has drawn the attention of a wider public to the art of the potter it is more than likely that English pottery will be viewed with new eyes and a more widespread interest. Nothing could, in fact, be more fascinating and enlightening in this respect than the charming collection of slipware, Lambeth delft, Astbury and Ralph Wood figures, and Toby jugs got together and exhibited by Mr. Cyril Andrade. With the exception of delft ware and teapots, which are at least indirectly connected with the East, all the other exhibits are intensely and characteristically English, one might say both in sentiment and in form. Take the *pièce de résistance*, the Thomas Toft dish of 1674. "It excels," says Mr. Andrade, "in brilliance of colouring and glaze and also in perfection of potting and size the only other dated Thomas Toft dish recorded, which is in the Chester Museum and very badly broken." Quite apart, however, from any comparisons, the decoration—its subject is "The Temptation"—is as naïve as it is effective and interesting from the associative point of view; Adam, in this case, being intended for a portrait of Charles II, and Eve for that of one of his mistresses. Mr. Andrade has an interesting theory about the significance of the decoration which there is no room here to develop.

Then, again, there are the salt glaze "Pew Groups," in which authorities have sought to trace the hand of Toft, but which, on account of costume alone, must be given to a later date, 1710 to 1720 at the earliest. These quaint compositions of two or three figures—a lady and one or two gentlemen—seated on pew-like seats, have that "expressionistic" quality which modern painters



LARGE SLIPWARE DISH
with "The Temptation" by Thomas Toft (1674,

By permission of Mr. Cyril Andrade

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are so earnestly striving for, and which is due rather to the absence than the presence of conscious "art." A particularly good specimen in this exhibition comes from the Taylor collection. Other fine and rare examples of salt glaze here, notably an "Owl," comes from the Dr. Sidebotham collection. If the "Pew Groups" are intensely English, the equestrian group of "St. George and the Dragon," "Hudibras astride his lean Horse," and the "Vicar and Moses" group by Ralph Wood, of Burslem, are certainly no less so, and on that account much to be preferred to this potter's attempt at the classical figures of Apollo and Cupid, or, for that matter, than Astbury's "Spinario," which falls somewhat pitifully short of its original. Admirable again are the



TOBY JUGS

By Ralph Wood, c. 1750

By permission of Mr. Cyril Andrade

Astbury figures of musicians; and the little group of "Two Lovers seated on a Rock" here in the rare lead glaze, it being usually found in white salt glaze, has rather more than its naïveté or rareness to commend it.

Lastly, we come to the magnificent collection of Toby jugs, of which there are twenty-four on view. In these one can admire the English potter's skill in coloured glazing to the full. There is No. 1, "Admiral Vernon," with a rich cobalt-blue glaze, one of six, and coming from the Taylor collection. It is described in Captain Price's book, "Astbury, Whieldon and Ralph Wood Figures and Toby Jugs," as the Rodney Jug. Nos. 2 and 3 are examples of "The Squire," distinguished by lovely translucent green coats; another, No. 9, "Man seated," has a greyish mauve coat, and the same figure has a rich cobalt coat. It is in these glazes that the English potter rivals his more famous Oriental predecessors and competitors.

The exhibition is well worth a visit.

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ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE EXHIBITION AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES

Roger de la Fresnaye, whose work is being shown this month at the Lefèvre Galleries, was a painter of more than ordinary interest. The scion of an ancient aristocratic family, to which belonged the poet Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, he studied art first at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and next at the Académie Ranson, an art school run by Madame Ranson, the widow of an artist. Here Serusier and Van Rysselberghe were teachers, and Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Maillol, and Vuillard "visitors." None of these were cubists. La Fresnaye, however, became interested in what subsequently came to be known as "cubism" at about the same time as Picasso, and

possibly owing to his influence. But the theories were "in the air" at the time, and it is difficult to say exactly who first started them. La Fresnaye, as this exhibition shows, was essentially an intellectual artist to whom painting and sculpture—he tried his hand at this also, but had to give it up on account of his delicate state of health—were essentially problems to be attempted and solved by intellectual means. The exhibition shows the phases through which he passed in quest of "the Truth." In spite of his ill-health he joined the army, but was never able to do much more work. He died—after long and pathetic suffering, during which he continued to paint—of consumption in 1925, in his forty-second year. In consonance with his intellectual viewpoint we find his pictures varying in merit and conviction; they do not show a steady progress, but rather a changing from one principle to another, so that sometimes earlier pictures seem to have more maturity than later ones. For example, "La Table à Dessin" of 1914 seems to be the fruit of ripper knowledge and ability than the "Nature Morte" of 1922. "Le Village" of 1910, with its strong recession, also suggests a post-war experiment. "Nature Morte à la Carafe" of 1920 is, nevertheless, the best of this type of experiment. In 1922 we find him influenced by Chirico—compare the "Conquête de l'Air." "Hommage au Greco" of the same year shows another tendency, whilst "La Cabane des Bûcherons," also of 1922, suggests a return to simple impressionism.

The exhibition was not complete when this notice went to press, but of the collection seen, "L'œuf à la coque," apart from those already mentioned, must not go unnoticed.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS FORTY-NINTH EXHIBITION

The hanging committee of the Painter-Etchers have attempted some kind of grouping of the exhibits. In the circumstances I may be forgiven for pointing out that in my opinion, at least, it is a mistake to group mezzotints and aquatints, which do not depend pre-eminently on the manipulation of line, with etchings and line engravings—as they have done. A still greater mistake, however, is to group relief prints, especially when they are wood engravings as handled by modern artists, with *intaglio* prints.

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One noticed this in particular in cases where wood engravings were made the centre pieces. Mr. Iain McNab's forceful wood engraving, "The Water Front, Calvi," for instance, overpowered its neighbours without itself gaining thereby; Mrs. Raverat's "Seasons" and "Mill Stream," on the other hand, made one, for a moment, associate them with *intaglio* prints, simply because hers are not as "black" as Mr. McNab's or

"Dulwich Village" and "Burford," in addition to being excellent etchings, breathe the spirit of the places they depict. Mr. Malcolm Osborne's "J. Ernest Jarrett, Esq." seems, in addition to being a finely handled drypoint, also a well-drawn likeness; Mr. Robert Spence's "L'építaphe (Villon)" expresses Villon forcefully, and is thus justified both as an etching and as an illustration. Miss Molly Campbell continues to amuse with



L'ARTILLERIE

By Roger de la Fresnaye

At Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefèvre's Galleries

Mr. Greenwood's. Even Mr. Peter's admirable reproductive mezzotint, "The Country Doctor," after Marshall, suffers because of its "different" quality; whilst Mr. Walcot's aquatint, the masterly "Arc de Triomphe," has, in virtue of its comparative isolation, its full force.

To choose from a collection of works of equal technical merit those which are best is a difficult task. Tastes differ. The technique employed by the painter-etchers is of sufficient variety to satisfy many expectations. The matter then comes down to individual preference. In the following I therefore enumerate those prints which make the strongest appeal to me, stating my reasons. Mr. Morley's "Perugian Balcony" and the "Sacristan" are beautifully clean line-engravings and their design—abstract in character—is distinctly original; Mr. S. R. Badmin's

her satires on modern society, "Mother's Darling" and "The Young Highbrow," but the way she handles her drawing hardly justifies the use of so elaborate a medium. Mr. Stanley Anderson uses his drypoint in "Dürer's House, Nuremberg" with such precision that it might be a line-engraving; in his "Reading Room" he makes his graver delineate human character in a manner which shows his love of the subject. Obvious love and knowledge of the subject also inspires Mr. Tunncliffe's etching, "The Horse Sale."

One comes back to the point, again, that it is finally the subject that does count; not, of course, in the sense of an appeal to sentiment—there is none of such sentiment at all in Mr. Morley's work, for instance; but that artist succeeds best who, commanding skill, can use it to express the subject that he himself admires.

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RIVER SCENE WITH CLIFF By Roger de la Fresnaye
At Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefèvre's Galleries

PASTELS BY SIMON BUSSY AND CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS, LEICESTER GALLERIES

There are a number of pleasant things here, notably some Parisian painters; for example, Marquet's very simple, light, and quiet "Le Plage"; Utrillo's positive primary colours in "Sur les Fortifs"; Souverbie's Ingresque "Jeune Fille nouant son Turban," which, however, is not as well modelled as it pretends to be; and the late J. Pascin's "Fillette, robe rose," which is Renoirish without Renoir's joyous sensuality. There are also some pleasant Sickerts, Prydes, and a Wilson Steer, hardly recognizable as such on account of its robustness of colour and form.

Monsieur Simon Bussy makes an extraordinarily charming appeal by converting his pastels to the texture of velvet; but the charm is more pronounced in his very clever bird studies—which are rendered with an eye for



LANDSCAPE WITH TREES By Roger de la Fresnaye
At Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefèvre's Galleries

the humorous aspect of ornithological form—than in the landscapes, although amongst the latter the Egyptian and Greek ruins are likewise attractive.

LITHOGRAPHS BY H. DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AT THE INDEPENDENT GALLERY

Toulouse-Lautrec's art is a brilliant refutation of the heresy of abstraction. Many of his lithographs are fine designs, apart from subject matter, but all of them, without exception, owe their existence to the artist's interest in his subject. A wonderful draughtsman, he manipulates his chalk so that it yields every subtle gradation from the palest grey to the richest black—and when he carries his design to its conclusion, as in the magnificent "Marcelle Lender dansant le Boléro dans Chilpéric" (16) and "Miss Ida Heath, danseuse Anglaise" (19), the result is quite perfect. Even in others, which are more in the nature of sketches or notes or studies, one is



PAYSAGE (Watercolour) By Roger de la Fresnaye
At Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefèvre's Galleries.

fascinated, either by the strength of his drawing—the "Femme qui se lave" (21) is as vigorous as a Degas—the quickness of his sight, as in the Yvette Gilbert subjects, notably the seventh plate first state (11)—or by the cruelty of his vision, as in the fifth plate (one should, I suppose, say "stone") of Yvette Gilbert (8), "Le Goulue et sa Sœur" (1), "Au Hanneton" (27), and others. "Jane Avril" (3) is a swift drawing with the brush; "A la Renaissance: Mme. Sarah Bernhardt dans Phèdre" (5) shows that he knows as a craftsman "all the tricks of the trade," and he is one of the very few lithographers who can get something worth having out of the use of more than one colour, as may be seen here in the "Bal Masqué" (33), and especially the "Marcelle Lender en buste" (32).

SHORTER NOTICES

At Messrs. Colnaghi's Galleries there is an exhibition of chosen examples of modern etchings, drypoints, line engravings, and lithographs which provokes reflection. It makes one realize how different things may be in effect,

Art News and Notes



RIVER SCENE WITH HOUSES.

By Roger de la Fresnaye

At Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefèvre's Galleries

though produced by the same medium. For example, Messrs. Stanley Anderson and Harry Morley are both line engravers of figure subjects, but the effect of their prints is entirely different: Mr. Morley choosing his subject to express design, Mr. Anderson choosing his design to suit the subject. Messrs. McBey and Griggs, Messrs. Heintzelmann and Brockhurst, handle their etching in a mutually differing manner; Mr. McBey and Mr. Heintzelmann may be said to wield the needle in a fluent calligraphic manner; Mr. Griggs is much more engraver-like, and Mr. Brockhurst effaces the means altogether in parts, by the microscopic touches with which he effects the modelling. So every artist worthy the name should make his technique subservient to his aims, rather than fit his aims to some abstract theory of perfection in technique.

Amongst the most interesting things here are several by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Morley, also to be seen in the current exhibition of the painter-etchers; Mr. Brockhurst's "Una," Mr. McBey's "Farewell to Venice," Mr. Griggs's "Lone End," Mr. Job Nixon's "Gipsies," Mr. Sydney Lee's "Cathedral Entrance," Mr. L. Lindsay's "Zafra Market." Mr. Copley's "Chef d'Orchestre" is a lithograph showing this artist's marked originality.

Mr. Keith Baynes is one of the best colourists of the English school, and belongs to the Duncan Grant circle. He excels in flower-painting. Nearly all the pictures in his exhibition at the *Lefèvre Galleries* of this subject are admirable, notably the "Pink Dahlias," the "Single Peonies," the "Bunch of Flowers," and "Carnations." In his landscapes he is less certain. "Suffolk Clouds," for instance, hardly hangs together as a design, and the clouds themselves are not sufficiently cloud-like. "Boats, Carqueiranne," on the other hand, is too palpably "constructed," and the structure seems to me not sufficiently capable of bearing its stresses and strains. The "Gulf of Gien," and especially the "Tour de la Chaîne," are, however, admirable, the latter being "heroic" in the design of its masses.

The result of a visit to the exhibition of sculptors' drawings by *Old and Modern Masters at the Savile Gallery* is to convince one that sculptors do not differ essentially in their method of drawing from painters or other draughtsmen. There is no similarity between the methods of Rodin, Alfred Stevens, Gaudier Brzeska, Eric Gill, or Degas. Nor is there any but the most inevitable similarity in the sculpture of these artists, who, all handling or creating solid forms, yet viewed their design from an individual angle. Moreover, the designs do not all serve the identical purpose. Alfred Stevens's "Reclining Figure of a Woman" represents two-dimensionally a human figure in the terms of the Renaissance; Rodin's "Study for a Marble Group" is a memorandum; John Skeaping's "Young Doe" and "Deer Resting" are drawings done by a sculptor, but not for sculpture. However, apart from such reflections, the exhibition contains not only some admirable drawings by the artists mentioned and by Modigliani, Maillol, and others, but also some fine sculpture, notably a "Standing Nude" by Maillol, a "Head" by Epstein, and three works by old masters, namely, a most unusual Benvenuto Cellini, a life-size "Ecce Homo"—in the likeness of Cosimo de Medici—and two restless groups by a baroque master, Pietro Tacca (1580-1660).

The exhibition of watercolour drawings of Persia, Baghdad, and the East, by Charles W. Cain, at the *Greatorex Galleries*, pleases the eye rather by the charm of



FLOWER STUDY

By Keith Baynes

At Messrs. Alex. Reid & Lefèvre's Galleries

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VENUS (original drawing) By T. Boucher
In the sale of Hermitage drawings at Messrs. C. G. Boerner's,
April 27, 1931

tints than by the subtlety of colour. The artist envelops the scene in a dominant note. "Rose-hued Eventide" and "Pearly Dawn" are titles of two of his landscapes here, and they exactly convey the type of his landscapes, just as "Handmaidens, Baghdad," "A Daughter of Iraq," and "A Peaceful Quest" typify his figure subjects. Without accepting his "poetical" attitude, which is really sentimental, one can enjoy such pictures as "Sundown," "Bin Nimroud," "Journeying to Nejef," and especially "Before the Breeze, Burmah."

Messrs. C. G. Boerner's sale of engravings which will take place at Leipzig on April 27 and following days, includes some important early prints. One of these, an interesting composition of "The Last Supper," is ascribed by Mr. A. M. Hind to Lucantonio degli Uberti, a native of Florence, working in Venice and Verona. This print is of the greatest rarity, the British Museum possessing only a damaged impression of the right half. Other important items are some engravings by the Master E. S., a scarce print by the sculptor Veit Stoss, a unique chiaroscuro print by Wechtlin, and Prince Rupert's mezzotint called "The Great Executioner." There are further a number of important Dürers from the famous Hausmann-Blasius collection of Brunswick, whilst Rembrandt is also well represented by a special collection of etchings coming from Holland. From the

Hermitage, Leningrad, there are a series of their duplicates of English and French colour prints, including "Sophie Western," by J. R. Smith, and "Mrs. Benwell," by W. Ward. Two catalogues of this sale are obtainable.

A further sale at the end of next month is also announced by Messrs. Boerner; this will contain mainly choice drawings of the sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century schools, also forming part of the Hermitage collection. Most of them come from such old collections as Cobenzl's, bought by the Empress Catherine II in 1768; and Count Brühl's, acquired in 1769, and with the collector's mark of Paul I. Other prints come from the former Imperial Academy and the Stieglitz Museum. These include early French portraits, as well as drawings by Watteau, Lancret, Boucher, Fragonard, and Greuze.

Messrs. Anton Schroll & Co., of Vienna, announce the publication of an important work on Michael Pacher, by Eberhard Hempel. It contains ninety-two plates and ninety-three illustrations, with 100 pages of text, and is published in the same format (17 in. x 13 in.) as Stiasny's "Michael Pacher's St. Wolfgang Altar." Possessors of this latter publication can be supplied separately with the new text and the forty-four new plates. The price of the former is R.M. 160, and of the supplementary pages and text, R.M. 100.

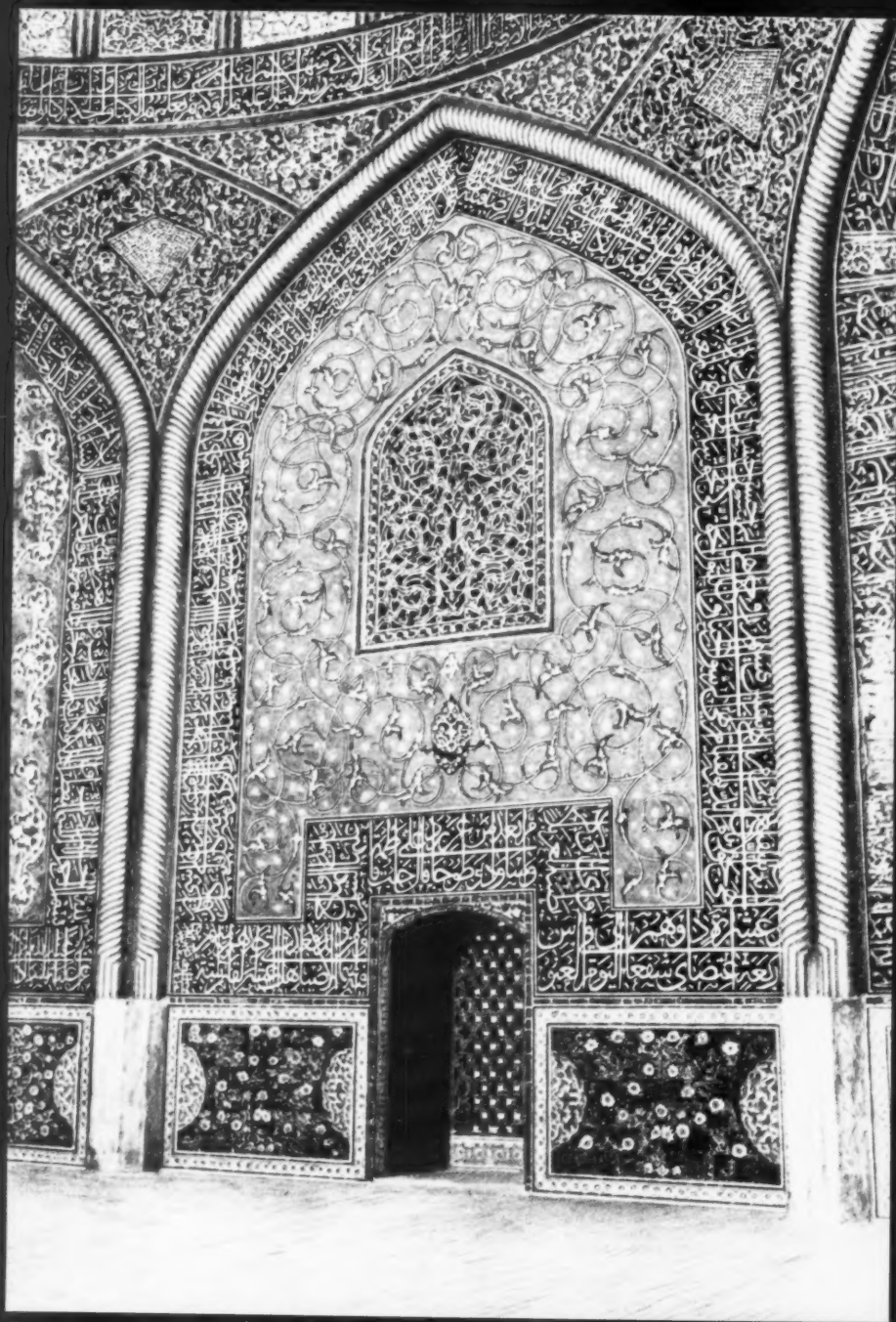
We are informed that Mr. and Mrs. G. Del Drago's collection of Chinese pictures is to be exhibited at the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, Buffalo, N. Y., during March.

Mr. Robert Mackechnie is holding a one-man show at the Beaux Arts Gallery of landscapes, figure subjects, and still-life. His paintings are "modern" in spirit.

As we go to press the magnificent Catalogue of the "Erich von Goldschmidt-Rothschild Collection," introduced by L. Schnorr von Carolsfeld and described by the same and H. Huth, reaches us. Messrs. Hermann Ball and Paul Graupe of Berlin are to sell this collection on March 25 and following days. It embraces paintings, watercolours, drawings, miniatures, furniture, silver, textiles, bronzes, books, and an especially rich collection of Chinese, Dresden, and other porcelain and earthenware.



ADORATION OF THE MAGI By G. B. Tiepolo
Original drawing from the Hermitage, Leningrad
At Messrs. C. G. Boerner's sale, April 27, 1931





OLD FRENCH COLOUR-PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(The illustrations are reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Frank Sabin)



MARIE ANTOINETTE

*Engraved by Janinet, 1777,
after a painting from life by
J. B. A. Gautier-Dagoty*

DR. JOHNSON, when he felt in good fettle for one of his conversational bravuras, would invite a crony to "take a walk down Fleet Street," but when I want to enjoy a rambling reverie in the eighteenth century I hie me to Bond Street. Not that I have any desire to start a-ghosting the historic personalities of that time-honoured thoroughfare, but certain print-sellers, into whose shop windows Charles Lamb would peer joyously as he went daily to and from the East India House, have gradually moved westward; and who in these days thinks of finding the familiar old publishers of new prints in the Strand, Fleet Street, or Covent Garden? At Frank Sabin's, though they boast no eighteenth-century tradition so far as I am

aware, there is an atmosphere of mysterious charm that I cannot remember in the friendly old shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, or even in Bond Street under the rule of the late Mr. Sabin's genial personality. The charm was there, of course, hauntingly communicative; for was he not as sensitive to the touch of an autograph by Keats, or a choice first edition of Shelley, as to a rare piece of Americana, or a fine mezzotint proof before letters, and keen for the pleasure of sharing these with anyone sympathetically responsive? But now that this has become legendary, the place seems to be haunted as by a legend. A silence charged with a dignified mystery now pervades the stately entrance chamber, and this is only broken occasionally by the advent of some



LA ROSE.

C'est l'âge qui touche à l'enfance ;
C'est Justine, c'est la candeur.
Déjà l'amour parle à son cœur.
Crédule comme l'innocence,
Elle écoute avec complaisance
Son langage souvent trompeur.
Son œil fatigué se repose



Sur un jeune homme à ses genoux,
Qui, d'un air suppliant et doux,
Lui présente une simple rose.
De cet amant passionné,
Justine, refusez l'offrande ;
Lors qu'un amant donne, il demande,
Et beaucoup plus qu'il n'a donné.

le C^{te} de V...

à Paris chez Lantier, cour du vieux Louvre la 5^e porte à gauche en entrant par la colonnade au N.

LA ROSE

Designed and engraved by Debucourt, 1788

Old French Colour-Prints



P.L. De Debuourt Peintre du Roi, graveur et comp. 1788.

LA MAIN.

Quand on aime bien, l'on oublie
Ces trivoles ménagemens
Que la raison ou la folie
Oppose au bonheur des amans.
On ne dit point: la résistance
«Enflamme et fixe les desirs;
«Rêculons l'instant des plaisirs
«Que suit trop souvent l'inconstance
Ami parle un amour trompeur
Et la coquette ainsi raisonne.
La tendre amante s'abandonne
A l'objet qui touche son cœur:
Et dans sa passion nouvelle,



Trop heureuse pour raisonner,
Elle est bien loin de soupçonner
Qu'un jour il peut être infidèle.

Julienne avait reçu la fleur.
On exige alors de sa bouche
Cet aveu qui flatte et qui touche
Alors même qu'il est menteur.
Elle répond par sa rougeur:
Puis avec un souris coquet,
Aux baisers de l'heureux valin
Julienne abandonne sa main,
Et la main promet tout le reste.

le Ch^{er} de P...

à Paris chez l'auteur pour du vin de Louvre la 5^e porte à gauche on entrant par la colonnade, au 1^{er}.

LA MAIN

Designed and engraved by Debuourt, 1788

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wealthy collector, often from the other side of the Atlantic, in quest of some special art-treasure—perhaps a rare old master, perhaps some scarce and costly French colour-print, which Sabin's are known to have acquired, fortunately, at a great price. And while the precious transaction moves to its climax, I sit

but never slipshod—reflecting the frivolous, irresponsible, hedonist classes of the period. These pretty and charming prints give no hint of a populace seething with wrongs that would break shortly into the furies of the Revolution; yet here—with little or nothing but the representation of pleasure pursued, coquetry,



L'INDISCRETION

Engraved by Janinet, 1786, after Lavreince

apart, musing over a portfolio of old French colour-prints, and let these lead my fancy into the latter days of Louis the Well-Beloved, and the earlier and happier years of Louis Seize and his bright young queen. For, as I handle print after print, I find myself getting into closer relation with the social spirit, the manners and courtesies, the tastes and fashions, and the art—gay, witty, elegant, audacious,

gallantry and voluptuous philandering—I have before me a little art truly typical of its day, and a craft—serious in its engraving specifically for colour and printing from separate aquatint plates—which has survived to the present day. I cannot entirely agree with the De Goncourts' statement that French taste in the eighteenth century was manifest in Boucher in every particular of its character;

Old French Colour-Prints

for though he was certainly its chief pictorial mirror, and a flattering mirror at that, while we think of the glittering days of Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry and the atmosphere of luxury, licence and levity that engendered the taste of the period, we must remember, too, the brilliant and witty society

Beaumarchais, of Marivaux, Voltaire or Rousseau, will occur to put us on terms with contemporary sentiment, and allow us to enjoy, without extraneous thought, the elegant art of the design, the delicate craft of the print. Here are the favourite actresses of the Parisian hour come to life again in the prints, and as one



L'AVEU DIFFICILE

Engraved by Janinet, 1786, after Lavreince

that would assemble in the salons of Madame de Genlis, Madame du Deffand, and Madame Geoffrin, with their delicate manners and high thinking. Never was a period so influenced by the written and spoken idea, and if we may be a little startled by the audacity of some exceptionally voluptuous design by Lavreince, Baudouin, or even Debucourt, surely some passage from the Abbé Prévost or

recalls the light romances of their lives, one seems to hear the echoes of old, forgotten, far-off plays and operas long ago. Then, here comes the fashionable crowd of fops and coquettes that haunt the gardens and the gallery of the Palais Royal, and, ever so lightly, gaily, elegantly, we "catch the manners living as they rise." Nor is there ever a fashion, or the air with which it was wont to be worn, that these prints fail to

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bring across the centuries. In country scenes there is the dance, rhythmically recorded, and the social spirit shown daintily active in gaiety and revelry, at the fair, the village wedding, and the nuptial fête up at the great château. In these pictures of rustic sentiment nobody is ever anything but happy and merry, unless, perhaps, a maiden in tears, because her pitcher has been broken on her way to the well, and then, of course, her lover will do his best to console her:

To say of shame—what is it?
Of virtue—we can miss it,
Of sin—we can but kiss it,
And it's no longer sin.

But here I find myself inadvertently borrowing from a book I wrote many years ago on "French Colour-prints of the Eighteenth Century": "In the charmingly decorated and furnished boudoirs and bedrooms we are admitted to many confidences and intimacies unabashed, and we watch the ardent dalliance of urban lovers, as we glimpse them also in the exquisite enticing gardens, where it can hardly be said, perhaps, that all is resolved into 'a green thought in a green shade.' And if it be objected that this philandering is sometimes depicted a little too frankly, maybe, for the taste of our own more reticent day, does not an old English poet say of his own garden:

No white or red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.

An amorous green, then, it is that these old French colour-engravers composed to represent the bosage of their Cupid-haunted gardens; and who would expect to see in these leafy, romantic retreats any but lovers, wooing, embracing, and unashamed?" Here, for instance, in Debucourt's "La Rose" and "La Main," how delicately ordered are the gardens, with their elegant alcoves and balustraded steps; what enchanting environment of harmonious tints, the subtle viridian pervading with magical effect; and with what æsthetically polite ardour the lovers press their suits with the aid of a rose or a kiss on the hand, while the sculptured Cupids play their parts in the amorous comedy with slyly significant humour. But though we may recognize the *marivaudage* of the comedy, the decorative charm of these dainty prints is inexpressible, for Debucourt was not primarily an engraver of other artist's ideas, but an original designer who would conceive his pictorial subject at once in terms

of the engraved colour-print. And how varied in character, how vivacious in their art were his designs! As I turn over the prints, I realize more than ever how naturally the artist and the craftsman met in Debucourt, especially in those lively years from 1785—which saw his first success with the witty, original piece of *genre*, "Les Deux Baisers," which made all Paris laugh—to 1792 when "La Promenade Publique" appeared, to titillate the fashionable Parisian crowd recognizing its own features, though, of course, the design was of earlier date. In the interim what delightful things he did besides "La Rose" and "La Main," how full of vitality, good humour and personally expressive art. That gem of *bourgeois* frolic "Le Menuet de la Mariée," with its companion a step up the social ladder "La Noce au Château," the daintily voluptuous "L'Oiseau Ranimé," "La Promenade de la Galerie du Palais Royal" with its variegated humours of the crowd, the decorous family scenes in "Le Compliment" and "Les Bouquets," and the *opéra comique* charm of "Heur et Malheur," "L'Escalade," and "Annette et Lubin."

Turning over a batch of prints by François Janinet, one cannot forget that he was practically the pioneer of the multi-plate aquatint method, and that, though Debucourt was primarily himself, Janinet was a Proteus among the colour-engravers, and his talents shone through many another's design—and exquisitely at that. The pictorially enchanting Fragonard, for instance, dipped his brushes in fancy and pigment, and let them play upon his canvases until, from an elusive *entourage* of roses, doves, and blue skies, were born two deliciously playful *amoretti*, "La Folie" and "L'Amour." These Janinet translated delicately into colour-prints in 1777, trifles of their joint genius, perhaps, for long unconsidered, yet these are now among the most treasured and eagerly sought of all the old French colour-prints—rarer even than Janinet's famous trio of prints after Lavreince, done nine years later, and each acclaimed a masterpiece of the craft, "L'Indiscretion," "L'Aveu Difficile," and "La Comparaison." But here is one of the most accomplished examples of Janinet's aquatint for colour, the blending of the tints in the printing being on a par with his exquisite "Toilette de Vénus" after Boucher. This is the portrait of "Marie

Old French Colour-Prints

Antoinette," done in 1777, presumably from an original by J. B. A. Gautier-Dagoty, though I have a suspicion that the print gives a daintier impression of the gay-spirited, warm-hearted

Now here is "Madame Dugazon" playing "Nina, ou la Folle pour Amour"—a print that is a link, not only with Marie Antoinette in her gay days as in her sad, but also with *tout Paris*



N I N A .

Hélas ! hélas !
Le bien aimé ne revient pas.

*A Paris chez Janinet, rue Haute - Vendre N° 1.
Et chez Vivante et Rauply, rue d'Angoulême, à la Halle de Condorcet N° 115.
Sans frais de Roi.*

NINA

Engraved by Janinet, 1787, after Hoin

young queen than the painting did. It is enclosed in an ornate border of amber, gold, white and turquoise blue, which is supposed to show up the exquisite flesh tints, the powdered wig and headdress, and the stiff, but handsome, gown of Prussian blue and bistre.

of the theatre. Hearing that her lover had died on her wedding morning, Nina went mad in her bridal garments, and sat every day waiting at the church porch. Paris went crazy over the demented Nina, gallants wept over her, and sudden outbursts of madness became quite

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fashionable in the salons during the run of the opera. "Marsollier made the libretto, Dalayrac the music, and Dugazon the piece" was a popular *mot*, but the actress became a faithful friend of the queen when coaching her to play the heroine of Desaiide's opera, "Blaise et Babet," at the Trianon Theatre. Claude Hoin painted the picture, which, of course, was immensely popular in Janinet's print. Another theatrical print of his—this time, after J. A. Lemoine—was "Mlle. du T . . .," popular by reason of its vivacious charm and of the amusing notoriety of its subject. Rosalie Duthé, as she chose to call herself, is looking away from her dressing-table, where her profile is reflected in the mirror, and the roses and the *billet doux* in her hands suggest that she is hesitating—for a moment only—whether to add another, perhaps the Prince de Soubise (of sauce fame) himself, to the innumerable lovers that make her witty and frankly intimate "Souvenirs" such piquant reading. She was a *fille de l'Opéra*, which meant that she was legally free from all moral obligations, and she played her part amusingly in the scandalous gossip of her day, yet she had distinguished friends as well as lovers, and the great sculptor Houdon modelled her features, and Greuze and Prud'hon put her charmingly on their canvases.

Janinet's pupil, Descourtis, had a delightful sense of craftsmanship in his aquatint and his harmonious blending of colours, which he exercised exquisitely on the four plates he did after Taunay, and though the designs of "La Noce au Village" and "La Foire de Village" lack the spirited vitality of Debucourt's cognate subjects, the prints are highly prized by collectors for their fine technical

qualities, even more than the charmingly graceful "Le Tambourin" and the melodramatic "La Rixe." But nothing Descourtis ever did surpassed the incomparable portrait of "Princess Frederica Sophie Wilhelmina of Orange," niece of Frederick the Great, which he aquatinted so subtly in colours from the painting by Stefano Torelli, an artist of Bologna. In this splendid print the character, the dignity, the charm of the woman are revealed by the subtle modelling of the head and throat, with the exquisitely just tonality.

A print that demands attention is "Promenade du Jardin du Palais Royal," by Debucourt's clever pupil, Louis Lecœur, after Claude Desrais, which was long attributed to the master himself, since it has always been regarded as a pendant to his "Promenade de la Galerie"; but, vivaciously and elegantly designed as it is, it just lacks "the something more—and how much it is." Lecœur is known also for "Les Chagrins de l'Enfance," a pretty print after Mouchet, and the rare and valuable "Le Colin-Maillard, ou Le Bandeau Favorable,"

the design of which is generally attributed to Lavreince, though, perhaps happily for his careless fame, there is a doubt about it.

But I might linger for a month of Sundays with Mr. Sabin's French colour-prints. Here are Bonnets almost by the dozen, stippled trifles, as well as the valuable "Tête de Flore" in the pastel manner, pretty pastorals by Demarteau, the graces of Chapuy, the witty pictorial pleasantries of Lavreince, Baudouin, Huet, Borel, translated into colour-prints by Mixelle, Darcis, de Longueil, Legrand, Vidal, and how many more?



L'AMOUR

Engraved by Janinet, 1777, after Fragonard

SOME NOTES ON MR. HERBERT COLEMAN'S COLLECTION

By PERCY COLSON



FIG. II. LA PROMENADE

By Renoir

THERE are two ways of appreciating a work of art, ancient or modern, literary, musical or artistic. A poem by Keats, a symphony by Mozart, or a Madonna by Simone Martini. One way is to approach it with an absolutely open mind; to allow oneself to be penetrated by all the artistic impressions one is capable of receiving from it, and to surrender oneself sincerely and passively to the compelling charm of its beauty. That is the attitude of the *dilettante*. The method of the critic or the historian—especially he whose interest is painting—is different. The pure enjoyment

of a work of art is not enough for him; he wants also to understand it. He examines it closely, picks it, metaphorically speaking, to pieces in order to discover the elements of which it is composed, the influences that have gone to the making of it, and the school to which it belongs. This involves the study of the life, character, and *milieu* of the painter, and of his contemporaries, and the history of the period in which it was painted. Thus, having studied the picture under all its aspects, he is finally able to give it its rightful place in the artistic output of that period.

The reader may perhaps be tempted to

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FIG. I. PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Manet

think that after so intensive a study of an object whose *raison d'être* is presumably to please, it will have lost its power to charm him. On the contrary; it has gained immeasurably in his eyes for he sees it in a new light. It has delivered up its secret to him, its content is richer, and its beauty more radiant. It has become like an old and valued friend with regard to whom he has complete confidence that the future will reserve no unpleasant surprises.

There are many schools of painting, and it goes without saying that the art lover, be he *dilettante* or critic, will react to one or the

other of them according to his peculiar idiosyncrasy, but the ultimate *values* are the same in all schools—drawing, colour, composition, distinction of treatment, and that indefinable quality, spirituality, which is the hall-mark of genius and which differentiates the work of a Duccio or of a Rembrandt from, let us say, one of the eclectic Italian painters of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Herbert Coleman, some of whose small, but exceedingly important and well-chosen collection of Post-Impressionists we reproduce, would disclaim any suggestion that he is other than a *dilettante*, but few *dilettanti* are capable of bringing to bear on a work of art the critical acumen and knowledge which he possesses; indeed, many experts would be glad to own his *flair*, sense of beauty and instinctive judgment. These qualities have been developed by reading and extensive travel, for he has studied not only the European schools of art, but also those of the East: Chinese, Assyrian, and Egyptian.

Mr. Coleman began to take an interest in art generally during a visit to China when he was about twenty-one years old, and in the works of the Post-Impressionist painters when staying in Paris a few years later. With no particular bias for or against modern painting, he realized that works which aroused such intense enthusiasm and such bitter enmity must possess very striking characteristics, and



FIG. III. LADY WITH A FAN

By Degas

Some Notes on Mr. Herbert Coleman's Collection

set himself to discover them. As a result of his investigations he succumbed entirely to the charm of this—to many art lovers—the most interesting and fascinating school of



FIG. IV. STILL-LIFE

By Cézanne

painting since that of Siena in the *trecento*, a school, indeed, to which it has considerable affinity.

The Sienese painter tried, so far as his limited technique permitted him, to place the sacred personages of his imagination in a strictly realistic background: the streets of Siena or the mountainous country of Southern Tuscany as it appeared to him. Manet and his followers did precisely the same thing for Nature, painting it exactly as they saw it, but with a rendering of light, shade, colour, and the relation to its surroundings of each object painted which made the traditional classical treatment seem dull and lifeless.

A striking instance of the *parenté* between the two schools was told me by that admirable connoisseur, Bernard d'Hendecourt, whose early death was so great a loss to the art world. He was visiting the house of an American collector who had recently bought a Cézanne and was puzzled to know where to hang it as it did not seem to go with any of his pictures. He had tried it with English, Dutch, and Florentine works, and it was equally unhappy. D'Hendecourt said: "Let me rearrange your pictures." The collection included seven or eight Sienese and Florentine primitives; these d'Hendecourt hung in the owner's study with the Cézanne, and it was immediately quite at home.

Manet, whose exquisite flower picture we reproduce in colour, was certainly one of the finest painters that France or any other country has produced. His greatest claim to distinction is to have discovered that the sense of reality is achieved with infinitely greater intensity by getting as near as possible to the *actual*, rather than with endeavouring to illustrate the *relative* value of every detail. His influence on those who have come after him has perhaps been greater than that of any painter of the second half of the last century. Notice the entrancing way in which he has given us the spirit of flowers, a thing Fantin-Latour was never able to do. Then, too, how wonderful is the painting of the water and of the dragon fly. The portrait (Fig. I) gives us in a few clever strokes all the charm and self-possession of the best type of French woman of the period.

The delightful Renoir, "La Promenade" (Fig. II), cannot fail in its appeal. Renoir was above all the painter of women and children; when painting them he seemed to take an almost sensuous delight in his subject. These three young *ingenues* have all the "tender grace of a day that is gone," a day when girls did not smoke, drink, or swear, and left sports to their brothers! This picture belongs to Renoir's best period.

The Degas (Fig. III) is painted in the artist's early manner when he was greatly under the influence of Manet. Like Renoir, and indeed, most French painters, he delighted in painting women, but unlike Renoir, there



FIG. V. PAYSAGE

By Cézanne

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By Manet

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FIG. V. PAYSAGE

By Cézanne

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is no sensuousness in his painting; it is, however, absolutely sincere and extraordinarily intelligent.

Of the two Cézannes illustrated, the "Still-Life" (Fig. IV) is certainly one of the best pictures of still-life ever painted. We are lost in admiration at the clever juxtaposition of colours, and the admirable painting of the relative sizes of the jug, fruit, and plate. The design is so strong that even without the

heightened the colour effects without making them garish!

During Manet's lifetime his pictures, and those of his contemporaries, were to be bought for from two to four pounds each. To sell a picture for eight pounds was an event, and twenty pounds was an almost unheard of price. In 1875, at a sale at the Hôtel Drouot, out of twenty pictures by Renoir, ten did not fetch as much as four pounds apiece, and one



FIG. VI. ESCALIER AUVERS

By Van Gogh

colours you would have an excellent drawing. It is in striking contrast to the automatic, one might almost say photographic, art of the still-life pictures of Chardin. The landscape (Fig. V) in my opinion ranks among the finest of Cézanne's works. Cézanne's appeal is slow; indeed, it is only of late years that he has been properly appreciated, even in his own country. It is only after living with his pictures that one comes to realize their beauty and subtlety.

Mr. Coleman is fortunate in possessing the superb Van Gogh (Fig. VI). It is a perfect example of his latest and best period. Probably it took him only a few hours to paint, but what intense vitality there is in its writhing lines, and how marvellously Van Gogh has

only reached the price of twelve pounds. My friend, the late Charles Loeser, bought eight Cézannes for five hundred francs each. A fine specimen by that artist will now fetch about twelve thousand pounds.

At the time Mr. Coleman began to form his collection, the works of the Post-Impressionist painters were understood and appreciated by very few collectors, and he was laughed at by most of his friends for "wasting his money." The art lovers of Manchester, where he was living at the time, were buying the works of the Academicians, and regarded Manet, Renoir, and Cézanne as freak painters. Mr. Coleman has had the last laugh. His pictures have turned out to be by far the best investment he ever made.



FLOWER STUDY

J.M.W. Turner

Oil on canvas, 1824, London, National Gallery

THE DAMASCUS MOSAICS

By M. CHAMOT



MOSAIC IN S. PUDENZIANA, ROME

Photo: Anderson

THE exhibition of copies and photographs of mosaics in the Great Mosque at Damascus has revealed to the world a hitherto unsuspected development of the great tradition of Byzantine art in the East.

Only a few fragments of these mosaics were visible until 1928, when Monsieur Eustache de Lorey obtained permission to remove the plaster which covered the spandrels and walls of the courtyard and found that the medieval Arabic descriptions of the mosaics were in no way exaggerated.

The building had originally been a Christian church dedicated to St. John. After the Arab conquest of Damascus the Moslems appropriated the eastern half of the church for their own worship, allowing the Christians to remain in possession of the western portion. This arrangement appears to have lasted down to the

reign of the Caliph Walid I (705-15) who finally turned the Christians out and converted the entire buildings into a mosque. He is known to have caused a considerable amount of rebuilding and decoration to be undertaken, but it is difficult to say precisely which parts of the present building belong to this period; possibly the whole courtyard, and certainly the mosaics, which now once again adorn it.

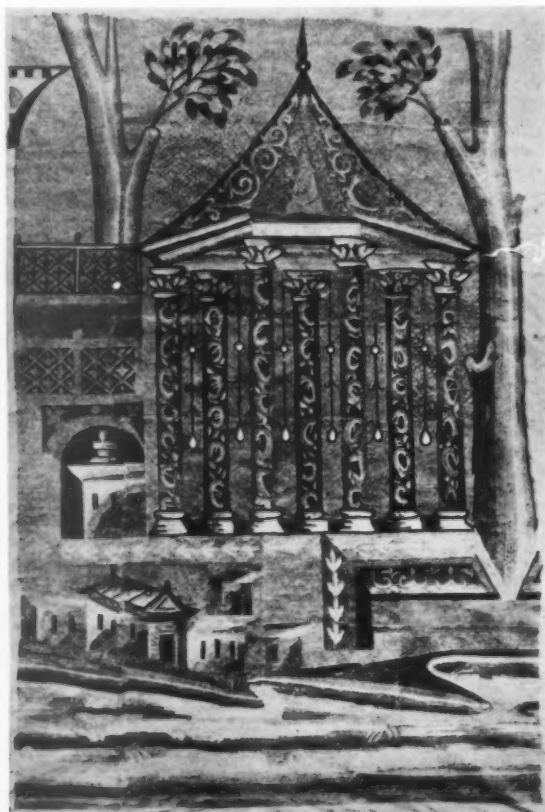
After removing the plaster and cleaning the mosaics, Monsieur de Lorey had copies made of some of the compositions; these, together with photographs and specimens of tesserae, were exhibited first in Paris and last month at the Victoria and Albert Museum. A series of old paper casts of mosaics in Rome and Ravenna, which had been stored at the museum for some years, were brought out and hung together with the Damascus mosaics for the sake of comparison, thus affording a

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welcome opportunity of surveying a branch of art usually only accessible to the traveller in widely separated localities.

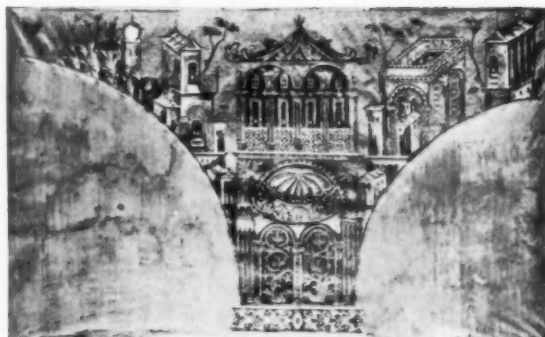
The art of making glass mosaic appears to have been known in classical times, but most of the surviving examples are floor mosaics, made of stone and coloured marble. When the early Christian churches provided the mosaic worker with wall spaces, and, above all, curved surfaces such as apses and vaults, he gradually adapted his technique and his method of designing to the new conditions. The first stages are illustrated in Rome. The mosaics in Santa Costanza (c. A.D. 329), though placed on vaults, still show a white marble ground, and the patterns would be just as suitable for a floor as for a ceiling.

In Santa Pudenziana (c. A.D. 390) the subject is already pictorially conceived and well suited to the apse. Christ is represented enthroned in the centre, with his disciples



COPY OF MOSAIC IN THE GREAT MOSQUE AT
DAMASCUS

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COPY OF MOSAIC IN THE GREAT MOSQUE AT
DAMASCUS

grouped on either side, against a naturalistic background of architecture and sky, the whole rendered with a great deal of modelling and matter-of-fact realism. Despite the drastic restorations it is clear that a strong emphasis on the third dimension characterized the design from the start. The architecture is designed to extend the semicircular space and the figures stand out in sharp relief against it. This was the extent to which the classical tradition could adapt itself to the new requirements.

A new art had to be born, and its development can be followed in Ravenna. Even if the type of the Good Shepherd in the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia can be traced back to a classical origin, the general treatment of the composition is far more decorative. The six lambs are almost symmetrically arranged on the surface, and they are treated with a greater emphasis on the pattern of the fleeces than on the modelling of their forms. In the sixth-century mosaics in Sant' Apollinare Nuovo the new art is fully developed. Gold is lavishly used for backgrounds and ornaments, modelling has been almost discarded, while a new means of expression has been found in finely designed silhouettes and in the rhythmic repetition of form. This stately processional character is obviously reminiscent of Eastern prototypes, and the famous sculptured friezes decorating the ancient Persian palaces at once suggest themselves as the source whence this motive was derived. In fact, Christian art was deliberately turning to the East rather than to classical antiquity for inspiration.

Another familiar Persian motive, the vine scroll so frequently seen on Sasanian ornament, was given a new symbolic significance, and used

The Damascus Mosaics

for decorative purposes in San Vitale and elsewhere. At Damascus it appears twining round columns and filling the spaces under arches.* The classical acanthus scroll was similarly used for decorative purposes and appears in this form in the earliest known Mohammedan mosaics, executed in 691 in the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, and again on the soffits of the arches at Damascus.

The material of all these mosaics is almost exclusively glass, with inlay of shell to represent gems. The preparation of the gold

Technically the Damascus mosaics are more closely related to Byzantine work than in the matter of design, for the artists who produced them, whether Christians or Moslems, observed the Mohammedan rule against the representation of living creatures. The subjects are all landscapes, the narrower spandrels above the columns are beautifully decorated with groups of trees, the wider spaces have fantastic buildings, and the entrance wall shows a large composition, over 100 feet long, representing groups of buildings with trees and



COPY OF MOSAIC IN THE GREAT MOSQUE AT
DAMASCUS

needed particular care. A piece of glass was covered with gold leaf and then another thinner sheet of transparent glass was fired over it. To give variety to the large surfaces covered with gold, tesserae of yellow, green, brown, and black were usually inserted between the gold cubes; and in certain places it was found necessary to tilt the gold tesserae at an angle to the wall in order to prevent reflection, and get the utmost richness of effect. This device was also used at Damascus, where the mosaics are placed in the open courtyard, and thus in quite a different lighting to most of the Christian examples.

a river in front. The strict evasion of the living element was certainly a new thing in art, but landscapes and architectural motives had been extensively used as backgrounds in Christian mosaics. Ultimately the designs may perhaps be traced back to Pompeian wall paintings, which in turn derived their motives from Roman and Alexandrian stage decorations, as Monsieur de Lorey has pointed out,* but it is scarcely conceivable that the actual cartoons of these should have survived in the East. The continuity is much more easily traceable through Christian mosaics in Rome, Ravenna, and Salonica. We have already noted

* Reproduced in *APOLLO*, November 1930, p. 316.

* *Cahiers d'Art*, 1929, p. 306.

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the architectural background in the apse of Santa Pudenziana. In the Baptistery of the Orthodox at Ravenna the second band of ornament from the centre is of a purely architectural character with semicircular recesses and rectangular projection strongly reminiscent of the Pompeian decorations, and a very similar scheme appears again in the dome of St. George at Salonica, though in this case figures are introduced in front of the buildings. The representations of the Palace of Theodoric and the Port of Classis in Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, Ravenna, show a different type of architecture with columns supporting arches and curtains looped up between them. Both these forms reappear at Damascus. Finally, in Rome, in the seventh-century mosaics in the Baptistery of Constantine, there are panels of architectural compositions with strangely piled-up buildings quite in the style of the Damascus mosaics. A precedent for the landscape element may be found in the apse of Sant' Apollinare in Classe, which strikes such a remarkably modern note in its bold use of a vivid green, and in the almost childlike treatment of the trees and plants on the green ground.

But nothing that can be said about possible antecedents can remove the effect of surprising originality produced by the Damascus decorations. Everybody is struck by their modernity. This is due partly to freshness of colour, but more to vitality of design. By a strong use of cast shadows (which in itself seems to point to classical rather than Eastern inspiration) the buildings are given a plastic as well as a decorative interest, while the trees are arranged in stately repetition like the processions of figures

in Ravenna. Perspective is freely used, some of the buildings being seen in elevation, others fore-shortened as though seen from above, and nearly all are decorated with jewels hung in the openings.

Great art is shown in the placing of the tesserae so as to avoid mechanical regularity in the backgrounds and give the utmost expressiveness to all other surfaces. Indeed, it is chiefly on account of technical inferiority that it is so easy to detect the thirteenth-century restorations in some of the mosaics. Original work was still being executed in mosaic at that date in Damascus, and the Mausoleum of Beybars contains designs resembling the earlier work in general character, but the clumsiness of design in both trees and buildings, the use of bulbous domes in the latter, and the great inferiority in technique are in striking contrast to the mosaics in the Great Mosque. However, it is sufficiently surprising that the tradition of mosaic work should have survived at all in Syria after the Turkish invasions and the Crusades. In Europe, too, the great age of mosaic was over by the thirteenth century. Fresco painting was taking its place in Italy as both cheaper and more suitable for the realistic narrative tendencies then appearing in art. Only in Constantinople was there still scope for the mosaic worker, and the famous Kahrie-Djaim mosaics were not produced till the fourteenth century.

The newly discovered eighth-century mosaics at Damascus belong to the end of the great period, and will henceforth rank as an additional monument of the most magnificent form of wall decoration ever created by man.



MOSAIC IN SANT' APOLLINARE IN CLASSE
Fourth century

“BY ZUCCARO”

By FRANCIS M. KELLY



FIG. I. ALLEGED PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, “BY ZUCCARO”

Armstrong sale, 1924

FEDERIGO ZUCCARO, or Zuccherò, or (if you prefer it so) Sucas remains to collectors and vendors of “Elizabethan” portraits what Mesopotamia was to the pious old lady: a “blessed word.” Why this should be so is rather hard to say, since Zuccaro’s alleged output in England offers little more guarantees of authenticity than Dick Turpin’s famous ride to York (actually accomplished, by the way, *temp.* Charles II by “Swift Nicks” Nevinson). The facts hitherto ascertainable, so far as I can gather, by the patient researches of enlightened students of later Tudor painting amount to these: Zuccaro, born in 1543, came to England from Rome in 1574 and stayed here some four

years or less,* when he returned to Italy and died there in 1609.

None of the work which he doubtless executed during his stay here can be identified among our collections with any degree of plausibility, excepting two chalk-drawings, apparently preparations for paintings, of Queen Elizabeth and her favourite, Leicester, in the British Museum. On the other hand, none of the known work of his Italian period has anything in common with the portraits so trustfully assigned to his stay in England. Yet “Zuccaros” are still as common as blackberries and are boldly offered in the market every day. I have this very day received an advance copy of a sale catalogue that includes a portrait dated 1572, of Leicester.

This is paradoxical in our “progressive” age. Never before was so much time or money lavished on art criticism or research, on public and private exhibitions, sumptuous monographs and *catalogues raisonnés*. Personally I know next to nothing about Zuccaro, but I am familiar with a good round number of “Zuccaros” whose pretensions to be even works contemporary with the painter, or Queen Elizabeth, or the alleged sitters, I venture to challenge with the utmost confidence. I take them at random from my casual notes as they lie before me. Inscriptions, by the way, and even armorial bearings are not of themselves necessarily of any particular weight; they are too often posthumous additions, easily enough overpainted for a definite *ad captandum* purpose.

The first item on my list is a full-length “Queen Elizabeth” (Fig. I), No. 56 in the Armstrong sale at Christie’s† in April 1924. The general character of the head and the wired arches of the gauze veil behind the shoulders might be reconciled with the known portraiture of the Virgin Queen. Unfortunately, the whole of the costume otherwise flatly contradicted the title. The fashion of the vandyked double collar of lace, of the overdress caught in at the waist and bend of the arm, the panned sleeves, tabbed stomacher and deep lace funnel-cuffs openly confessed a date no earlier than *c.* 1620–5. Even more preposterous was a “Zuccaro” half-length “Queen Elizabeth” in the Berger sale at Berlin in 1929. It is a pity I am unable to reproduce this; it was obviously a portrait of late Jacobean date at earliest and the features and coiffure a flat contradiction of the title.

No. 126 of the Geri sale at Settignano, 1930, was a

* Collins-Baker, C. H., and W. G. Constable: *English Painting in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. Florence and Paris, 1930.

† This, it should clearly be understood, implies no reflection on this or any other firm of reputable auctioneers. It is not the business of such firms to question the authenticity of the advertised descriptions of the objects they accept for sale unless definitely commissioned to express an expert opinion. All items are sold entirely on their merits “with all faults,” including those of description, and are open to fullest inspection by any genuine inquirer for several days before the actual sale.



FIG. II. "LADY JANE GREY, BY ZUCCARO"
Not earlier than 1600, probably 1610 or later. Dowdeswell



FIG. V. ATTRIBUTED TO ZUCCARO: JAMES I
(AND VI), CALLED "PHILIP II"



FIG. III. DESCRIBED AS "SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
BY ZUCCARO." Ednam sale, 1925



FIG. IV. PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO ZUCCARO
Geri sale, Settignano, 1930

“By Zuccaro”

bust-length “Ritratto di dama” (Fig. IV), once more described as by Zuccaro. True, there was no suggestion that it represented an Elizabethan lady, but it quite plainly was the picture of a South Italian lady of approximately



FIG. VII. PORTRAIT “BY ZUCCARO”
Mere worth Castle

1650–60, i.e. some forty to fifty years after the reputed artist’s death.

Dowdeswell used to own a “Zuccaro” half-length “Lady Jane Grey.” As Zuccaro would have been some eleven years old at Lady Jane’s death and never saw England till twenty years later, one can only wonder what prompted the attached label. The picture (Fig. II), if it be English at all, represents a young woman of about 1600.

Fig. III was included in the Ednam sale of 1925 as the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney. Whoever the original of this picture was, he was assuredly not Sidney. Not only do his features bear no sort of likeness to the accredited likenesses of that hero, but it is plain from his dress that we are dealing with a work not earlier than about 1605 (Fig. V). Attributed to the same artist was a portrait of Philip II which stood revealed at a glance as James I after his accession to the English throne (Fig. VI). Curiously enough, another “Philip II” in the Duff sale, 1924, ascribed to Alonso Sanchez Coëlle (†1590) was no less obviously Philip IV (1621–65) (Fig. VI). One could easily multiply the list of pseudo-Zuccaros tenfold, but here it will suffice to refer to a full-length portrait

of a lady once *penes* Dowdeswell, and another at Mere worth Castle (Fig. VII), both painted beyond peradventure c. 1615–20. Be it noted that I have throughout discussed works attributed to this painter not merely on insufficient grounds, but in the teeth of positive evidence to the contrary.

A few lines higher I referred to an alleged work of the Spaniard Coëlle. This painter—nearly all whose known portraits, except perhaps those actually at Schloss Raudnitz, Czechoslovakia, seem to be associated with the Court of Philip II—appears of late years destined to share the fate, which has long been Zuccaro’s, of association with periods and persons nowise his contemporaries, especially perhaps in America. A notable example, once the property of Messrs. Dowdeswell, is a case in point (Fig. VIII). In the first place, the gentleman whose “counterfeit presentment” this is, might well be French, Dutch, or English, so far as his outer man goes; hardly Spanish. What is more to the point, every detail of his dress dates at earliest about 1645 and more likely from 1650 or even later, and Coëlle, remember, died in 1590. Less blatant was the ascription to the same artist of a portrait in a Paris collection supposed to be that of Wenceslaus of Bohemia (1561–75), sixth son of the Emperor Maximilian II (Fig. IX) of whom a genuine portrait “by Coëlle” is in the collection of H.M. the King (exhibited in the Spanish Exhibition, Grafton Galleries, 1913–14).



FIG. VI. PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. DESCRIBED AS
PHILIP II, AND ATTRIBUTED TO A. S. COELLO
Duff sale, 1924

It represents a youthful knight in infantry half armour, wearing the cross of Malta, and bears no resemblance to the authentic portrait just mentioned, and moreover the armour and dress betray the early years of the seventeenth

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century, a full ten to fifteen years after Coëlle's death. It is a little difficult to guess what has occasioned this sudden fancy for misattributing portraits to Philip II's cherished court-painter. For the two examples we have quoted



FIG. VIII. PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO
A. SANCHEZ COËLLO

Dowdestwell

are by no means isolated examples of the tendency. Not many years ago there was an important sale in America of works of art connected with the royal house of Savoy. This included a whole batch of portraits of "Dukes of Savoy" collectively assigned to A. S. Coëlle, apparently on the strength of an unsupported statement in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters" (edition not quoted) that "He also painted . . . Dukes of Savoy." With the exception of one or two, none of these pictures was of earlier date than about 1610 (twenty years after Coëlle). Moreover, three of them at least, described merely as "Youthful Dukes of Savoy," could be safely identified, by comparison with undoubted portraits of definite persons. One full-length portrait, confronted with a group of the sons of Charles Emmanuel the Great, formerly the property of the late Queen Margarita of Italy, was at once seen to be a likeness of Prince Philip

Emmanuel (died 1605, aged nineteen). The identity of the two others was no less easy to establish; they were youthful portraits of King Louis XIII of France, at the respective ages of about fifteen and eighteen, as anyone familiar with the boyish presentment by Pourbus in the Pitti Gallery, or even the plates to Pluvinel's "Instruction du Roy" (actually executed by the younger Crispin de Pas in 1617) could hardly fail to recognize.

As a special *bonne bouche* I have reserved the published description of a portrait submitted to me not many years since. It was a diptych on wood, probably French or Flemish, depicting a family group (men to left, women to right) at prayer under the surveillance of their patron saints and dating about 1620. It was shown to me as a work executed at the Court of Mantua by Francesco Mantegna, in 1506, representing the court of Duke Gianfrancesco Gonzaga in prayer for the success of their master's arms in the battle of Fornovo. Of Francesco Mantegna or his work we know very little.* We do know that precisely in 1506 he was living in banishment from the court of Mantua. Moreover the battle of Fornovo was lost by the Italians in 1495.

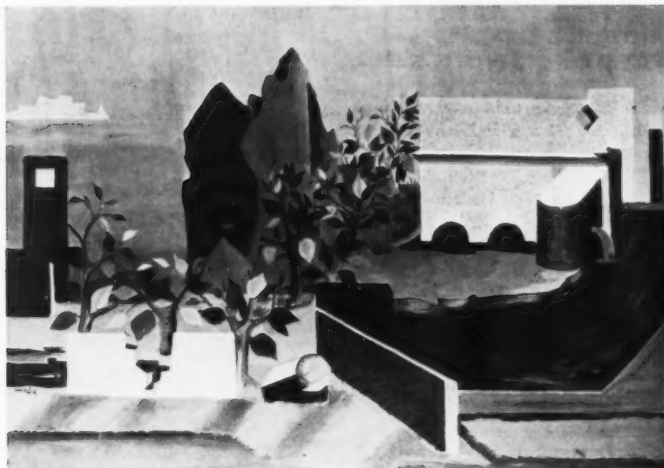
* The works in the church of S. Andrea, Mantua, tentatively assigned to him resemble this neither in character nor technique.



FIG. IX. PORTRAIT c. 1605, CALLED "ARCH-
DUKE WENCESLAUS OF BOHEMIA," AND
ATTRIBUTED TO A. S. COËLLO

JEAN LURÇAT

By FRITZ NEUGASS



PAYSAGE

By Jean Lurçat

In the collection of Monsieur E. Bignou, Paris

THE art of Lurçat strikes today an altogether personal note in the various groups of artistic creation and shows a new tendency in painting which up to the present is quite original and cannot be attached to any of the schools in "ism." It is a fact all the more worthy of attention, in that Lurçat, during his short years of study, underwent strong influences, often contradictory, and succeeded in a very short time in freeing himself from all school traditions and in finding his own path in order to arrive at the solution of new problems.

He is, above all, the painter of space, of broad and vast horizons, the painter of a world not terrestrial, but ideal. His painting is not, however, simply abstract; one sees on his canvases real things which exhale a strong smell of the earth; walls which give an impression of vast perspective; stairs which join together earth and sky; plants, houses, mountains, and always clouds, which remind us of the presence of the earth and evoke its perfume for us. They are only the springboard from which Lurçat was to leap towards that spiritual and transcendental world which he has painted in his works of these last years.

Lurçat struggled hard to free himself from every influence. He strove eagerly for his own style and remained in solitude for a long time—like the saints of the Middle Ages—to bring his inner being to maturity and to find his own language far from all beaten tracks.

Lurçat was born in 1892; he is descended from a family of Spanish origin, but his strong, fair masculine appearance, his very manly movements, and his square head with deep blue eyes recall nothing of his Latin and Southern blood. Only his mentality, the mysticism of his canvases, the enigmatic side, and the vibration that

one finds in his representation of Nature, make us think sometimes of the Spain of a Greco or of a Goya. One must not linger to look more deeply for the traces of such an atavism, the less so as Lurçat disavowed all that could have influenced him and turned him from his destined path.

At Nancy he studied medicine and then philosophy. Painting did not yet hold the principal place for him. He found in it a pleasant distraction, but he did not think that he could express his spiritual life by painting. He worked with the painter Victor Prouvé, the master of the "School of Nancy." Art, before 1910, seemed to him devoid of sense. Matisse was not yet known at Nancy, and the attempts of the "Fauves" and the first cubists had not yet penetrated into the provinces. At the age of eighteen he returned to Paris. It was there that, for the first time, he thrilled before the works of Cézanne. They showed him the road that was gradually to lead him towards impressionism. The cubists placed new problems before him; but for him cubism was submitted to too narrow technical laws. He saw in art only a destruction of old formulæ and a possibility of new constructions, but before all, he tried to give to his canvases a new spiritual essence. The mandoline, the pipe, the glass of water, the packet of *Marylands*, and the indispensable newspaper did not suffice, for him, to create a poetic atmosphere. Besides, a journey that he made to Switzerland and Munich contributed to strengthen his ideas. Hodler and the German expressionists brought him their knowledge of the inner intensity and the means of dramatizing a canvas without dramatic motifs. Spiritual essence was condensed and expressed by colour and by form. In the years before the war, so fertile for art, he was in relation with Élie Faure, Vildrac,

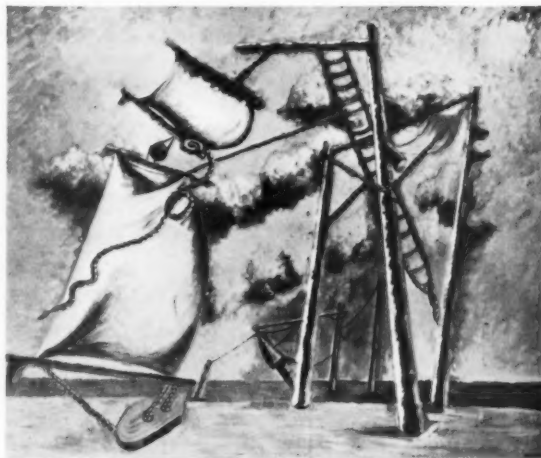
Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

and Duhamel, and had begun to make verses and to write articles; but the intellectual outlook of those who frequented Montmartre—wit without depth, and joking without wit—soon disgusted him. He was too serious, too combative and too sincere, to take pleasure in platitudes and in superficial views. The discussions in the cafés and the debates in the studios wearied him. He was an enemy of all loud empty talk and of all scholastic proclamations.

In 1913 he quitted the witches' cauldron of the Parisian coteries to seek solitude in Normandy and in Brittany. Then came the war. The artist, who was then twenty-two years of age and who was just beginning to create for himself a personal mode of life, was profoundly troubled by so catastrophic an event. In spite of an inherent hostility to militarism, carried along by the influence of the masses, he joined up; but, to unburden his conscience and to prove the uselessness of his horror, he wrote a series of poems and articles of a decidedly anti-military character which he published in foreign newspapers. He was arrested for anti-patriotism and condemned to prison.

Rainer Maria Rilke, René Schikele, Annette Kolb, and Walter Hasenclever joined with him in struggling during five years with the greatest idealism against materialism and the policy of force. But his fruitless efforts discouraged Lurçat and gave him a distaste for occupying himself with the future of politics, and from then he concentrated all the forces of his being on painting, in order to express with it, and by it, his spiritual life and his artistic feeling. At the same time a new epoch for his art commenced with his friendship for the cubist Marcoussis, who revealed to him the spiritual attitude of a Picasso, of an Apollinaire, and of a Max Jacob.

When Lurçat commenced to solve these new problems and to occupy himself seriously with cubism, it was already 1920, at a moment when the light had just come after the hours of trouble and confusion during which new paths were being sought. But Lurçat is the direct heir of the impressionists at the same time as that of the cubists, and he used the discoveries of both to serve him



NEW YORK

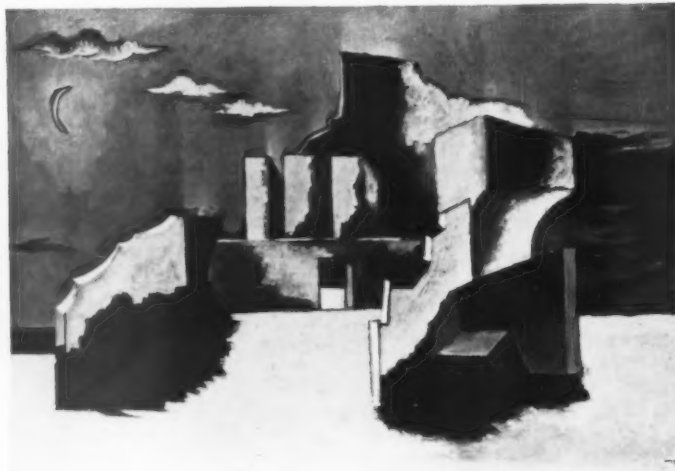
By J. Lurçat

By courtesy of Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.

in a supreme and sublime abstraction. His friendship with Elie Faure, the friend of Renoir and the contemporary of the impressionists, no doubt strongly influenced him.

He was sensitive to the effect of contrasts and to the harmony of the palette. That was the consequence of the heritage got from the impressionists. The cubists seemed to him more difficult to understand. He tried to realize a synthesis of the works of Braque and of Picasso which should serve as a base for the new form he proposed to create. He esteemed before all, in cubist painting, the lyric note. That is to say, that element which leads—abstraction made of technical and constructive problems—to a new rhythm and to a new spirituality.

The Picasso of the "blue period"—to employ the consecrated term—was at one and the same time literary and poetic. It was only when "La Repasseuse" and "La Buveuse d'Absinthe" with their social tendencies had gone out of fashion, that art freed itself from all programme and rose up to the sphere of pure poetry. The artist then began to create with his imagination a new world, which he filled completely with his personality. It was on this base that Lurçat founded his really original painting. He did not represent the object for the object in itself, but he strove to discover its soul and to raise this interior life to the level of the grandiose. In the canvases of Lurçat we never find purely abstract painting. It always remains bound up with the subject, but the latter is only a pretext for a higher creation. One could conclude from this that his pictures are the proof of a dualism, the solution of which he has never succeeded in finding. In reality abstract painting is not a sufficiently tangible thing for him, and besides, he expresses things altogether in the manner of ultra-realists, who try to translate an abstract idea or a spiritual tendency poetically. He endeavours to



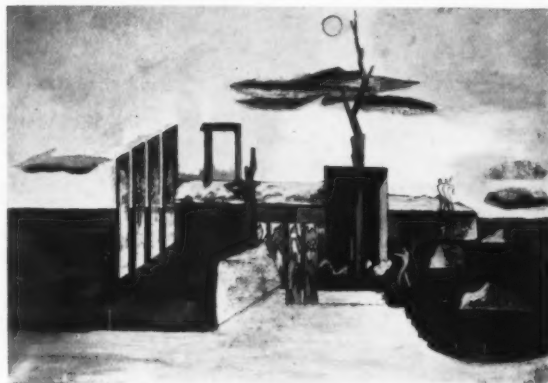
PAYSAGE

By Jean Lurçat

In the Moll Collection, Berlin

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fix the grandeur of the human expression in impassive and architectural faces, in personages who are disproportionately tall and seem ready to break from their frame by their intense vitality.



PAYSAGE

By Jean Lurçat

In the collection of Monsieur E. Bignou, Paris

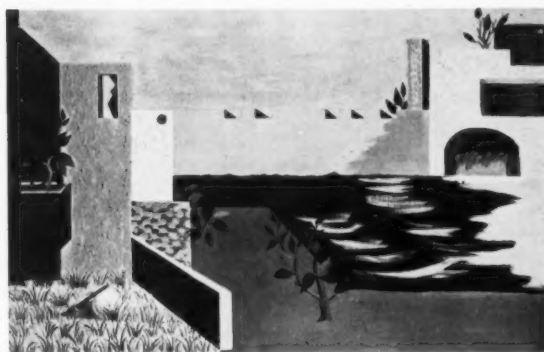
Shortly after 1920 his pictures still denoted a definitely cubist character. The colours are disposed in wide strips, and the themes are geometrical figures, landscapes, and "still-life." It is only later that a more free conception, a more sentimental and personal interpretation are felt in his work.

In 1924 Lurçat went to Spain. In the landscapes down there he found a rich harmony, well-balanced compositions where the perspective is rather the effect of suggestion than the expression of reality. And the suggestion which is emitted from his canvases produces on us so strong an impression that it differentiates him from all other artists. This arresting force is the real original element which speaks in the works of Lurçat.

But the absence from Paris, the isolation from the struggles which were taking place round the new art, were still not sufficient. Even in Spain he was pursued by the demon that impelled him to paint like the others.

He then fled from the Continent to plunge into the African desert, into solitude, in order—like St. John at Patmos—to write his gospel there. It was a strong discipline to which he bound himself in order to obtain a well-defined style, this desired simplicity which he attained in his latest phase. We must not, however, forget that the desert also has its picturesque charm; that the East, since Romanticism, has given a new programme to numerous artists and that it was difficult to withdraw oneself from such influences. But Lurçat regarded this journey as a purgatory from which his talent should come out purified. The canvases which he did there are often hard, but they are at the same time brilliant, pure and moving by the will power and strong style which are expressed in them.

The results of the painting of Jean Lurçat are works of the highest originality. He has broken the aesthetic formulæ of cubism and has created a more human and more poetic art. Feeling is more strong with him than technical laws, but he is mastered by the severe discipline



PAYSAGE 1927

By Jean Lurçat

In the collection of E. J. McN. Reid, Esq.

which he imposed on himself during long years. His art remains abstract and far from Nature; but it is the result of his poetic intuition and the interpretation of the supreme cosmic laws.

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE PAINTING

By K. E. SIMON

THE contemporary Japanese painting of the traditional school which was to be seen in a great exhibition at the Berlin Academy, January-February 1931, holds fast to the ideals of the ancient art. About 1885, when in the years of the great "foreign fever" a new movement of Japanese art was promoted by Fenollosa and Okakura, some of the old schools of painting were still alive: at Tôkyô the academy of the Kano who had formed a synthesis of Chinese brush-strokes and Japanese colours, and at Kyôto, the old capital, the Maruyama-Shijô school that had since the eighteenth century looked on nature in a spirit free from conventionality and had adapted the old technic of the brush to new observations. The Kano school was the

source of the idealistic art of the Meiji period and nowadays we can still see the contrast between the idealism of Tôkyô and the objectivism of Kyôto. An outstanding feature of modern Japanese painting is a certain eclecticism. The artists educate themselves by the manner of strokes of old schools and use them for their new intuition of things.

India-ink and light colours being suitable to the purpose of the idealistic art, rising naturalism wanted more substantial colours; however, in accordance with the principles of Japanese art, ornamental beauty, in the distribution of colours and combination of lines, was sought. It was at that time, about 1907, that Kôrin's works began to be enthusiastically studied in Japan. The decorative pictures,

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small kakemonos or large folding screens, are treated by a refined taste in subdued tints with flashes of bright colours. The favourite subjects are animals and flowers, which, concentrated in a narrow space, give the Japanese, these



YOKOYAMA TAIKWAN

Given by the artist to the Museum of Far-Eastern Art, Berlin
Photograph: Würfelverlag, Berlin-Lankwitz

enraptured lovers of nature, the impression of seasons and of hours of the day. In consequence of the continuous revival of the old national culture, in antagonism to the westernization, historical scenes are also to be found. Genre pictures in the style of Ukiyo-e, representing female figures in old costume or in quite a modern appearance, are still in vogue. Recently a new motion for the Yamato-e, the genuine Japanese narrative paintings of the twelfth to the fourteenth century with their beautiful colours and unconventional outlines, came up.

In reaction to the rule of æsthetic formalism in decorative and idealistic painting, the so-called Bunjingwa (Nangwa), that is, paintings of the literary or the Southern Chinese school came to life again. This style was introduced from China in the eighteenth century and, after flourishing for some time, was almost forgotten in the nineteenth century. Here the whole stress is laid upon the subjectivity of the artist who, by the spots and strokes of the brush, without any smartness of technic, expresses the personal spirit, similar to lyrical poetry. Of course, these artists again prefer the India-ink or light colours.

If we wish to appreciate Japanese painting, we have to perceive the expression of the brush-work in its different meanings. The still-life by Takeuchi Seihō, the great master of Kyōto, charms us by the delicacy of the



TAKEUCHI SEIHŌ

Photograph: Würfelverlag, Berlin-Lankwitz

touches which, though in clear technic, accurately correspond to the shape of the objects and are a magic in light hues. Yokoyama Taikwan's masterpiece awakens quite another feeling in us: nothing but the bough of a tree with a little black bird crouching on it, a lonely being in the universe. The idea of the composition is revealed by the graduated shades of the ink on the white paper. Ono Chikukyō treats the softly moulded, yet plastic rocks on the sea shore in the "wrinkles" and scattered spots of the Bunjingwa. The general aspect of this landscape is more realistic than in the other pictures of this style.



ONO CHIKUKYŌ

Photograph: Würfelverlag, Berlin-Lankwitz

Landscapes, painted by the younger generation, are composed in European perspective, and the colours of the traditional Japanese art are employed for more naturalistic subjects, just the same as the proportions of the figures are more carefully observed than in ancient times. But realism has found its field of action in oil-painting which is rigidly separated from the old style in Japan.

ROMANO DAZZI: AN ITALIAN ARTIST OF TODAY

By N. DE ROBECK



MOTHER AND CHILD

By Romano Dazzi

THESE drawings need no comment; they speak for themselves as does all Romano Dazzi's work. His contact with his public is so direct that the laconic titles to his drawings add nothing to our understanding of this most vital art. For it is above all an enhanced sense of action, of life, of the strength and power of man's will that Dazzi gives us, and it is indeed this love of life that makes his dead figures so lifeless, so solemn.

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This art, moreover, owes nothing to any master, unless it be to all the great tradition of Italian art behind him; he has never worked in any school, but is self-taught from start to finish. His work is the outcome of a compelling inner necessity; it is deeply felt, studied in every technical detail, and not a line goes on to paper that has not passed through the filter of his mind and artistic sensibility. He hardly ever works from a model, and one of his most remarkable characteristics is his

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SKETCH

By Romano Dazzi

amazing memory. He looks at, studies, absorbs his subject, sometimes very quickly, and then he draws it from memory. Meaningless scribbles the first sketches may seem, but when the finished drawing appears its effect is of absolute spontaneity. It all seems natural and inevitable.

Dazzi is the son of a prominent sculptor, and even as a baby was scribbling on any scrap of paper he could find—even on the marble top of the kitchen table—until the cook ruthlessly wiped out his efforts. At six, a friend of his father's who was watching him asked him to draw a horse. "What sort of horse?" the child asked; "a race horse, or a bus horse, or one like the Greeks made in sculpture?" and all three were drawn in a moment.

The Dazzis lived in Rome but often went to Carrara, and there Romano drew everything and everybody—peasants, marble workers, servants, and his own school friends. Once he found a human skeleton in the local museum, and that kept him busy for months. He drew skeletons by the hundred, until he knew every joint and bone by heart.

In Rome the Zoo fascinated him; he was always there and his studies of animal life are among his most striking drawings. In the Maremma, too, he rode and drew, and learnt to know every phase of the wilder life of man and beast in the hills and by the sea.

Dazzi is not a futurist, or impressionist; he belongs to no special school, and is not even a realist in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. He is a seeker for truth, and his only aim is to represent the naked truth as he sees it at the moment under this or that form.

The War fired Dazzi's imagination, and he was then a boy of thirteen. The extraordinary series of War drawings, some of which were published in "The Studio," were not the outcome of personal contact with the front—yet who would say in looking at them that they were produced by a boy at school in Rome? How true they are! We never doubt the reality of his dead soldier caught in the wire entanglements, of his bomber hurling his weapon, of the trench, or the men going over the top. And all these represent the pictures made on the

boy's mind by the accounts of the front that he read, and the films that he saw; his imagination did the rest.

Dazzi's first real opportunity came in 1917 when he was sent to Lybia by the Italian Government to make sketches of colonial life. There his talent seemed to mature, and his African drawings are of great beauty. In the one of the Arab chief haranguing the rebels, there is a whole drama of revolt and suppression; in another how lonely is the single figure battling against the Ghibli desert wind; in a third how solemn the four kneeling figures raising their dead comrade on to their shoulders!

One thing is missing, as indeed it is missing in all Dazzi's work; there is no landscape. The stretch of the desert, its sunsets and dawns, are missing, as is the whole landscape of Italy; and perhaps it is symptomatic that he has described his own country as a "beautiful mind" not a beautiful form!

Born in an age of action, Dazzi belongs essentially to his own generation, with a young and lusty consciousness of power and efficiency.

This young fellow's favourite poet is Jacopone, and he has much of the great Umbrian's fire and power. Will he also prove to have the tenderness and spiritual force? That only the future can tell. After Lybia, Dazzi was sent to Sardinia, again to work for the Government; and a deeper and more tender note appears in his drawings of the Sardinian women and children; his horizon is widening, his sympathies extending; time can but enrich and add to them.

He has now been commissioned by the Italian Government to decorate the hall of the Farnesina in Rome, the seat of the new "University of Sport" of Italian youth. The work will be done in fresco and will consist of four large panels illustrating the chief athletic feats of man. It is a splendid opportunity, and we have the right to expect a great deal from a young artist of such promise in whom we see a representative of the latest art of Italy. Romano Dazzi has already gone far to prove that Signor Ojetti, the distinguished critic, was right when he wrote of him in terms that recall Schumann's famous greeting to Chopin: "Hats off, gentlemen, here comes a genius."



ARABS ON THE MARCH

By Romano Dazzi

SPANISH POLYCHROME SCULPTURE

By WILLIAM GORDON



MATER DOLOROSA

By
Martinez Juan Montanez

Seventeenth century

Victoria
and Albert Museum

THE discovery of antique marbles during the Renaissance filled artists and scholars with such an enthusiasm for classic art that the medieval practice of painting statues came to be looked upon as a barbarism. Time, rain and earth had removed all traces of paint from the Greek statues, and their colourless state led artists to believe that to colour a statue was to violate form. What difference the discovery of a Dionysius with red face and carmine lips would have made to the history of sculpture in the Renaissance and afterwards can only be a matter of conjecture. There is, however, no doubt that as the antique marbles were found without a sign of paint, the realization of the importance of form was brought home to the sculptors with much greater force; so, although we can lament the disfavour with which polychrome was regarded, in another way it was an unmixed blessing.

In Spain, a country which has always been faithful to its native traditions, sculptors continued to have their work decorated with paint for two reasons; first, because it had always been done, and second, because polychrome sculpture was eminently suited to their purpose.

To speak of Spanish sculpture is to speak of religious sculpture; and, in order to convey the requisite religious feeling to a statue, to paint it was almost a necessity. So close were the ties which bound and do bind the Spaniard to the Church, and so prolific were sculptors in decorating the churches, that sculpture became almost a popular art of a very high degree. In order to appreciate

this art it is necessary to understand what the sculptor set out to do and what was demanded of him. He had to create something which was a decorative work of art, but which would at the same time fill the worshippers with intense religious feeling. How great were the artists working at this time and how sincere were the artist's own religious motives is proved by the whole of Spanish sculpture. In all the sculpture, and especially in that of the baroque period, there is an intensity of feeling and an ecstasy which are remarkable; and in spite of much which may seem unnecessarily exaggerated and dramatic there is never a suspicion that the emotion is not genuine. The naturalistic treatment of Christ, the Blessed Virgin and the saints, enabled the people to feel themselves in a very close contact with the scenes which were presented to them, but the naturalism was never of that uninspired kind which the nineteenth century brought into disrepute. The figures were ennobled and the expression intensified in a way which gave a character of great holiness. Nor was the necessity for the sculpture to be decorative ever forgotten. Innumerable devices of decoration were introduced and the hair and beard were always treated in a highly ornamental manner. Many people are prevented by the extravagances of Spanish baroque from seeing in it a true art, but it is rather a tribute to the artists that in spite of these extravagances, such as glass tears and eyes and encrusted pearls, good taste was always observed. It is surprising when one thinks that the chief aim was to give maximum religious feeling, and that no means were

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spared to attain that aim, that a distinction of form and rhythmic line were preserved. It is the altar-pieces which are the most important and interesting development of this art; in them the naturalistic figures easily intelligible to the people became a unity of tremendous significance, wonderful and awe-inspiring.

During the reconquest of Spain from the Arabs a large number of churches and convents were built in the delivered provinces, and art inspiration came from the

flow of wealth came from America. As in all periods of great wealth, enormous building operations were undertaken, and the architectural style which was evolved was a mixture of early Renaissance with elements of Arabic and Moorish decoration.

One of the first of Spain's important line of sculptors was working at this time, Alonso Berreguette (d. 1545). After some study in his native land he went to Italy and became a pupil of Michelangelo; from him Berreguette



ST. FRANCIS KNEELING BEFORE THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND CHILD. Group in painted terra-cotta

Seventeenth century

Victoria and Albert Museum

early Christian monuments in the south of France. In the eleventh century Spain came into a closer intellectual contact with France and there remain some examples of polychrome sculpture of this period in the Romanesque cathedrals. Gothic art did not come to Spain till the thirteenth century. In the cathedrals of Burgos, Leon, and Pampeluna there are painted statues and tombs dating from the Gothic period. In the last part of the fifteenth century Netherlands influence was felt in Spain and this brought with it a certain naturalism.

Great prosperity came to Spain in the sixteenth century; the crowns of Castile and Aragon were united; Granada, the last of the occupied provinces, was taken from the Moors; and what seemed an inexhaustible

learned to give vigour and power to his work, though, as is often the case, he sometimes exaggerated his master's tendencies. When he returned to Spain he united what he had learned with native tradition; and, in spite of the Italian feeling against polychrome sculpture, continued to paint or have his statues painted. Juan de Juni, Giralte and Gaspar Becerra (d. 1570) who also studied in Italy, were other sculptors of this period.

At the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century two great schools of sculpture arose in Spain, one in the north at Valladolid and the other in the south at Seville. During the seventeenth century the artists associated with these two schools were the chief exponents of baroque sculpture, the most

Spanish Polychrome Sculpture

interesting and typical of all Spanish sculpture.

At the head of the Northern school was a sculptor of great genius, Gregorio Hernandez. His work is large and noble and he succeeded in bringing out the deepest meaning in a way which is quite astounding. One of the

The head of the Southern or Seville school was Juan Martinez Montanes. His work, too, has nobility, but harmony and gentleness take the place of Hernandez's dramatic force. It is unfortunate that one of Montanes' best works, the "Christ in the Gran Poder," has been



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, SEVILLE

Early eighteenth century
Statuette in painted wood
Victoria and Albert Museum



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

School of Seville
Late seventeenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum

finest examples of his work is the "Mater Dolorosa" in the Chapel of the Cross in Valladolid Cathedral. His work has all the good qualities of baroque art and it is rare to find in it any of the weaknesses. Among his followers were Pereyra and Louis Ron, both sculptors of repute. As the seventeenth century advanced, so sculpture became more and more magnificent and ornate. Remarkable devices were employed in order to obtain effects; paint was found inadequate to express tears, and tears and eyes of glass were let into the wood; pearls and gilding were used amongst a riot of ornament.

mutilated; the arms have been cut off and replaced in a way different to that which the artist originally intended. Another of his works is the "Saint Bruno" in Cadiz. Montanes' school was rather more productive of good artists than the Northern school; his followers included Alonso Martinez who was a very fine artist, Solis, José de Mora, and Alonso Cano (1600-76) who was also a painter and architect and the master of one of the greatest sculptors of this period, Pedro de Mena. De Mena's work is rather melancholy and mystic, and he had a slight tendency to be sentimental, but his sentimentality



ST. JOSEPH. Statuette in painted terra-cotta
School of Alonso Cano
Second half of seventeenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum

was always kept within reasonable bounds. Also of the Seville school was Pedro Roldan, the father of Louisa Roldan, also a sculptor and a rather better artist than her father. With Pedro de Mena and Louisa Roldan the baroque school comes to an end, and even in the work of these two artists traces of rococo begin to appear, which lead the way for the true rococo sculptor, Francisco Zarcillo.

The division of baroque Spanish sculpture into schools is convenient rather than important, for the movement was in reality national; there are slight differences in the works of the two schools but they lie chiefly in the choice of subject. The Northern artist showed a preference for sad incidents, such as the entombment, deposition, and the

CHRIST BEARING
THE CROSS

By Alexandro
Carnicero, of Salamanca

First half eighteenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum



agonies of martyrs, whereas the artists of the South preferred such subjects as the happier years of the Blessed Virgin's life; but it is impossible to make a hard and fast rule, for sad subjects abound in the work of the Southern school. As one would expect, the colours used by the Northern artists are more sober and simple than the brilliant and varied tones of the Southern school.

The illustrations are taken from examples of Spanish sculpture in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The collection in the museum is small, but most of the pieces date from the best period, i.e. the Baroque of the seventeenth century.

The "Christ bearing the Cross" is from the early eighteenth century and belongs to the rococo period. This piece of sculpture, although it has a certain dramatic and emotional power, has little of the force and sincerity which characterizes the work of the baroque period.

The robe is gilded, the rope round the waist is of metal wire, and round the neck is a gold cord. During the seventeenth century ornament was abundantly used, but it always had the purpose of bringing out the religious feeling with greater force, whereas in the eighteenth century ornament came to be used for its own sake. The examples in the museum are all, in comparison to the sculptures in the Spanish churches, rather restrained, and it is impossible to gain a full idea of the power and intense religious feeling which the Spaniards gave to their work, unless one has seen them in the churches, surrounded by extravagant decoration and sanctified by centuries of prayer.

Undoubtedly the best example in the museum is the "Mater Dolorosa" (see page 233), and it seems to be as adequate an expression of the subject as could be imagined. The beautiful face of the Blessed Virgin is filled with an intense sorrow which the artist has succeeded in conveying with surprising simplicity, and without using any exaggerations, which, indeed, in the case of this subject would have been unsuitable.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

By CARLYLE BURROWS



PORTRAIT OF
THE SCULPTOR LEMOYNE
By Ingres

*By courtesy of
Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co., Inc.,
New York*

AT a time when the art galleries are singularly reticent on the subject of Old Masters we have gratefully encountered a most interesting portrait by Ingres. Aside from its brilliance as a painting it is a valued association item, bringing together the names of the great classicist and his contemporary, the sculptor Paul Lemoyne. Although not a large portrait, it is painted with a freedom seldom exercised by this artist and belongs to the splendid group of portraits which Ingres completed during the years he spent in Rome.

The Ingres enthusiast—and we assume that every true lover of art is an Ingres enthusiast—will regard with special attention the broad, fluent brushwork which he put into this bust of his countryman now in possession of the Knoedler Gallery. While in Italy, Ingres's genius blossomed in great fullness under the influence of the Italian classics. But he was after all a painter of great reserve, and the most famous of his portraits, as well as the "Odalisques" of this period, were noted for their purity and perfection of modelling.

As early as 1814 he had finished "La Grande Odalisque," a work of "profound linear severity," and in 1819, the same year in which he painted Lemoyne, he sent another canvas of the same subject to the Paris Salon. At this time also he was making those beautiful

drawings, landscapes as well as portraits, which one finds scattered throughout various American collections and are so highly prized by their owners. Another souvenir of Italy is the splendid "Portrait of Chevalier X" in the Havemeyer collection, and there he painted the superb "Granet" at Aix.

The portrait of Lemoyne is, however, a more informal and strikingly intimate characterization. The sculptor, who was four years younger than Ingres, had won the Prix de Rome in 1808, and something of the distinction which he also achieved abroad is recorded in the bust of Poussin which he carved for the Church of San Lorenzo, in Rome. Bound by common sympathies and aspirations, it was doubtless as close comrades that they met for the portrait in question.

There is nothing coldly defined, clean-cut and linear about it; the large eager eyes, shaded by heavy dark eyebrows, together with the strong nose and mouth, are rendered in a mellow effect of chiaroscuro. It is one of those performances in which the painter, in a moment of relaxation and with the mood upon him, launches into a problem with the utmost confidence and ease. The young man, with a loose shock of dark-brown hair and side whiskers, wears a soft white shirt with a large collar open at the neck, and a brown dressing-gown. The way the white shirt is painted, making the

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features stand out by contrast, according to Lapauze, renders the physiognomy all the more unforgettable.

This authority is reminded by it of the "Granet" painted in 1807, "but the workmanship," he says, "is finer." It is also "more advanced" than the sketch of Debedan but of the same dimensions. As to the



THE GERTRUDIS PORTABLE GOLD ALTAR

with cloisonné enamel filigree and precious stones made for the Countess Gertrudis of Brunswick in the year 1040 at Brunswick.

One of the greatest pieces of the Guelph Treasure acquired from the Goldschmidt Galleries, New York, by the Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio.

colour scheme, this is restrained as in all his works of the Italian period, being limited to a simple harmony of brown and white. Lemoyne disposed of the portrait to the painter Gigoux, and Lapauze tells of the indignation Ingres felt when, towards the end of his life, he went to see the portrait once more. "The wretched man sold himself!" exclaimed Ingres, who thanked Gigoux for assuring him that the portrait would never appear in a sale again.

It did, however, after Gigoux's death, on the dispersal of the Cheramy collection, when the expert Haro bought it and it changed hands again when the Knoedlers acquired it. Among the few Ingres which have come to America in recent years, it is destined not long to remain unclaimed by one of our enterprising collectors.

The Harriman Gallery has had the good fortune to obtain for exhibition a group of the latest works of André Derain, some nine landscapes painted by the Frenchman in St. Maximin in the south of France during the summer of 1930. In these canvases, in which Derain adheres to a palette of considerable simplicity, one perceives afresh the continuance of his late tendency toward refinement. He views the object more closely, considers more thoughtfully the mood of his subject, and in painting it in his cool grays, browns, and blacks seems to have gained a higher plane of richness and fluidity than ever before.

There seems to be but little doubt that these landscapes will call for a more widespread acceptance of Derain's art. What is perhaps the most important example in the group, the large "Fontaine d'Ollieres," a woodland scene with small buildings and a bridge, is vibrant with warm passages of penetrating sunlight, which sets up a contrast with the stark trunks of the trees. All is smoothly and very deftly painted; but Derain's early admirers are likely to find such a picture rather disconcerting, so clever is its execution, so polished and so conventional its orderly plan of composition.

We can imagine the compactly painted little mountain view, "Le Haut d'Ollieres," making a good companion for one of Corot's earliest landscapes. This has a smoothness and a deft precision immediately reminiscent of some of the sparkling little works by the master of Barbizon which were shown last fall at the Museum of Modern Art. The clear light of an evening sunset lays over this little view, illumining the walls of the houses, tingeing the sky and imparting an impressive air of calm. In these works Derain looks upon nature with kindly warmth and something almost poetic in his point of view.

Another episode in modern art circles is provided by Picasso, Braque, and Leger. This is the exhibition arranged at the Museum of French Art, at the French Institute, by Mrs. Chester Dale who lately gave New York art lovers the showing of French portraits of women, "Romanticism to Surrealism." Of the three, Leger has been most recently in the limelight here, having figured so prominently at the Durand-Ruel Gallery where fourteen of his highly imaginative canvases were shown. The exciting character of his designs, due largely to his potent faculty for invention and his pure, forceful, use of colour, is felt again on the present occasion wherein he appears represented by four works, mostly recent ones.

Braque, with five designs—two of them nudes and the rest still-life arrangements—is well represented from 1925 on. Like Leger, his subjects are purely creative, based on a decorative conception of abstract form and colour. But it is Picasso who is the hero of the occasion with nine paintings to represent him, paintings which date from "La Mère" of 1901 to the abstraction, taken



FONTAINE D'OLLIERES

By Derain

Letter from New York

from the recent exhibition at the Valentine Gallery, which was painted two years ago. There are shown the naturalistic "La Tragedie" of 1903, a "Nature Morte" of 1905, another with a mandolin dated 1918, and two of the "classical" subjects from the years 1922 and 1923, including the fine "Portrait of Mme. Picasso" from the Dale collection, among other paintings.

Thus, so far as Picasso is concerned, the showing is most representatively biographical. But the real feature we have not yet mentioned. That is a large canvas perhaps seven by eight feet in size, "La Famille des Saltimbanques," of 1905, which has lately been acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Dale. We understand that this came from Germany, where at one time it was held at a very modest figure. But certainly, as a canvas of the early period of Picasso, when he was drawing most expressively and painting with soft, sensitive colours, it comes very much into its own here and is being widely appreciated. This large canvas, depicting a group of strolling players on a hillside, is perhaps one of the most important early Picassos now in New York. There is more than a little charm about the drawing of the female figure at the right, so reminiscent of Watteau, and that of the smaller children in the picture. And although it has the appearance of an informal grouping of figure studies, the painting is most pictorial in composition, wanting only a few defining touches in the background to give it dramatic validity.

It is gratifying to report the acquisition by several museums and collectors of certain outstanding relics from the Guelph Treasure, which last fall was brought to the United States from Germany. Shortly after the close of the first exhibition at the Reinhardt Gallery in New York, the collection was taken to Cleveland, where some 77,000 persons viewed it during the three weeks it was displayed at the Cleveland Museum. From there it was removed to Detroit, appearing there during February, and now these antiques are about to be shown at the Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia, returning west again, to Chicago, in April.

The character and history of this famous collection of religious objects of art is too well known by now to bear repetition here. What is of more immediate interest is the recent announcement made by Mr. Julius F. Goldschmidt, of the Goldschmidt Gallery, concerning a notable acquisition made by the Cleveland Museum, involving the golden portable altar and the two golden crosses of the Countess Gertrudis of Brunswick. This has been termed the most important group of objects in the Guelph Treasure, their addition to the medieval collection at Cleveland giving this branch of the museum a status, according to Mr. Goldschmidt, comparable with Hildesheim, Aix la Chapelle, Cluny, and other leading museums.

The Gertrudis altar, magnificently embossed with gold figures of Christ, the Holy Virgin, and the Apostles, and the Second Cross, so called, were acquired through the aid of the John Huntington Art and Polytechnic Trust, a fund the income from which is devoted to the upbuilding of the John Huntington collection in the museum. The First Cross figured as a purchase through the J. H. Wade Fund, with the addition of a gift from the art patron's daughter.

It is appropriate that this unity should thus be maintained intact, considering the origin of the objects

as such and their preservation together for more than eight centuries. They were made about 1040 for the order of Gertrudis, who was the wife of the Brunon Count Liudolf, according to the history of the treasure, and were designed for her chapel in the Cathedral of St. Blasius of Brunswick. Liudolf died in 1038 and it was in his memory that Gertrudis dedicated the Second Cross. Both are embellished with enamel, set with precious stones and antique cameos, and have a height of about ten inches.

The altar, not quite a foot long and four inches high, is one of the rarest of the portable type, being the only known portable German altar entirely of gold. On one side, the Duchess Gertrudis erected a monument to her ancestors, who are seen standing next to a cross of the finest enamelled gold—the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Saint Helena, the Emperor Saint Sigismund, and his wife Saint Adeheid. The top is



LA FAMILLE DES SALTIMBANQUES. By Pablo Picasso
From the Chester Dale collection

composed of a slab of porphyry and a border with a Latin inscription telling that the Countess Gertrudis "dedicated this altar." Besides the figures, which are set in decoratively enamelled niches, the altar is adorned with precious stones and elaborated with gold filigree.

The Cleveland Museum had previously acquired several objects from the Guelph Treasure, making its collection from this source now amount to about nine pieces. Another museum to benefit from the dispersal of the collection is the Fogg Art Museum of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The latter purchased an ivory casket in tower-form which was made in Palermo, Sicily, in the twelfth century, and is an object of striking beauty, simple and noble in form. One sees in it suggestions of Oriental feeling which found its way to western Europe during the period of the Crusades. Though this casket originally was intended for profane purposes, probably for a jewel casket, it came at an early period into ecclesiastical hands and was thereafter used to enshrine sacred relics.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON



ROCKS AND SEA, IONA

By S. J. Peploe

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IT is important to emphasize that the fine exhibition just held at the Gallery Georges Petit, of the Scottish painters, S. J. Peploe, J. D. Fergusson, Leslie Hunter, F. C. B. Cadell, Telfer Bear, and R. O. Dunlop, is one of the very first foreign events of importance organized in one of the oldest Parisian galleries, entirely renovated today.

The Gallery Georges Petit—built and decorated in the style of the “Figaro” building (now demolished) and of the great stores built after the 1878 exhibition, the success of which was the Palais du Trocadéro—was for a long time the citadel devoted to the most conventional academic art. Its patrons were members of the most distinguished and best society, aristocrats and *haute bourgeoisie*—those whose concern for the conventions led them to the point of accepting nothing among the forms of art but those which did not provoke those discussions—too vehement for the perfect breeding of their elegant salons. In 1931, the Gallery Georges Petit still keeps several of its rooms devoted to a very sober art, nearer allied to craftsmanship than to creative art, and it lends to this art a rejuvenated décor by one of our most audacious architects, André Lurçat. Above all, the new Georges Petit Gallery causes the academic wiseacres to consort with artists who are full of the ambitious doctrine of living art.

Must one admit it?—the public has not changed. It

is still composed of the same social elements which are singularly sensitive that the modern tumult should not attack too much the dignity, the good taste of the last salons, worthy of the name. What is one to say about it? That modern art, considered as revolutionary long after its first manifestations, arising from 1905, is no longer discussed? That it is henceforth perfectly correct when, on the other hand, conservative critics, themselves with despair in their soul, have buried the body of official art on the occasion of the last Salon des Artistes Français? This would be going a little too far.

Here is the truth: modern art, revolutionary art, living art, call it as you wish, has at last gone through the inevitable period of sensational demonstrations. It has finished at last with experiments of so peculiar a nature that its most devoted defenders are obliged to admit that theoretic truth often triumphed over grace. It is true that the art which we thought it our duty to defend was for a long time of a disagreeable appearance in the sight of the amateur who wished, first of all, to be charmed, not at all preoccupied with questions of doctrine.

Modern art consents at last to present itself under a more amiable exterior. Delivered from the worry of experiences, modern masters do not fear any more to be *aimable*. They can at last forget that they were obliged to struggle against certain softness of public taste, a weakness of which the responsibility should be

Letter from Paris

ascribed to the academics preoccupied with pretty work more than with the virtues of plastic art itself. The Scottish artists appear to us to be painters of very high standard, justly preoccupied by the new values introduced in art since the early years of the century, but they have never given up searching for this secret of communication, thanks to which the artist gives to the amateur the feeling that he is indispensable and that he must acquire this work, whose new forms had not yet tempted him.

It is well understood, I refer here to the amateur looking out for his personal pleasure, his sane and sincere enjoyment of every instant, and not the snob, in advance slave to all decrees of novelty. This exhibition, examined from a different point of view, presents a certain interest as to the form of the works, together so diverse and so pleasantly allied. It will give food for much thought regarding what our fathers did not fear to describe as "l'avancement des Arts" on the other side of the Channel.

There are many people, generally well-informed on matters of universal art, who persuade themselves that the Anglo-Saxon artists radically decline to accept nothing beyond Impressionism. Or it might be some American painters, not numerous, who pass straight to abstract art and post-Cubism, holding, as non-existent, the rich art which followed Impressionism from Gauguin, Maurice Denis, and l'Ecole de Pont-Aven; then Fauvism, Cubism, reactions against Cubism, taking no account of the intention proclaimed by certain revolutionaries of the twentieth century to return, through the negation of Academism, to the great classical truths. The six Scottish painters at Georges Petit Gallery, on the contrary, succeed—while asserting their fundamental originality—in showing us what a scrupulous and prudent account they have kept of these diverse evolutions. One need not be surprised that devotion of this kind has guaranteed their personality.

One of the ambitions of living art will have been to condemn the scholastic systems to the profit of a universal method, but favouring individual virtues. I have often shown, even in these pages, that at the root of what has been described as l'Ecole de Paris, where all nations are represented, painters who form its classes in French studios of living art were the only ones to enrich their native lands with an art so perfectly national that one sees it today officially vindicated by many nations. So we see the Italy of Mussolini opening a special gallery for the works of the anarchist Modigliani, and the Government of Oslo giving a quasi-official status to the very independent Per Krogh.

But S. J. Peploe, J. D. Fergusson, Leslie Hunter, F. C. B. Cadell, Telfer Bear, and R. O. Dunlop have, among other originalities, that of not belonging to the Ecole de Paris. If ever they came there, it was as tourists. One never knew them wandering in the immortal cafés or the bar of the Dôme at Montparnasse.

What does it matter? They belong to their century. They know what to think of influences which, well understood, do not include base imitation; on the contrary. Systems are transmitted only through the physical and spiritual narrowness of schools; methods can cross the sea.

What would the average Parisian visualize, if one spoke to him about Scottish painters? Perhaps he would

imagine artists addicted to painting romantic compositions inspired by the work of Sir Walter Scott. The cinema has so well rejuvenated the exploits of "Rob Roy"!

One can admit it: this Parisian, with many others of the superior kind, would know nothing at all of that which is revealed in a fragment of a letter addressed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to his compatriots. No formula could ring more truly to French ears than "go forward without breaking with tradition."

The Scottish artists—and one must add those of the whole of Great Britain—think on this point exactly as do the most logical of our artists, those who flatter themselves that France can benefit much from contemporary



"EN VISITE"

By G. Telfer Bear

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foreign movements certain that she may find in her traditional basis elements of assimilation permitting no break with the formal national spirit. As soon as one enters the glorious hall open to the Scottish artists, one is struck with the feeling of rediscovering there values formerly experienced elsewhere, and which, however, had never yet been found in such harmonies. One rejoices to find confirmed certain truths, for which we fought; confirmed by artists thinking and creating under a different climate, in conditions obviously individualistic, and who besides have applied these general truths to the lyrical rendering of these individual conditions. Doubtless, anyone visiting this gallery, without previous knowledge of what he was to

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see, would very soon admit that it dealt with a group of artists that he was not accustomed to meet within the salons and Parisian galleries. Little does he know of those things which the beautiful letter of the British Prime Minister gives him such a desire at last to know and understand; we may be sure at the same time that, at least, he will declare that he recognizes the style of overseas artists. Admitting that he recognizes nothing of all this, it will not prevent him rendering spontaneous homage to their quality and authority. The six artists are united by their respect, their love of fine matter, and their noble concern to be depending only on their profound feeling. We will examine now their differences.

In the absence of a catalogue, we can, nevertheless, recognize S. J. Peploe as the eldest. I hasten to say that it is not on account of anything old-fashioned that I make this remark. Certainly not. But it is important to note that this artist, whose ripened age coincided with the bad fortune of academic art, in full decadence, may have been young, and consequently enthusiastic, as one is when young, at the time the great Impressionists reveal themselves, in spite of official hostility, when Frenchmen, like Albert Besnard himself, went to London to follow, in the rebirth of the English school, the formation of a British æsthetic.

When the era of modern pictorial revolution opened, S. J. Peploe found himself marvellously well prepared to understand the aspirations of these pseudo-revolutionaries, who literally enchanted Corot and asked him for examples, placing him in the same class as Cézanne, their ancestor still contemporary. This stands out clearly from a masterly work such as "Paysage," made of three trees, which so many must have passed by without noticing their beauty, so much has the artist endeavoured to flee from a too obvious picturesqueness.

Above all, S. J. Peploe carries weight by the severity of his composition, but it is never brutal, never overwrought, as it must be admitted is the case with the great Cézanne. The Scottish artist knows how to charm without sacrifice to prettiness. Though one suspects him of impressionistic enthusiasm, he has kept a taste for *la peinture claire*. Yet he is never a dupe to formulas and knows very well how to give their true value to the most sombre notes, proceeding as by a gradual toning down of pure colours.

One of the best canvases, "Panier et Pomme," would have taken the place of honour at the first Salon d'Automne; the great "Paysage," however, shows that S. J. Peploe developed his art by a gradual evolution without giving way ever to the fashions of the moment.

With the younger artist, John Duncan Fergusson, we find ourselves in the presence of an art which originated in the time of l'Ecole de Pont-Aven, before the mystic period of Maurice Denis. It is an art of extreme freedom leaning towards large and supple arrangements of forms, luminous, but without so much religious acceptance of luminosity in itself which caused the Impressionists to fail. Were we in France still in a period of great decoration, his art would be the favourite, but we have seen in France a rupture with this art: Gauguin died young; Maurice Denis evolved; and the young, who were the Fauves, then appeared. John Duncan Fergusson is therefore among the very rare artists who prolong that art with success and a fortunate personality. He has

known how to avoid the reef of decoration; and should time bring him back to the easel picture, which has other exigencies, sculptor of rare merit, he would follow identical ways. I will even say that sometimes the painter is influenced by the sculptor, so much so that, were it absolutely necessary to compare J. D. Fergusson to a French master, I would compare him definitely with Aristide Maillol, true to himself, rather than to Maurice Denis, who somewhat belied himself.

I like very much the "Picnic," "Déesse de la Rivière," "Crépuscule celtique," and—how I wish to see it acquired for a French museum*—"Transylvania," this fine feminine figure of so suave modelling in the subtle harmonies of a still-life.

George Leslie Hunter has, we are told, lived in California and the South of France. He has been able to measure precious luminous values. His figures, as much as his landscapes, express the pathos of a passionate struggle for light. One would dare to say that G. Leslie Hunter literally attempts to beautify form, in order to tax their own values for this brilliant confusion, towards which an extreme luminosity precipitates them, certain solar tyranny with which the Impressionists tried to compose, and not always with success. Of all the Scottish artists, here assembled, Leslie Hunter is undoubtedly the one most deliberately in revolt against Impressionism, taking note of the very personal attitude of R. O. Dunlop, who worries himself little about the masters of 1874. He has other cares. George Leslie Hunter, having the cult of the object in the atmosphere more than of the light thrown on the object, is so led to accentuate his drawing in a sort of *cerne*, outlining the plastic zones, the choice of which constitutes for him the very essence of the perfect picture. He has such suppleness that the light, which he does not altogether disdain and of which he must take account, is not as hung on these *cernes*, as it happened to others who used it before or after him. What happened to our d'Espagnat would never happen to him.

He would be more akin to Suzanne Valadon. But his palette is very personal. He possesses the art of binding fundamental tones with light ones, notably yellows, prudently chosen and here and there pushed to a height almost harsh. It is a feature which deeply impressed the great number of artists present at the brilliant opening by his Excellency the British Ambassador and French Ministers.

F. C. B. Cadell resembles Peploe. Of his studies at Munich, he remembers only this joyful application which, in happier times, was the glory of the Bavarian capital. He has had the luck to forget all that regrettable æstheticism which then spoilt all the virtues of the famous studio which once was Munich, described by a German poet as "a town of children." F. C. B. Cadell has since visited the South of France; he has lived a long time in the society and atmosphere of those who come there to face with their temperament this prodigal and arid land, and at the same time to meet the two masters who glorified it—the one a native, the other a happy exile: Cézanne, *le soleil noir*, and Renoir, *le soleil blanc*. Cadell also served during the war; a thing which signifies for an artist more than military discipline. I do not know of a

* In this connection our readers will be interested to learn that the Committee of the Luxembourg have just purchased one painting each by Messrs. S. J. Peploe, J. D. Fergusson and Leslie Hunter.—EDITOR.

Letter from Paris

single artist, returned from this world of horror, who has not retained much of the complete disorder and, at the same time, of the extreme discipline of that pathetic destruction of all values. It is a miracle for an artist to have found himself able to sketch, at least once, in the trenches.

F. C. B. Cadell aims also to charm without undesirable concessions. His themes are all full of grace. Yet, if he charms, if he wishes to attract people, he imposes tyrannically his taste for rigid line and the kind of geometrical harmony of his most attractive works. It is so in the "Miroir de l'Aigle," "Adam et Eve," and the "Tempête," which shows so well the course followed since Courbet, and, finally, his curious "Nègre en Blanc," which could very well have been called simply "Valeurs," were not F. C. B. Cadell too human to fight shy of the disciples of the abstract.

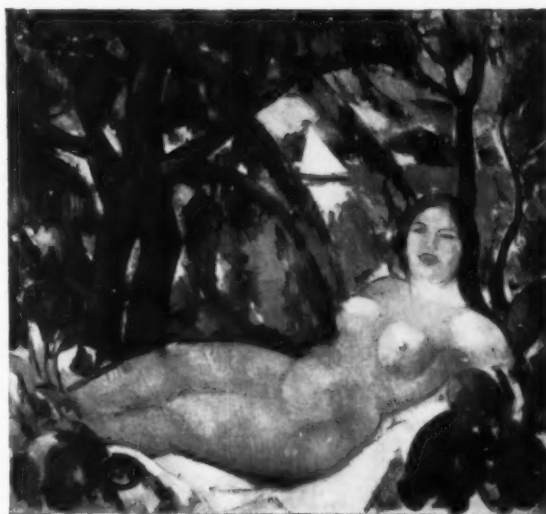
The light palette triumphs with G. Telfer Bear, still more than with Fergusson. He belongs to that Glasgow school so strongly influenced by the Whistlerian tradition. This could not escape the notice of any connoisseur. However, one will venture to say, without comparing G. Telfer Bear to Whistler, that he has brightened up Whistler, and still more he has despoiled him of his literature. It is true that the literature which pleased Whistler was at times very dry and that in avoiding it our contemporary, otherwise devoted, from Impressionistic colour, risked falling into Romanticism, particularly more dangerous. Very successfully he has escaped from the trap. If his charm lacks depth and his harmonies are nearly always on the surface, at least he retains the most delicate taste. The "Gant vert" and "En Visite" will have many admirers for their aristocracy of feeling, the discretion of local tones, and that reserve in values which one will criticize only by saying that G. Telfer Bear should feel sure enough of his deep feeling, of his natural distinction, to permit himself, soon, a little less restraint.

It is a happy idea that the catalogue closes with the name of R. O. Dunlop. This painter, not yet forty, and who hitherto we did not know, will have left here a deep impression. One will hardly be surprised to find that the collective movement to which he has been attached in England calls itself the "Emotionist Group." Emotion bursts direct and deep from the works so varied and so perfectly allied of R. O. Dunlop. It is impossible not to assign him a favoured place among the best artists of this century, the painters of living art; and, at the same time, one must say, no artist seems to disdain so completely conditions of the present time. He obliges one to remember the word of Jacques Emile Blanche, declaring that all good painters appear to him to belong to the same epoch. R. O. Dunlop is at the same time the most modern and the most traditional. He is neither of the right nor the left. He is troubled only with good paint; the least of his works gives to the utmost point the feeling of authenticity.

I repeat what I have often said: I compare no one with any one, lest I should depreciate every one. It is, however, easy to proceed by analogies. In the presence of that remarkable landscape, in the centre of the works of this artist, "Wimbledon," I have dreamed of what a more cultured Utrillo, of above all sound mind and strong body, would have given us, were he profitably to visit this gallery.

The "Tulipes dans une Coupe de Bois," the "Portrait de l'Artiste," and the "Portrait de Jeune Fille," forced to the point of surprise, evoke the Renaissance and Romanticism; and despite wilful *empâtements*, which are modern, all the rest leaves to imagination a rare quality of the success which would have been given to such an artist appearing, as a surprise, out of his group, in some Parisian salons.

I have said that this modern artist is of all time; Baudelaire would not have ignored him in the salon of 1854. R. O. Dunlop has one of the richest temperaments one would wish to meet. Now we must add that he is the one least attached to his group; perhaps he is also less dependent on his native land. It does not mean that it is easy to place him in some other spiritual family. On the other hand, if one sees well whither his companions' example leads, it is not certain that R. O. Dunlop has much chance of founding a school. That being the case, let us expect and ask much from this powerful painter. There is in his art something tragic, but without



THE RIVER GODDESS

By J. D. Fergusson

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preconceived determination, and, on the other hand, the control of his plastic masses seems so easy!

If he has not the greatest sense of complete composition, he is already—let us not forget his youth—more than a good painter of *morceaux*. He has no false eloquence and may become great.

What should I have had to tell you, had I not had the pleasure of discovering so much, thanks to these overseas artists? Few things of importance. There has been a triumphal retrospective exhibition of Bourdelle's works. But we knew all of it. This exhibition has the special value of showing the remorse of the République which, after all the foreign States had entrusted Bourdelle with the task of immortalizing their great men, tried to make of the sculptor a representative man, at the fatal moment the tool fell from his hands.

LETTER FROM MADRID

By CATHERINE MORAN

THE work of contemporary artists is made accessible to the general public by a series of exhibitions throughout the winter months.

Many of these are one-man shows, and for this reason are of particular interest, offering, as they do, at least a bird's-eye view of the artistic achievement and aims of the artist. Only in this way can one satisfactorily arrive at any comprehension of an artist's work. The assembling of his creations within a limited space polarizes, as it were, his efforts within a certain definite compass. His personality and message can then be intelligibly conveyed, his manner, his method of approach, his interpretations may be studied and appraised with a calm and harmony unattainable in surroundings disturbed by the clash and contrast which the assembling of the creations of different minds inevitably produces.

These small exhibitions follow each other in rapid succession so that a very fair notion may be formed of the work being done by the young and, for the moment, less well-known artists who contribute to make the actual art life of Spain vital and progressive.

Artists from all parts of the country exhibit here in Madrid and it is essential to see the production of the different regions in order to form a just concept of contemporary achievement. In no country is this of such paramount importance as in Spain, where districts differing from each other in landscape, climate and historical background, and often separated by immense natural obstacles, have produced varieties in the nation which are distinct in appearance, characteristics, and achievement. The peoples who live on either side of a mountain see the same mountain, but not from the same point of view. The mountain casts its shadow on both irrespectively but at different times and from different angles. And so it is in Spain, where mountains rise high enough to cast far-reaching shadows. A Basque, living in his lush green valleys, will not view life from the same standpoint as the Aragonese stubbornly cultivating an ungenerous land between red rugged cliffs; nor will the Castilian exposed to the burning sun and glacial winds of his treeless plateau adopt a similar attitude to that of the Andalusian in the green and gold of his orange groves and the fragrance of his gardens. And yet, though they are different, they are essentially part of the whole. They are the facets which give colour to the brilliance of the gem. A common temperament lies as the bedrock beneath them all—its features, a lofty reserve coupled with a vigorous individualism and an immense store of passive vitality—and proclaims them psychologically one. This temperament is discernible in the artistic manifestation of every region, though the particular aesthetic expression of it may vary very widely. It is the sum total, however, which will give scale and proportion to any view of the art of the present day.

The exhibition of the landscape paintings of José Merediz in the salons of the Society of Amigos de Arte revealed an artist of sincerity and the possessor of a style both dignified and sober. His persistent preference for cold tones makes his renderings of the Castilian landscape particularly felicitous. A painting of Avila showing the massive rugged walls frowning down on the country which rolls undulating to their very foot and which spring has sprinkled with a tender ephemeral green is very expressive of the peculiar beauty of the country. Merediz is a writer as well as a painter; Spaniards are traditionally versatile, and he has made a contribution of some value to the history of art in his book, "The Spanish Transformation of El Greco."

The exhibition of ceramics of Francisco Pino, in the same showrooms, testifies to the continuance of the brilliant traditions of this branch of art in Spain. Pino is a Sevillian who has been working for some years past in comparative retreat in the little town of Andujar, for long renowned for its kilns. He has achieved a very striking combination of blue and green in several of his larger pieces which gives remarkable depth to his designs.

A bowl entitled "Fishes," with its beautiful curves and translucent colouring, contrives to give one a glimpse into the depths of the sea. Very happy also are some of his *azulejos*, or tiles framed in wood for wall decoration. They are for the most part worked in white and two shades of blue, and a remarkable perspective is attained with this apparently simple, almost rough, medium. Their freshness and ingenuousness makes them exceedingly pleasing.

Some very striking watercolours were shown by the American painter Arthur Middlehurst as the results of his months of travel in the Peninsula and in Mallorca. He is an experienced craftsman, and the skill with which he handles his medium has enabled him to avoid that flatness which so often mars any extensive work in water-colour. The rich strong tones he employs endows his scenes with a richness of atmosphere usually confined to oils. A very pleasing piece of work was the "Market in Mallorca," full of colour and delicate pattern.

A collection of drawings by Ragel was most arresting on account of the originality and caustic humour they displayed. He calls his art *esqueletomaquia*, and he applies it to the portraits of well-known people in which their skeletons only are represented with some article of clothing or personal adjunct chosen to emphasize their personality. The essential resemblance caught in the silhouettes and general bearing is extraordinarily realistic. In some cases the carvings on the frames are made to complete the composition. There were also several designs in pen-and-ink for fans. The picturesque religious ceremonies of the south formed the subject of these designs, and the sumptuousness of the processions

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was cleverly suggested by the introduction of colour here and there. These showed a very nice perception of values and balance in the design, and the fine, delicate work was rich and evocative.

Of a very different order is the work of Jose Berga y Boada, who gave an exhibition of his drawings at the end of the month of December. Here were to be seen immense compositions executed in charcoal *en plein air* representing, for the most part, aspects of life on the land, oxen drawing the plough, cattle in the fields, in landscapes of arid country and rocky declivities under tempestuous skies. By a few bold strokes of his pencil he portrays intensity of action and the dramatic aspect of daily life. He is from Aragon, and much of the staunchness and uncompromising courage of the Aragonese appear in his frank spontaneous art.

The exhibitions at the Circulo de Bellas Artes have been mostly group shows. The exhibitions of the paintings of present-day artists who are competing for certain prizes which have been offered have naturally aroused much interest and not a little discussion. This is the first time in Spain that direct interest in this form has been taken by patrons of art, and the results of their initiative will be considerable in fostering art activities in the country and in stimulating contemporary painters to develop their art.

A series of exhibitions will be held throughout the year, and from each a certain number of paintings will be chosen from each to appear at a final display, when the prizes will be adjudicated. So far the work which has caused the greatest stir, although the judges have failed to recommend it, is by the young painter Angeles Santos. Her painting has been the subject of the interest and admiration of the art critics since it was first exposed in the salon in 1929. Her immense conception entitled "A World," measuring some 9 ft. square, and one of the six or seven pictures by her which were hung that year, displayed a wealth and freedom of imagination together with a depth of conception almost inconceivable in a girl of nineteen, as she then was. Since then her development has been watched with concerned expectation, and it is evident that she has been gradually progressing towards the acquisition of a technique sufficiently perfect to be the medium for the expression of her conceptions in which drama and humour are intimately associated. The strength and intensity of expression which she already achieves are remarkable.

The unnatural forms and apparent want of proportion which one sees in her paintings are mediums purposely used by her to express her thought. Her art is based on mental vision rather than merely on observation; her colours are terms used to express her thought; and, although the operation of transposing her ideas into pigment has not yet perfected itself, although that harmony and evenness in composition which are needed for complete expression have not yet been attained, still the tremendous vitality and conviction of which she is possessed has brought her already to an advanced degree of evolution.

In February a collection of the works of the students at the Casa de Velazquez was shown for the first time. It seems eminently fitting that France should have established a school of painting in the city of Velazquez and in full view of that same country which rolls away in the background of his canvases. Modern French painting owes much to the great Spanish master, and modern painting throughout the world owes much to France. The magnificent site which was presented by the Spanish Government for this purpose is in the same vicinity as the site of the Ciudad Universitaria where, little by little, that splendid conception is taking shape. Once completed, the building will house up to fifty students who will come here to study every branch of art and to carry out researches among the unexplored treasures of Spanish archives. At present twelve painters are studying there, ten French and two Spanish, and the exhibition of their work had a peculiar interest of its own, showing, as it did, though embryonically, the contrast of the two temperaments and the varying reactions of the young artists to the play of light and atmosphere so absorbing in this country and so distinct from anything met with elsewhere.

Many of the paintings shown were landscapes. One of the most noteworthy was the "Cathedral, Alcañiz," by Madeleine Lerroux, whose activity and enthusiasm were displayed in a number of canvases by her brush. The paintings of the Valencian student, Gabriel Esteve, were particularly pleasing. They possess an essentially decorative quality, and in the sumptuous textures and gorgeous colouring of the native costumes of this province he finds ample material for the building up of the colour-schemes in which he revels. With all his emotional delight in colour his art shows restraint and sobriety and his execution is directed by a fundamental respect for the principles of poise and orderly composition.

The Lyceum Club, the only women's club in Madrid, is another centre in which one may become acquainted with artistic production, and there have been several small exhibitions there during the winter. A number of works of the advanced guard were shown there recently. A painting by Bonafé showed much imagination and fineness of perception and its exotic lighting arrested the attention. Two paintings by Perez Rubio revealed originality and strength of an intellectual type. The sculptures revealed decided personality. Planes showed several small pieces in wood which revealed him a finished craftsman. He has a nice appreciation for surface value and his medium is so treated as to bring out its own intrinsic beauty in the expression of the artist's idea. There was so much of interest and of potential development assembled that one's attention was constantly diverted from the contemplation of one work by the urgent call of another close by. Personalities of such vitality and exuberance as some of these works expressed cannot be adequately estimated at such close quarters. It would be interesting to see the productions of one artist presented in their context so as to appreciate his aims and development.

BOOK REVIEWS



GILT DRESSER TABLE, 1726

By James Moore

From *Buckingham Palace*, by H. Clifford Smith

Published by Country Life, Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: ITS FURNITURE, DECORATION AND HISTORY, by H. CLIFFORD SMITH. (London: Country Life, Ltd.) £4 4s.

At last, through the untiring industry of a well-equipped historian, the enterprise of his publishers, and, above all, the goodness of the King and Queen, who have allowed the fullest investigation of the Royal collection, our old impressions of Buckingham Palace are corrected; and we see that far from being the monument of the Landseer period we used to think it, it is a stately house, admirably designed for its purpose, and filled with treasures of all the later Georgian arts.

We knew from many sources that George III and Queen Charlotte were collectors of fine judgment. But of George IV we were less confident. We remembered him by the Brighton Pavilion and the reported gilded opulence of Carlton House; and it is one of the surprises that we get from this book to find how creditably he emerges. His taste was not like that of his father, who, in his collections, is the exact parallel of the cultivated English gentleman of his time and entirely unlike his fellow-sovereigns in Europe. George IV was more cosmopolitan and bought with equal zeal in England and in France. Luckily he was well advised; in England by Henry Holland, his architect, who designed so much of his furniture, and in France by Lord Yarmouth, afterwards third Marquess of Hertford. He was a man who at times could show a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and we cannot but admire the courage with which he braved the open and universal hostility his building schemes aroused and, in spite of it, did in the end erect and equip a palace which, as he left it, was a dwelling worthy of a King of England.

While we regret the three palaces that might have been—the one that Inigo Jones began for Charles I, the

next that Wren designed for William III, and the third that William Kent proposed to build in Hyde Park for George II—we can be glad that George IV did succeed where the earlier kings had failed and that the then inevitable palace was not left to the Victorian era, for a Smirke or a Blore to attempt.

Mr. Clifford Smith has wisely divided his book into two sections, the first of which deals with the site and the earlier buildings erected on it, with full descriptions of Buckingham House and of Carlton House from which most of the present Royal collection came. The second part is a detailed account of the State Rooms and other important parts of the Palace as they are today. Both sections are very fully illustrated, and the whole book is excellent reading and a model of what such a history should be. The author was fortunate in his subject, seeing how unusually well documented it is. Never, surely, has there been such a chance of watching every move in the building of a palace and the making of a royal collection. Both George III and George IV kept the strictest of household accounts; but beyond them are the full reports of two Commissions, the first of which discussed the Regent's debts for eleven years and interviewed all the royal purveyors, while the second, at equal length, reviewed the building of Buckingham Palace and reported the cost of every inch of the building.

It has been part of Mr. Clifford Smith's task to sift patiently all this mass of material for our benefit; and he has been rewarded by rediscovering many forgotten artists, and so adding a new chapter to the history of English furniture. It is a striking fact that in these royal ledgers no one of the hitherto accepted leaders among the cabinet-makers is ever mentioned. Where we might have looked for Chippendale, Hepplewhite, or Sheraton, we find unknown names, such as William Vile, John

Book Reviews

Bradburn, William Gates, and Katherine Naish. Their work has been in many cases identified, and we have to admit that it is equal to that of any of their contemporaries in workmanship and in beauty of design. William Vile is easily the most important of the newcomers. His three masterpieces, the "very fine secretary," the big bookcase, and the transformed organ-case, are equal to anything of Chippendale's making. Beyond these are the nine most delicately carved cupboards and the charming work-table "with shape legs carved with a scrole on the foot and a leaf on the knee" (see page 248). Among many other good pieces we find the admirable "Mohogony Press for Linnen" by John Bradburn; and by William Gates a pair of "Sattin Wood Comodes with Cimi Circular Fronts," as fine as anything that Sheraton could have made. All these pieces belong to the Buckingham House collection and were bought by George III.

George IV's contribution is more extensive. It is palatial in type and mostly gilded; but it shows sufficient restraint and avoids the exaggerations of the ultra-Grecian and Egyptian modes that were in vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The extensive collection of French lacquer furniture and Sèvres porcelain was his, and he was the buyer of the elaborate chandeliers and of the vast array of candelabra that are everywhere through the Palace.

There is but little furniture of any earlier date than 1760, but what there is good—mostly tables and stools in carved and gilt wood made for George I and II. The finest of these tables, with carved gesso top and in the style of Daniel Marot, bears the cipher of George I and the name of the maker, "Moore," a name that occurs again at Hampton Court (see page 246).

Among the chief treasures in the Palace must be reckoned the fifty-four clocks, English and French, a series that begins with the Tompion long-case clocks of 1697 and 1702 and ends with the Breguet of 1825. Among them are some of the finest English clocks in existence. The most important of these is the astronomical clock, 2 ft. 8 in. high, in tortoise-shell and ormolu case with silver mounts, designed by George III and Sir William Chambers, and made by Christopher Pinchbeck in 1770 (illustrated on this page), while the most beautiful is perhaps the Vulliamy balloon-shaped clock of 1768, also of tortoise-shell with the finest possible ormolu mounts, made by Matthew Boulton.

W. A. PROPERT

EL GRECO (1541-1614), by FRANK RUTTER. With 85 plates and 11 illustrations in the text. (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.) 30s.

El Greco is one of those figures in the history of art which provide the historian, or rather the critic, with extensive grounds for literary expatiation, so little is known of him with certainty and so strange a phenomenon—apparition would be a better term—is he. One wishes to liken him to an apparition, for his art has all that quality of ecstasy which mingles the natural with the supernatural. Speculation about him proceeds somewhat in this manner. Domenico Theotocopuli, a Greek, not a classical Greek but a Cretan; not really a Cretan, however, but more of a Venetian, under Byzantine influence; though not so much Byzantine as Cinquecento

of the Titian-Tintoretto-Bassano lineage; yet at the same time a Florentino-Roman of the Signorelli-Michelangelo line; if actually anticipating Caravaggio, and on the one hand Velazquez, on the other Vermeer, was the forerunner of Cézanne, Renoir, and the Post-Impressionists.

The picture thus conveyed of El Greco's significance would not seem to be a very clear one. There are, nevertheless, good grounds for its details, and not the least value of Mr. Rutter's study is the discussion of these



CLOCK.

By Christopher Pinchbeck

From Buckingham Palace, by H. Clifford Smith

Published by Country Life, Ltd.

various and sometimes contradictory influences. His book is the more readable as the author manages not only to satisfy us when he makes assertions with which we agree, but to stimulate us pleasurably when the contrary is the case, as sometimes happens.

We agree, for example, with the author when he comes finally to the conclusion that El Greco possessed "a philosophic understanding of and sympathy with the human mind only found elsewhere in the work of Rembrandt," though we would not say, as he does, that this philosophic understanding was "added" to the artist's technical qualities. This severance of means from meaning is the bane of modern art-criticism. Technical qualities, whether Greco's or, indeed, any artist's, musician's, or poet's, are ever the means by which "philosophic understanding," or the lack of it for that matter, is expressed. One could hardly imagine two artists of more diametrically opposed aims, using in

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consequence differing means of expression, than Velazquez and El Greco. El Greco always comments on the persons or the figures he represents—Velazquez never, not even when he pictures Menippus or the Court Dwarfs and Jesters. He sees *with* his physical eyes; El Greco sees *through* them, into regions with which Velazquez was quite unfamiliar; but, subtract the "philosophic understanding" from one or the other, and there are no technical qualities left.

For such reasons one cannot accept, as Mr. Rutter does—with less confidence, however, than other authorities—certain of the paintings ascribed to El Greco, such as, for example, the "Purification" of the Cook collection, or the, albeit fine, portrait of Clovio of the Naples



MAHOGANY WORK-TABLE, 1763

By William Vile

From Buckingham Palace, by H. Clifford Smith

Published by Country Life, Ltd.

See page 247

Museum. Only strict documentary evidence would convince one, and even then one would reject the former as a failure, and the latter—if we except the landscape—as a remarkable feat of dual personality. For that reason, too, the "Saint Ildefonso," even if an authentic Greco, and Mr. Rutter considers it one of his best works, would seem to us an inferior picture, the means having adversely affected the meaning.

On the other hand, we cannot really quarrel with Mr. Rutter when he says: "Had he wished to do so, El Greco could have afforded to make every one of his paintings an 'exclusive model.' He deliberately preferred to go in for mass production on standard designs. He was a Henry Ford of Toledo." It is, perhaps, not quite kind to put it so, especially as multiple if not mass production was "the custom of the trade." Ultimately it matters more that El Greco's assistants were clever enough to reproduce his "philosophic understanding," than that his habits of production should tend to puzzle the expert and make it difficult for—what Mr. Rutter calls rightly—"certificate mongers."

The volume is well printed and produced, but its price seems likely to prevent the sale it deserves.

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, by ROBERTO LONGHI, translated from the Italian by LEONARD PENLOCK. Large 8vo, pp. 177 + plates 184. Cloth. (London: Frederick Warne.) 1930. 31s. 6d.

No pictures in the Italian Exhibition in London last year attracted more earnest attention than the small portraits by Piero della Francesca of the Duke and Duchess of Urbino. The great nose of Federigo Montefeltro was irresistible; Battista Sforza's calm mien and rich apparel no less so. The richness of their painting and the naturalism of their subjects made for these two portraits a commanding human appeal; art and nature allied to form masterpieces. There is nothing quite so precise illustrated in all the 184 collotypes of the book, but there are quite a number of personal studies, no less attractive. Piero della Francesca demands study and well repays it; demands it to such an extent that Roberto Longhi has had to devote 120 large pages to its elaboration, and to the appreciation of his works in all their variety, and to the tracing of all their vicissitudes. They are pages of learned discourse and interesting speculation in which Piero's art is traced to its origins, and the developments occasioned by it are detailed, no development being of greater importance than that of perspective. Following this long critical essay are notes on the individual plates which are full and welcome, lists of works ascribed to the artist, and of those known to have been lost. The biographical notice occupies a dozen separate pages, and to all this well-organized matter, in which no student can lose his way, there is a surprising bibliography of no less than 262 items and references dating from 1460 to 1927. It is quite clear, therefore, that this volume takes its place as the standard work on the artist, but its status is impaired by its lack of an index. It is a handsome book for the library bookshelf, a book to consult and a book to read.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, by WALTER H. GODFREY, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. Part II: From Tudor Times to the End of the Georgian Period. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 6s. 6d. net.

The second volume of this story of architecture by Mr. Godfrey takes the reader from Tudor times to the end of the Georgian period. The author has in this volume, as in the first, "endeavoured to present a connected story, to link the character of the building craft with the life of the times, and to awaken an enthusiasm for an art that misses much of our native genius."

There can be no question that this book—like its earlier companion—fulfils its purpose admirably, not only owing to its lucid text but also because of its excellent illustrations. There is an architectural neatness about these which unites diagrams, sketches, elaborate drawings and photographs in an unusually happy *ensemble*.

Certainly one's enthusiasm, even where an "awakening" was not necessary, is sustained and strengthened, so much so that one's belief in the architecture of the present is shaken and one's hopes for the future depressed.

Nevertheless it would be a good thing to have from this author a third volume dealing with the Victorian period and the architecture of today as well as with the problems of the future; because, after all, that really matters most.

Book Reviews

MEN AND MEMORIES: RECOLLECTIONS OF
WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, 1872-1900. (London:
Faber & Faber, Limited.) 21s. net.

"Will, don't look so sensible," said Oscar Wilde one evening as I sat with him and Conder and Max at the Café Royal," Sir William Rothenstein tells us in his recently published "Men and Memories"; and Sickert, we there read, wished him well because, amongst other things, the author is "so devilish earnest."

Sir William Rothenstein, "sensible" and "devilish earnest," has sat with most people who mattered or matter in the world of art and literature from the 'nineties onward, and his recollections will be enjoyed by everyone interested in the life of the intelligentsia of Paris and London during this epoch. It is, in fact, not improbable that Rothenstein the memoirist will be at least as well remembered as Rothenstein the artist. A man who can write with so much critical acumen about his fellows and older contemporaries, as wide apart from him and each other as, for instance, Walter Crane, John Sargent, and Jimmy Whistler, is a *rara avis*, and is by that very token perhaps too "sensible" to express himself completely in the medium he criticizes. That is the penalty of *tout comprendre*. In less dynamic minds it leads to entire inactivity.

As a painter Rothenstein is deliberate but not challenging; at least he does not appear so today, however revolutionary he may have seemed to the hide-bound Academicians of the last generation. As a portraitist he is, if anything, inclined to be too affable. How some of his sitters could object to his drawings as too "ugly," as he tells us they did, is difficult to understand.

As a writer, too, he is conspicuously apt but never cruel in his judgment. Perhaps, however, one may guess at his dislikes by some omissions in these recollections of criticisms in the case of artists he has met. He does not—at least in this volume—condemn any painter, though his bold stand for representational art makes one consider how he will deal in the next volume with artists who do not subscribe to his tenets. "No good artist," he says, "copies merely to imitate, but because form is the discipline imposed upon the universe by the hidden God. *Thy will, not mine*, is good æsthetic, as it is good moral law . . . Copy the image of man and you approach the face of God . . . Nature remains the greatest of all designers . . ." are bold protestations in his confession of faith. Yet, one of the best pictures he painted, namely, "The Doll's House," owes its finest qualities to the discipline imposed upon it, not by God but by Rothenstein, helped, æsthetically, by the architecture of the "Doll's House" itself, which was not designed by "nature," and by Mr. Augustus John's fancy for unusual dress and queer head-gear; helped, associatively, also by the topical popularity of Ibsen. Art is a strange business in which Nature provides the capital and of which the artist is, by the grace of God, the managing director as well as clerk and office boy.

"Men and Memories" is brimful of interesting matter; not only what the author says but how he says it makes it so. There are *bon mots* in plenty, his own and others, to be sure, yet it is sometimes the significance of a simple statement of fact or some cogent and incisive simile that impresses the reader. Take, for example, these two excerpts from passages presenting Oscar Wilde in his

first and last appearances on the stage here set: "Great was my surprise at seeing a huge and rather fleshly figure floridly dressed in a frock coat and a red waistcoat . . . his hands were fat and useless looking"; then, before the end, "he seemed ill and was shabby and down at heel." Or this description of Beardsley tracing a correspondence between his work and his mind: "He, too, remarkable boy as he was, had something harsh, too sharply defined in his nature—like something seen under an arc-lamp." Incidentally, nothing seems more pathetic, more lamentable even, than Wilde's recessionary confession: "I was all wrong, my dear boy, in my life"; and Beardsley's death-bed repentance. No doubt, they were right to repent of their follies, but somehow a fool persisting in his to the bitter end and thereby giving its achievements the stamp of authenticity would seem more heroic and more convincing.

Other actors on this stage include personalities of all sorts: Rodin, Verlaine, Legros, Lautrec, Goncourt, Whistler, Conder, Blanche, John, "Max"; *e tutti quanti*, at a rough calculation some four hundred "characters," great and small, the smallest perhaps being Count Montesquiou. "I met him one day," says Sir William, "on his way to hear Weber's music, when he told me that one should always listen to Weber in mauve," a fatuous remark completely puzzling until one remembers its probable, but irrelevant cause, the "Jungfernkranz in veilchenblauer (violet-blue) Seide," the most popular tune from the "Freischütz."

The book contains some not inevitable mistakes in spelling; "dialogue," for example, and "Malsherbes" for Malesherbes, "Greffuhle" for Greffulhe, "von Rysselbergh" for van Rysselberghe, and the transmogrified "Sièges Allée" in Berlin, constructed, by the by, not by the Kaiser but under old William I to mark the "Siege" over the French in the war of 1870. The ex-Kaiser only spoiled its dignity with his "Puppen" or "dolls" as the disrespectful Berliners call the numberless statues.

The difficult typographical problem of making process reproductions a homogeneous part of the text has been attempted at the expense of quality, for whilst the printed pages are excellent the illustrations hardly do the originals justice.

Historians, biographers, critics, and others concerned with our times now, and probably for centuries hence, will have to delve in Rothenstein's Recollections for facts; it is to be hoped that delvers will duly appreciate not only the facts but also the rich soil in which they are embedded.

PATTERN: A STUDY OF ORNAMENT IN WESTERN EUROPE FROM 1180 to 1900, by JOAN EVANS, B. Litt. Oxon, D. Lit. Lond. 2 vols. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford.) £7 7s. net.

These two imposing volumes are a monument of their author's patience, industry, and learning. She has studied decorated surfaces of every kind in Europe from cathedral walls to calendar pages; she has had recourse to innumerable original sources, and quotes equally numberless authorities. She takes us from the Gothic to *l'Art Nouveau*, and seeks to explain the development of the decorative arts by copious references to contemporary history and literature. It is, in fact, the view-point

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she has taken which makes her book different from other publications dealing with the same subject. In her introduction the author explains her reason for this elaborate study which is of considerable value as a book of reference.

We are not, however, entirely convinced that her categories and voluntary limitations are justified. Even the very title of the book indicates a confusion of terms, since pattern is not identical with ornament. Ornament is an addition to a fabric which could exist as such without it; pattern is not only on, but of the surface of, a fabric. The Western nations, however, have tended persistently to confuse patterning, ornamentation, and decoration, and this confusion of categories has made the author's study a little less useful than it might have been. It has also probably induced her not to have "scrupled to omit any consideration of the purely Arab arts of Spain or of the Oriental arts of Eastern Europe, since they do not really form part of the European tradition."

Apart from the doubtfulness of the existence of any *purely Arab* art anywhere, it is surely fundamentally wrong to say that "the Oriental arts of Eastern Europe . . . do not really form part of the European tradition." The European tradition can, at all events, not be understood without reference to the Oriental arts, whence they have arisen, it would seem, almost without exception.

Needless to add that these volumes are beautifully illustrated, printed, and produced.

H. F.

BACH, THE HISTORICAL APPROACH, by C. S. TERRY.
(Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Dr. Terry has immeasurably increased our knowledge of John Sebastian Bach, and now in these lectures, originally delivered in America, he studies more in detail some aspects of the master's life and environment. Most interesting, perhaps, is that dealing with the Leipzig Cantorate in his time, where Dr. Terry tells us in detail the circumstances of Bach's daily life. "He rose with the school at five in summer, at six in winter, took his Mittagessen at eleven, and went to bed at eight. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings he practised the upper classes in music. On Thursday morning he and they attended church. On Saturday morning he gave a lesson in Luther's Catechism, and in the afternoon rehearsed the next day's Cantata. On Sunday he conducted the Cantata in one or other of the city's chief churches." That was the routine of the greatest musician, with Shakespeare the greatest poet, the modern world has known.

Bach was not an organist in our meaning of the word. His chief business was the Cantata that formed the musical centrepiece of the Sunday morning service which began at seven and was not finished till shortly before noon! The Cantata came fairly early in the service, and was meant as an introduction to the sermon, which, like the Cantata, was based on the gospel of the day. "When I last visited the Thomaskirche," writes Dr. Terry, "I seemed to see the congregation subside to its seats in the great church as the Credo ended. I pictured the clergy withdrawn to the vestry under the tower as the organist extemporized with brilliant flourishes and the players tuned their instruments. I saw some twenty youths

grouped in a semicircle at the front of the west gallery, and among them, seated at a clavier, a stoutish gentleman in bob wig and black coat with silver buttons worn under a black gown. He lifted his hand and the tuning ceased. He made another gesture and the Cantata began." That is how vividly John Sebastian is brought before us in these pages.

H. E. W.

PRAGUE: THE TOWN OF ART, by JACQUES GUENNE.
Translated by M. BRIMICOMBE. (Editions de l'Art Vivant, Librairie Larousse, Paris.) 1930.

The art history of Prague seems to divide itself definitely into three periods: that of Gothic art, corresponding with the power of Charles IV, Emperor and King; that of the Baroque, eternalizing the Catholic victory; and between these a brief but charming interlude of Renaissance creation, derived directly from Italy. The Hussite movement, which tore the State to pieces for centuries, did not, and perhaps could not, create any art movement of value to us.

M. Guenne, in the work before us, has gone into all this in a very attractive way, and very fully; interweaving the threads of art and history so closely that they seem sometimes almost bewildering. He takes special note of architecture, but has useful interludes on the beautiful Gothic illuminating and painting, which took its start under Charles IV, and on the Baroque sculpture, much of which still survives; while not the least interesting is his chapter on Czech painting, which, in the fourteenth century, derives from France, but also from southern Germany, and has been elsewhere treated by M. Vincent Kramár in a special number of "L'Art Vivant." We, who know Prague, will appreciate no less the chapter on that marvellous palace-fortress, the Hradcany, with its ancient cathedral, only lately restored, of St. Vitus—which we might almost fail to recognize when described here as "St. Guy's Cathedral"—and the Mala Strana approached over that triumphal bridge of Charles IV.

All this is, in the pages of M. Jacques Guenne, treated with a style which is emotional, full of colour; sometimes indeed, almost too much so, as when that grand old Hradcany is described as "like a human face full of revolt and desire, hidden under a mask of serenity." But this, after all, is better than a mere catalogue of dates, battles, and buildings; and what gives the work a special value for reference is the magnificent series of illustrations, all set in the text, but very clear and detailed, and, as I understand, in "collotype," which in this treatment is something of a novelty. The defect of the translation is that we never can quite get away from its being a translation; though a style so exuberant as that of this author must present its own difficulties. I have alluded to "St. Guy's Cathedral"; while St. François is generally known to us in English as St. Francis; and "the honours of war" is an accepted military phrase which is scarcely rendered by "warlike honours."

But as a whole we find here a delightful volume, which brings to us, alike in text and illustration, something of the unique charm which this old city of Prague, the home of art, still possesses.

S. B.



PORTRAIT OF JAMES McBEY

By Gerald L. Douthett, A.R.A.

By courtesy of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi (see page 267)



MORNING

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

By courtesy of Messrs R. Louth and Sons, Ltd.



LANDSCAPE AND PEASANTS

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

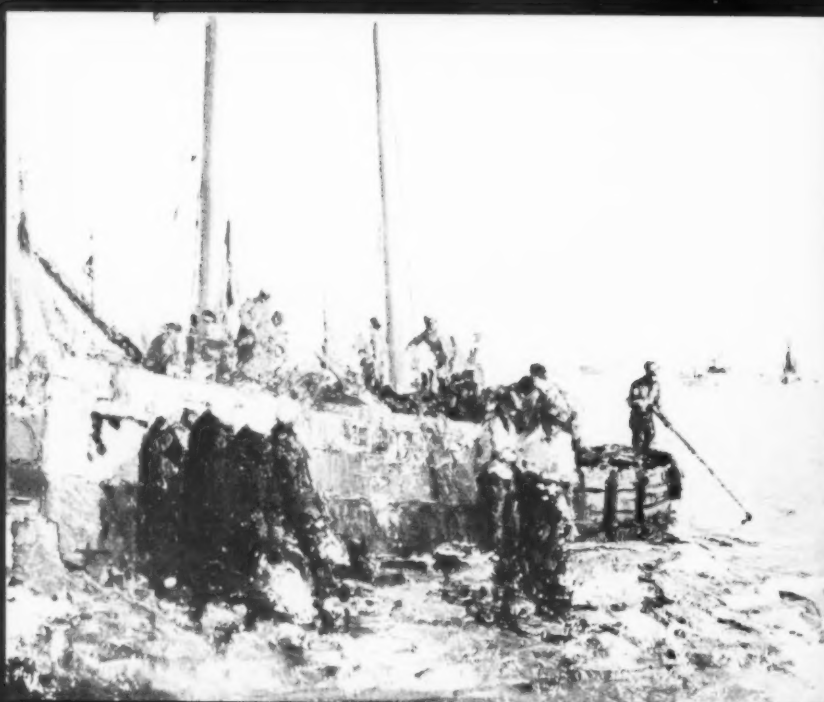
By courtesy of Messrs. A. Tait and Sons, Ltd.



1. RAMATUELLE

By W. Loe Hensley, A.R.W.S.

At The Fine Art Society, Ltd.



ARRIVAL OF THE SARDINES, BQUARNENEZ

By W. Loe Hensley, A.R.W.S.

At The Fine Art Society, Ltd.



Book Reviews

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

By KINETON PARKES

TABATIÈRES BOITES ET ÉTUIS ORFÈVRES DE PARIS, XVIII^e SIÈCLE ET DÉBUT DU XIX^e, DES COLLECTIONS DU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE, par HENRY NOCQ et CARLE DREYFUS. Large 8vo, pp. xvii, illus. + 59 illus. + plates lxxxviii (illus. 163). Sewn. (Paris: G. van Oest.) 1930.

Henry Nocq is the authority on the marks of the goldsmiths and silversmiths of Paris down to the end of the eighteenth century, the fourth volume of his work having only recently been published. Carle Dreyfus is an official at the Louvre and compiler of the Catalogue of Furniture and Objects of Art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the Louvre. This book on the snuff-boxes, trinket receptacles, and needle-cases is therefore the work of two masters of the subject, and to be accepted as such. From its parents therefore it might have been expected that it would have been a dry account of the objects with which it deals, and that in spite of their light and even frivolous character. But it is in point of fact an interestingly written history of these objects of art with documentary illustrations of human as well as artistic character. There are receipted bills exposing the prices which were paid to the craftsmen for their wares, and their trade cards, objects of the engraver's art in themselves. Objects which call up visions of their protagonists waiting in the anterooms of hotel and château for the honour of delivering a piece of their beautiful work, or proffering a card in solicitation of a trial order, regardless as to whether the sums represented on these bills would be paid or not, so proud were they of their work. For the times were troublous, gay, and careless, and one of the bills illustrated, "A La Tête Noire," was settled in 1789; dread year, fortunate jeweller!

They were great days and charming; when you could go into some dim chamber, such as "Au petit Dunkerque, Quai de Conti, au coin de la rue Dauphine," and order your snuff-box or your needle-case in gold or silver, enamel or mother of pearl, in painting or inlay, in cameo, intaglio, in repoussé or ciseleur; when you could choose for subject scenes of love and gallantry, animals and birds, classical tales, pastoral amours, domestic or mythical subjects, portraits of lover, king, queen, princess, or mere comtesse by courtesy; when you could choose precious stones in plates and flakes and adorn them with jewels of the first water according to your means or want of them.

Here in this fine volume are more than 150 of the choicest examples that the Musée du Louvre affords out of its vast treasure—exquisite things, for the most part useless, for the most part enchanting and dandiacle. Most of them are of some intrinsic value as well as artistic, and these are marked with the *poignons* or hall marks of *la maison commune* or some other authority in Paris, a list of which authorities, with illustrations of the monograms, crowns, and other symbols, is given separately in the introduction, and in the notes of weights and measures which form so valuable a part of the descriptions of the beautiful objects themselves.

MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS, published under the direction of GEORGE BESSON and JEAN ALAZARD. Quarto. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.)

DÜRER, by ALFRED NEUMEYER, translated by S. LOUSSERT. Pp. 70 + plates 101. 1929.

GOYA, by F. J. SANCHEZ CANTON, translated by GEORGES PILLEMENT. Pp. 108, illus. 31 + plates 80 + pp. 4. 1930. F. 200.

Of this handsome and substantial edition of the old masters the initial volume was "Courbet," reviewed in *APOLLO*, October 1929; the second and third now appear on plans which are not identical, but in both cases efficient. The plates are in heliogravure and are admirable, reproducing both pictures and drawings with clearness of detail. When the number of them is noted there is no question as to the volumes providing an adequate display of the general works of both artists. They do not profess to do more; to specialize in the pictures, in the drawings or in the prints.

Alfred Neumeyer's text is succinct; it sets out to give a general account of Dürer and his work and his place in the world of art. For those who require to go further into the subject he obligingly provides a short bibliography, naming the authoritative works, of which there are so many, down to Eduard Flechsig's "Life and Works," and the critical catalogue by Hans Tietze and Erika Tietze-Conrat, but not their "Young Dürer," published in 1928, but too late for inclusion.

The scheme of Sanchez Canton's work on Goya is different, somewhat unusual, but quite effective. It is categorical, and its hundred pages are divided into numerous sections and subsections. A preliminary note deals with the sources of importance down to 1928, including Von Loga's life, but not his very useful volume of the prints in the *Meister der Graphik* series now in its second edition. Probably Harald Nielsen's "Goya," and the more important and detailed work by Dr. Richard Hertel in the *Künstler Monographien*, were published too recently for inclusion. Considering the various difficulties confronting anyone who sets out to render an account of so diverse a character as Goya in small space, the author has done remarkably well and his method justifies itself. By its aid he has been able to set out the more than eighty years of the artist's life in a form in which the salient events stand out, and in his final note he has succeeded in indicating with clearness both the positive and comparative of Goya's genius. He takes ingeniously three characteristics of three artists and deduces from their degrees of expression the salience of each. For invention he places Goya first, El Greco second, Velazquez third; for emotion, El Greco first, Goya second, and Velazquez third; for technique the order is Velazquez, Goya, El Greco. This formula may be taken for what it is worth, but it is illuminating and it is illustrative of the unusual attitude of a writer on art to his subject.

BESCHREIBUNG DER BURG STOLZENFELS. Small 8vo, pp. 16 + 6 + 112 + plates 3. Boards. (Berlin: Deutscher Kunstverlag. 1930. M. 1.)

A reprint with introduction by Georg Poensgen of a descriptive guide published in 1850 by Robert Dohme for the Rhine traveller. The two original illustrations

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afford views of the castle: one in 1820 as it existed as a ruin, and another in 1850 when restored. The present edition of the little book has for a frontispiece a reproduction of Albrecht Dürer's drawing of "Stolzenfels" in 1521.

L' ARCHITETTO ANTONIO SANT' ELIA, by ALBERTO SARTORIS. Sm. cr. 8vo, pp. 33. Sewn. (Milan: Giovanni Scheiwiller, Foro Bonaparte 52.) 1930.

Sant' Elia was one of the forerunners of the new architecture, and his testament dated 1914 is given here. It was largely expanded by Marinetti, Virgilio Marchi, and Alberto Sartoris among many others, and the latter contributes an account of the subject to the brochure. Carlo Ciucci introduces it and Giovanni Scheiwiller adds a bibliography of articles concerned.

LA BOURGOGNE: LA SCULPTURE, par MARCEL AUBERT. Large 4to, 3 vols., pp. xx + 89 + plates 204. Boards. (Paris: G. van Oest.) 1930. F. 750.

Burgundy! Generous in wine, generous in climate, with beautiful rivers and great treasures of art. From Sens in the north to Mâcon in the south, with Montréal on the Yonne in the east, and Dijon in the west, with the Saône and the Loire, there is the romance of the vine as well as the generous tribute of history. This sumptuous work on Burgundian sculpture represents only part of the art of the province which, however, in its richness and interest, is not to be surpassed in France or anywhere else. The geographical space is equalled by the time in space—nine centuries of art with its ebbs and flows, its growths and decays, from the end of Romanesque to the flourishing of the neo-classical, traversing meanwhile Renaissance and baroque. Marcel Aubert is a conservateur-adjoint of the French national museums, and is in the best position for producing a work of this description: he has produced it in a lavish and effective way. His introduction is admirable, his copious notes are all that can be desired, and the illustrations, mostly full-page, but often as many as half a dozen to the plate, run into hundreds, and are reproduced as perfectly as process work permits. What a wealth of glyptic art is revealed in these pictures of sculpture, some of them sculptured pictures in relief! Such are found among the Gallo-Romanesque remains, now in the museums; many of them in the tympanums of the cathedrals and churches; many more in isolated reliefs, such as those at Sens of the second half of the sixteenth century—these by no means so fine as the earlier Gothic work and its inspired craftsmanship instead of the artifice which crept in as the years advanced towards the baroque. Sens itself is the most marvellous and moving monument of the ages, and provided greater riches than any other in Burgundy: riches which vary from the sublime to the pedestrian. At Vézelay, another rich source, too, there is much that is great together with a great deal of what is little, and in the Church of the Madeleine there is stonework which is almost entirely characteristic. The strange striated draperies gathered into spirals have a startling effect not altogether desirable, but with some excuse as being the fancy of the craftsmen engaged on that elaborated piece of work, startling because of their

date in the first quarter of the twelfth century. This work is far from free of the suspicion of sophistication, and its only excuse is that the grotesques of the same building lend it the countenance of the joy of work and of life of those who made them. The same sort of thing occurs in Saint-Lazare at Autun, a quarter of a century later, and is due possibly to the same carver or architect, for similar grotesques are found there also. Some of the finest earlier work, largely carvings of capitals of flowers and beasts, is in the side choir chapels of Châtel-Censoir (Yonne). These are said to be of the second part of the eleventh century, and leaving out earlier work from this fine display the whole great growth is to be traced through all the permutations of the following seven centuries, for some of the churches are as crowded with eighteenth-century monuments, greatly to their detriment, as Westminster Abbey.

In Montréal, too, are most interesting and rarer features. The work there in wood *en ronde bosse* is of the first quarter of the sixteenth century when the insouciance of Gothic had departed and realism had usurped the place of classicism in the craft of the carvers. These groups formed part of the decoration of the choir stalls, and are so much naturally inspired art that they are matched by the similar work being done today in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, so persistent is the sense of craftsmanship. It was otherwise, as may readily be seen in these illustrations, when the classical Renaissance occurred, with its reproductive processes and its lack of spontaneity and invention. Nevertheless, there are preserved in Burgundy magnificent neo-classical works, chronologically represented in the cathedrals and churches, elaborate in design, brilliant in execution, but none more brilliant than the astonishing tomb of Philip le Hardi, in the Dijon Museum, by Claus de Werve in 1411. This sumptuous work shows the depth to which sophistication had gone in neglecting the old simple rules of glyptic. The composition is as extravagant as it is presumptuous, and the wings of the angels show how completely the old rules of carving composition had been forgotten. Contrast this work with the essential beauty of the simple carvings in all their main naturalism of the Church of Saint-Thibaut (Côte d'Or) which possess all the elements of truth expressed with gracious feeling. Both works are sincerely conceived, but while the monument to the duke is flamboyantly executed, that to the saint is sweeter in intuition and more touching in its appeal to the heart. There is everything, however, in Burgundian sculpture to set vibrating every chord; this work is a wonderful record of beautiful and varied sculptural art.

LE DESSIN FRANÇAIS DU XIII^e AU XVI^e SIÈCLE, par PIERRE LAVALLÉE. Large 4to, pp. xxi + 152 + plates lxxx, reproductions 103. Sewn. (Paris: G. van Oest.) 1930.

Pierre Lavallée is the conservator of the museum and library of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts and approaches his work from two points of view: as the keeper of precious things and as the guide to useful things. There is nothing more inspiring to the earnest student than the examination of the drawings of the masters. As the preface states, drawings are the first-fruits of the idea; the direct and spontaneous emanation of the creative

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impulse; the revelation of the imagination sprung suddenly into a new activity. In the great Art School of France are many drawings, but the special value of this volume is that it is a collection of French drawings made from this treasure and from other great collections in France and elsewhere. It is not only the students in the classrooms and studios who benefit from having these beautiful reproductions of these rare drawings, but the aesthete, the lover, the connoisseur, and the student of the history of the French school of painting. From this generous assembly of examples such a one is enabled, almost at first hand and in his own study, to discover the manifestations of the evolution of general style as well as the characteristics of the individual artists. There are those to whom the finished picture in oil, or the elaborated water-colour drawing, is of less interest than the spontaneous drawing, and one of the chief values of this volume is the presence of pictures built up by the use of small brushes and washes and by points—silver points, lead points, crayon, pencil and charcoal; pictures in sanguine and bistre and Chinese or other ink, on parchment or paper.

Some of these pictures are elaborated in great detail, architectural and landscape; some are studies for larger works, the first ideas for them; but the great glory of the drawings in the volume lies in the exquisite portraits, in which drawing as such and in its simplest terms triumphs. The examples of primitive work are engaging in the same way as the Bayeux tapestry is engaging: figures and scenes from the Apocalypse, of the end of the thirteenth century. Of these, but few illustrations are given, but by the end of the fourteenth century immense strides had been made and graphic art had reached perfection of technique, and the art imagination a height which in many respects has not been exceeded. "Le Parement de Norbonne" in the Louvre is a prodigious monument. This treasure of early drawing is of exceeding richness, but the Bibliothèque Nationale, Chantilly, the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, and Bayonne have other treasures. From outside France many magnificent examples are reproduced; from the Albertina at Vienna, from the Print Departments of Berlin, Dresden, and the British Museum, the Ashmolean at Oxford, from many private collections such as the Pierpont Morgan, Heseltine, Oppenheimer, and Salting, all enumerated in Frits Lugt's "Les Marques de Collections de Dessins et d'Estampes," to which work Pierre Lavallée is indebted. To make his own work the more valuable, a bibliographical summary of considerable value and proportions is added. As an indication of the extent of the material, the names of the artists occupy six columns, from Villard de Honnecourt, the earliest known name, to Pierre du Monstier le Neveu who died in 1656, by which time men were working in the classical manner, but without departing too ardently from the teachings of Nature, so much more consistently maintained in the art of drawing than in that of painting. Classical or naturalistic, however, the French school of graphic art was astonishingly fertile as well as forcible, especially in portraiture, for a prolonged period of two centuries and a half, in which the ends of two periods were touched, the Gothic and the Renaissance.

When all is said and done regarding drawings, the perusal of this volume emphasizes a fact which must not be lost sight of. Whatever the cause which prompts

a drawing, whether as a design for a picture or as a study for a portrait, the fact remains that line and light brush wash is an art in itself, an art which is of the very essence of pure graphic, the art which is the basis of all construction.

LE DESSIN ET LA GRAVURE MODERNES EN FRANCE,
par ADOLPHE BASLER and CHARLES KUNSTLER. Crown
8vo, pp. 216, illus. + plates 110. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.)
1931. F. 40.

Line drawing is at once a capacity and an acid test; it has to do the work of paint, clay, and marble. If an artist has the capacity, paint, clay, and marble have no terrors for him; if he paints, models, or carves regardless of linear graphic, he submits himself to a test the most severe and final; his work must stand by it. Draughtsmanship is not everything in art; it is the basis of good expression, however, and if an artist has intuition, imagination, feeling, the power of design, the faculty of composition, the habit of observation, the desire for research after form, these things are multiplied greatly to him if he builds them upon sound drawing. If he does not, then these gifts are not truly developed. A great artist must be a fine draughtsman, and being so, no fashion nor caprice, no school nor clique, is capable of discounting the primary truth of his work. It matters not if Ingres be labelled a classicist or a romantic; there is that in his line which lifts his work above labels. Michelangelo's was the mighty line in truth, but before and after him there have been servants of the mighty line worthy of being his predecessors and his successors. All down the ages of the arts, the fine line has held its own, hence the great collections of prints and drawings in all the museums and collections.

Modern art, even of the modernist classification, has produced fine draughtsmen. However it is disagreed that, in subject and treatment, modern painting and modern sculpture are often really unpleasant in conception, colour, and form, it has to be agreed that there is good line drawing which will serve to secure the survival of much of this painting and sculpture when subjected to the acid test.

A book which does much to emphasize the value of line by pen and pencil, charcoal and crayon, spatula and chisel, graver or burin, on paper or parchment, wood or metal, marble or ivory, is of the greatest use; and this is such a book. It is critical and constructive, and the research of the authors has resulted in a fine series of illustrations, mostly of good drawing and print-making, including sculptor's drawings, of which there are too few. Its scope is too wide, for Charles Kunstler's contribution, which is on prints, includes illustrations, colour-engravings and posters, which are not the real avenues to the study of fine draughtsmanship. Adolphe Basler, whose is the greater part of the book, is more conservative and treats the subject of real drawing in a manner more or less detached and impersonal. He deals not only with the point of the drafting tool, but with the principles which issue from that point, the conception of form, the delicacy of its statement, the sensibility with which it traces its line, and with the imagery and fantasy which natural forms conjure up in the mind of the observer, and store up ready for expression when called on.

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DAS ILLUSTRIRTE BUCH DES XIX JAHRHUNDERTS IN ENGLAND, FRANKREICH UND DEUTSCHLAND, 1790-1860, von ARTHUR RÜMANN. Large 8vo, pp. 385, illus. 235. Cloth. (Leipzig: Im Insel-Verlag.) 1930.

There are half a dozen of the world's books that have been illustrated time after time and the process is being continued: "Don Quixote" by Cervantes; "The Divine Comedy" by Dante; "Faust" by Goethe; "The Vicar of Wakefield" by Goldsmith; "Robinson Crusoe" by Defoe; and "Gil Blas" by Le Sage; and a good runner-up is Munchausen. There are others, many of them which claim an immortality which it cannot be



HONORÉ DAUMIER

From *Das illustrierte Buch des XIX Jahrhunderts in England, Frankreich und Deutschland*. (Leipzig: Im Insel-Verlag)

denied has been aided by the illustrators. These illustrators were not always good artists, and not always good illustrators even, but they undoubtedly helped the admirers of the books, their sales, and their publishers. They include Cruikshank and John Gilbert, Gavarni and Doré, Menzel and Retzsch. The characters and scenes were created by the writers, but they were developed and typed in form by the various illustrators who produced portraits which are generally regarded as true to life. Many an illustrator has imposed his conceptions upon a willing public; many have made a book which they have illustrated their own in the popular imagination: Doré's "Dante" and his "Don Quixote" are the most

famous examples. In England Dickens has been highly favoured, but not Dickens alone; there were great illustrators at his period, however, who created types besides Cruikshank and John Gilbert: Richard Doyle, Kenny Meadows, and H. K. Browne. These were all illustrators pure and simple, not great artists like Blake and Bewick, Rossetti, and Millais. The great were artists; the lesser were illustrators or craftsmen, some of them of genius. A similar state exists also in the French and German schools; Delacroix and Daumier were artists; Doré was a craftsman with a most vivid imagination, than whom no greater creative illustrator as such has lived; Menzel was an artist; Joseph von Furich a fine craftsman.

This book by its title corrects an error in English art-history, for it speaks of the illustrated book while we speak of the illustrators of books. The illustrated book has not in England received the attention it requires; the illustrators have been treated, if not well treated, on several occasions. But the treatment has been based on the artist and not on the book. For fifty or sixty years extending into the first half of last century England produced a notable succession of so-called illustrated books, some of which were pictured but not illustrated. There was the Bible many times over; there were the English classics, and translations of fairy tales from abroad in abundance; and there were, in addition, many charming books of scenes and fancies, sometimes quite without any organic union with the text, their designs and their engraving giving them a standing of their own. The best of the artists sometimes pictured and even illustrated their own books, and even engraved their own pictures, such as Blake and Bewick, and here is the highest form of so-called book illustration. This book of Arthur Rümman's possesses the virtue of realizing the different classes of books to a closer degree than is usual, and is particularly useful in this respect. Although it is a large book, and is plentifully illustrated, it covers the ground but thinly, and prepares the way for the monumental work that must some day inevitably appear.

LES ARTISTES NOUVEAUX. Crown 8vo, pp. 15 + plates 32. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.) 1931. F. 10.

EDGARD TYTGAT, par JEAN MILO.

Born at Brussels in 1879, Edgard Tytgat has made a name for himself by publishing various albums and books of a risky nature in Brussels, Paris, and London, where he lived during the war. Those who have not seen these productions will arrive at some idea of them by looking over the 32 plates of this little book. Tytgat's style is *quasi naïve*; his intention is artful and sometimes humorous; his tendency is towards sexuality; his material he finds in the circus, or the seashore, at the fair, in the bedroom, at the cabaret; his people are puppets or lay figures with an occasional realistic portrait. His drawing is apparently careless and certainly crude.

K. X. ROUSSEL, par LÉON WERTH.

Some biographical particulars concerning this fine artist would have been welcome. The value of the critical appreciation is considerable, and without exaggeration places Roussel in a high position. The earliest of his works here illustrated is dated 1887 and there is a portrait dated 1929. Roussel, therefore, passed through the permutations of the modern movement without becoming

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a significant figure of it. He is significant in a sounder and more universal fashion. He is a romantic who relies on Nature; a decorator of pictorial proclivity and of the finest accomplishment. His works extend from experimental still-life and landscape by way of figure-painting to mural work of the first order.

GEORGES ROUAULT, par RAYMOND COGNAT.

Rouault, on the other hand, is essentially *dans le mouvement*. His sacred subjects are almost profane, and his profane almost devoid of grace. He is essentially of the

notices have ceased to be published, and now follow the books and the authoritative pronouncements. Fr. Roussel Despierres writes his appreciation in "La Nouvelle Revue,"* and Madame Sándor Kémeri her affectionate memories of the last two years of Bourdelle's life. Almost without exception everyone who writes about Bourdelle, or speaks of him, does so in loving terms. The master was so gentle and kind; so sympathetic. No detail of one's life was trivial to him; he listened so long as the story was human; he encouraged everyone, so long as he or she was simple, honest, and



PETER CORNELIUS

From *Das illustrierte Buch des XIX Jahrhunderts in England, Frankreich und Deutschland*
(Leipzig: Im Insel-Verlag)

ugly school, but his ugliness is extremely expressive, draughtsmanship included, especially in his nude studies.

He was born in 1871, was definitely of Les Fauves; has been much written about and has written himself. His pictures were seen in London, New York, and Munich during 1930, indicating that he has secured the attention of the dealers, or that they have secured his.

VISAGE DE BOURDELLE, par SÁNDOR KÉMERI. Crown 8vo, pp. 224 + plates 32. Sewn. (Paris: Armand Colin.) 1931. F. 30.

The Impasse du Maine is no more; the cul-de-sac off the Avenue is now called Impasse Bourdelle. That gentle man and incomparable artist died last year, and France is hastening to honour his name. The ephemeral

earnest. And yet he was monumental. It seems strange that so gentle a face under so broad a brow could remain so placid seeing that it was the countenance of the greatest monumentalist of his age. Bourdelle was fervently admired, both as a man and as an artist, and he deserved the homage. This book, "Visage de Bourdelle," is a good book which will live with the memory of its subject, for it is of the artist's everyday life that Madame Sándor Kémeri—friend also of Anatole France and Rodin—sets down memories. Bourdelle's ménage was largely feminine; his steps from his home in the Avenue to his studios in the Impasse went never unnoticed, and he

* *La Nouvelle Revue*, 15 Février, 1931. (Paris: 8 Rue Taitbout.) F. 6.

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was a man who needed gentle care to save his thoughts for mankind, to shield him from a world of which he was, however, by no means afraid or averse.

Gentleness was the magnet which drew from him the thoughts on art and life which abound in this volume. The book is very personal, for its author looked in the face of Bourdelle to great purpose. Alfred Besnard of the Academy writes a preface in praise of his friend which must represent the appreciation of all those fine

English, French, Italian, Dutch and Flemish Old Masters of merit and some of considerable interest, notably an Italian landscape by Claude, remarkable for its effect of sunlight gained by the fewest possible means; a charming "Group of Peasants" by Francis Wheatley; a spirited "Young Peasant Drinking," ascribed to the younger Teniers; a "Portrait of a Young Girl," given to Palma Vecchio, but, as Professor Suida believes, quite possibly an early drawing by Titian; and others.



BRONZE MASK OF BOURDELLE

By himself

From *Visage de Bourdelle*, by Sándor Kémeri (Paris: Armand Colin)

Photo: Atelier Bourdelle

artists and writers in France who recognized the master in his lifetime. Now the larger public have the opportunity of seeing to what heights his work reached in the comprehensive memorial exhibition in the Orangerie and on the terrace of the Tuileries Gardens.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Herr Karl Maison, of Viktoria Strasse 33, Berlin, sends us his "Second Catalogue of Selected Drawings by the Old Masters." It contains a selection of drawings by

WINSOR AND NEWTON'S ART MANUALS. No. 51: HOW TO USE WATERCOLOURS, by S. J. CARTLIDGE. No. 62: THE CRAFT OF ETCHING, by HESKETH HUBBARD, R.O.I. (London: Winsor and Newton.) 4s. and 3s. respectively.

Messrs. Winsor and Newton's art manuals are apparently "just what is wanted," for we note that whilst No. 62, Mr. Hubbard's "The Craft of Etching," is a first issue, No. 51, Mr. Cartlidge's "How to Use Watercolours," revised and enlarged, is already in its fourth thousand! Both authors know their subject, needless to say, and the little books are well illustrated.

EXHIBITION OF WATERCOLOUR DRAWINGS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERIES



HAREWOOD BRIDGE

By courtesy of Messrs. Agnew

By T. Girtin

THIS exhibition of selected watercolour drawings in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is memorable as a tribute to Thomas Girtin, Turner's great but predeceased contemporary and early rival. He is here represented by no fewer than forty-six examples.

How much the earlier watercolour painters owed to their history which began in the map-maker's workshop, and how much to the limited range of colours that were at first available, is difficult to judge. It is, nevertheless, certain that the severe limitation of colour as well as of technique contributes greatly to the dignity of the earlier watercolour school. It is the fashion of the moment to decry Turner and to suggest that Girtin, had he lived, would have surpassed him. We see no grounds for this assumption. Girtin does not in any case belong to Turner's category, in which we should rather include Gainsborough, Cozens, and Cotman. Girtin's is, like later De Wint's and Cox's, a much more prosaic mind—prosaic in the sense that theirs was more concerned with the beauty of truth than with the more poetic conception, the truth of beauty. One need only compare Girtin's "Kirkstall Abbey" with Turner's "Scarborough Castle," both painted in the same year and both restricted in colour, to appreciate the difference between them.

Nevertheless, in "Harewood Bridge," with its fine design, wet sky, cold and misty atmosphere, in the "roll" of the country in "Above Lyme Regis," in the luminous sky of "Ripon Cathedral," in the technique of the "Rue St. Denis, Paris," and the simple shapes of the "St. Vincent Rocks, Clifton" (the latter with its

flat spaces presaging Cotman's), we have characteristic examples of Girtin's significance and achievement.

Other especially fine drawings of his are the two "Durham Cathedrals," one of 1799, which shows a technique that Sam Prout was to develop, a technique also seen in the Ripon Cathedral of 1801.

As to the rest of the range of the exhibition it is wide, stretching somewhat tenuously from Gainsborough to Paul Nash. Turner is well represented with twenty examples of different periods: "Cader Idris" (of about 1802), "The Wetterhorn" (of about 1812), "On the Moselle" (of 1826), and "Lausanne, from Le Signal" (of about 1842), being amongst the most important and attractive. Cozens's decorative "On the Strada Nomentana" (see illustration, p. 258) and the romantic "Grotto in the Campagne," Peter de Wint's convincing shorthand impressionism in "Near Ely," Gainsborough's "Corner of the Wood," in which watercolour and pastel seem both to have been used, Copley Fielding's tidily painted "Seapiece," are outstanding examples of the different branches of technique and conception amongst the earlier masters. Incidentally, the quality which can perhaps best be described as "tidiness" is characteristic of all the older men and stands in sharp contrast to the "untidiness" one notices amongst the "moderns," most prominently in Mr. Duncan Grant's and Miss Vanessa Bell's work, but even in the much more traditional work of other living painters. It distinguishes, for instance, Mr. Wilson Steer's "The Western Heights" from his "Thames Barges: Evening," the latter being much "tidier" in the traditional sense—and, indeed,

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a fine and worthy successor to the old masters. Equally good in that sense are Mr. Charles Cheston's "Dover, a Warm Evening," Sir Charles Holmes's "Glandyfi, Cardiganshire," Mr. Oliver Hall's "Late Evening on the Galloway Coast," Mr. Philip Connard's "Ships in Harbour," Mr. E. T. Holding's "Moelwyn." Other pictures worth noting especially are by Sir D. Y. Cameron, and Messrs. Harry Morley, Charles M. Gere, Martin Hardie, Cecil Hunt, D. S. MacColl, Henry Tonks, Cecil A. Hunt, and Berenger Bengier.

if not technically, have at all events æsthetically, broken with the tradition. He uses representational elements only in so far as they help his design, which is abstract and as "purely æsthetical" as he can make them without dispensing with representation altogether. In point of fact the drawing he calls "Rye" is superficially truer to "nature" than "A Winter Farm" here reproduced (p.261). But in "Rye" the representational element is of far less significance than the abstract play of horizontal, vertical, and diagonal lines, the entertaining advances

ON THE STRADA NOMENTANA

By J. R. Cozens



*By courtesy of
Messrs. Agnew*

Mr. Paul Nash's work, in spite of the fact that it has in Mr. Frank Porter's, Mr. Duncan Grant's, and Miss Vanessa Bell's paintings neighbours that are, chronologically, equally "modern," is, nevertheless, of a quite different nature; so different, in fact, that one imagines it must seriously disturb the lovers of tradition. Broadly speaking, the British School of Watercolour Drawing has concerned itself from the beginning with the record of facts of vision. At first these facts may have had a purely topographical and architectural, therefore more or less abstract, foundation. The earliest watercolourists worked, as must be recollected, mainly for engravers, their watercolours being only a means to an end, not an end in itself. But even later, after they had become independent, they stated such facts "picturesquely," with more or less romanticism or realism. Mr. Nash's watercolours are here the only ones which,

and recessions which, like certain optical illusions, make the eye drop from the two dimensions into the third almost unawares. "A Winter Farm," though a much "busier" design, diversified with more colours, seems, in comparison, less balanced, less consistently worked out. "Rye" has more clearly affinities with the "condition of music," it is an affair of notes and intervals and of rhythms to be enjoyed as such. Mr. Nash's work pulls one up with a jerk and makes one wonder whether the future of art in general, and of watercolour drawing in particular, will follow this line of evolution.

The exhibition made thus doubly interesting would have still further gained if it had included a number of links that are now missing. Paul Sandby, Blake, and Samuel Palmer, for instance, and Sam Prout and Birket Foster, Arthur Melville, H. H. Brabazon, and Sargent, who, after all, belongs to the British school.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST



AN ENGLISH ORMOLU CLOCK

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by Messrs. Mallett of Bath

"THE FOUR GEORGES" LOAN EXHIBITION AT SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S HOUSE

One might devote many more than the one article which appeared in the last issue of *APOLLO* to the loan exhibition of "The Four Georges," which, unfortunately, will have closed its doors by the time these lines appear in print. We cannot, however, forbear to add a few more to the illustrations (see plates following p. 262) which have already appeared and to add a few more comments.

First, as regards the pictures. The Raeburn portrait of Mrs. Campbell is, of course, strongly reminiscent of the Mrs. Lauzun in the National Gallery, except that it is painted in a lighter key. Gainsborough's "William Henry, Duke of Clarence," with the full rosy cheeks, foreshadows the side-whiskered "Sailor King" William IV, into which he was to grow; the Honourable Mrs. Graham, already referred to in a previous article, is an absolute masterpiece of quiet reserve in colour, a kind of symphony in grey-blues and purples. Eighteenth-century England had a goodly number of "masters" to be proud of, but there was none to reach the stature of Gainsborough in individuality and refinement. This conviction is borne in upon us in comparing even such masterpieces as Reynolds's Miss Bingham, Romney's extraordinarily clever portrait of Mrs. Arthur Pitt impersonating Lady

Hamilton, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lady Maria Conyngham with a Dog," which latter, though unpleasantly "Landseerish" in its enamelled smoothness, is not only an astounding piece of technique, but combines with it a liveliness seldom reached by him or by any other painter later than Hogarth and his "Shrimp Girl."

As to the rest of the exhibition, the gold and silver work, the jewellery and enamel, the glass, china, and needlework, it is in many cases not only the artistic merit but also the associations which are evoked that, as Mr. Beresford Chancellor points out in the preface to the catalogue, constitute the attraction of the exhibition. The fine clock, for instance, reproduced opposite, was made for Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts (1725-1807), son of the Old Pretender, who, on the death of his elder brother, the Young Pretender, called himself Henry IX, King of England. It is a fine piece; in spite of its elaboration rather less heavy and more purely classical than one would expect—though the arms of the United Kingdom, with their single supporter, rest rather oddly on its crown.

Maybe we do not want to have elaboration in our furniture, but even if we did, it seems doubtful whether we have craftsmen who could surpass those of Queen Anne's days, as exemplified, for instance, in the walnut card table reproduced below, a comparatively severely simple piece. On the other hand, the *naïveté* of the Ralph Wood, and particularly of the Astbury figures (see p. 260), has an appeal and an ingenuousness that seems quite beyond our studio or factory-trained "art."

The eighteenth century was, in fact, a curious compound of artificiality and engaging artlessness, of vulgarity and refinement, or some times refinement in vulgarity. Thomas Rowlandson's "Life School of the Academy,"



A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT CARD TABLE

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by Messrs. Frank Partridge & Co.

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exhibited here with several more examples of his exquisite draughtsmanship, is an example of such. Quite a charming piece of naïveté is "The Birthday Party Silhouette," which turns out to be a silhouettist's advertisement, for it bears the following inscription: "Likenesses taken singly or in groupes with the genteelst taste by TOROND, No. 18 Wells Street, opposite Margaret Street. Drawing and painting taught at home and abroad as usual." And



AN ASTBURY FIGURE OF A MAN SITTING
IN A PEW READING A BOOK

*Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by Messrs. Frank
Partridge & Co.*

so we also have a "genteel groupe" of the Sitwell Family, lent by Captain Osbert Sitwell; and near by is a "Parrot Decorated in Colours," as the catalogue states, omitting the most curious fact, namely, that its plumage consists of glass beads. This parrot ought to have been lent by Edith Sitwell; it surely must have inspired her?

And then . . . but we must stop; there is too much more and it is all over now and will, unfortunately, never happen again.

THE TWO GAINSBOROUGH LANDSCAPES IN THE EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH LANDSCAPES AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES

The two beautiful landscapes by Thomas Gainsborough (see mounted plates) which figure in Messrs. Tooth's interesting exhibition of Old English Landscapes are a reminder that we still owe the great English portrait painter the full acknowledgment which was withheld from him during his lifetime and to this very day. Even in the "Four Georges" Exhibition no landscape of his is represented, nor does the otherwise so admirable

introductory note to the catalogue of that show so much as mention his name in this connection. It seems very strange that, as Gainsborough said to Lord Lansdowne, referring to his landscapes: "People won't buy 'em, you know. I'm a landscape painter, and yet they will come to me for portraits. Look at that damned arm! I have been at it all the morning and I can't get it right."*

The explanation is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that Gainsborough felt himself too much tied down by the exigencies of analytically accurate draughtsmanship which portraiture demanded, whilst, especially in his later landscapes, to which these two belong, he permitted himself perfect synthetical freedom. Neither "Morning" nor the "Landscape with Peasants" are, as one can see, actual "portraits" of existing views. They are what one might call compositions on themes supplied by nature. "Morning" was purchased by George IV for 2,000 guineas and presented by this king to his Mrs. Fitzherbert. In 1851 the painting was purchased by Mr. Elhanan Bicknell, "an eminent collector of paintings of the English school," for his gallery at Herne Hill, where it remained until after his death in 1863, when it was purchased by the late Mr. Curtis. It has been kindly lent to the present exhibition by Mr. C. Constable Curtis.

The other picture, "Landscape with Peasants," was also bought by the late Mr. Curtis from the Rev. J. Coles, of Basingstoke, and is lent by the same present owner.

Both pictures, together with another famous one, "The Country Wagon"—which as "The Harvest Wagon" figured in Sir Lionel Phillip's sale in 1913, and again in the sale of Judge Cary's pictures in New York in April 1928, when it was bought by Sir Joseph Duveen for \$360,000—belong to the seventeen-eighties and, therefore, to the last years of the artist's life. They are painted with the ripest knowledge from a romantically warm heart, and differ in that respect from Richard Wilson's, in whose landscapes always a luminous but classical coolness prevails, as may be seen in this exhibition. Nor has Gainsborough, at all events at this period, any longer any traces of the Dutch landscapists, notably Wynants, who was his "first love."

Interesting as are some of the other early English landscapes represented in this exhibition—notably Gainsborough's early and very differently painted, but most originally designed, "Landscape with church," furthermore works by Bonington, Crome, Stark, Moreland—Gainsborough's two masterpieces overshadow them. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note in Constable's "Forest Scene" echoes of the early Gainsborough; in James Stark's "Sandlings Ferry, The Close, Norwich" something of Vermeer's famous "View of Delft" in respect of colour and light; and in Patrick Nasmyth's "Leigh Woods near Bristol," despite affinities with Hobbema, a sturdy personal development. But, of course, Gainsborough's only peer in this show is Wilson, with the lovely early "Valley of the Severn."

MR. WALTER BAYES AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY

Mr. Walter Bayes is one of those artists who does not forget to mix his paints with brains. In fact, I rather feel that there is an excess of the latter vehicle. Like all people who think too much, he is dangerous—most of

*Arthur Chamberlain: *Thomas Gainsborough*. Duckworth.

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all to himself. Essentially a surface decorator, he came under the influence of Sickert, who himself was under the influence of Whistler, who performed dangerous equilibristic feats on the backs of two horses, Velazquez and Hiroshige. Tone and line. There is the conflict. As a result, Mr. Bayes is inclined to regard oils as watercolours, watercolours as oils, and line drawings as tone drawings. But—the excess of brains saves his work, with the result that one is amazed at the cleverness of the slightly tinted and beautifully designed pen-and-ink drawings which, as a general rule, have in addition—after the manner of Sickert—a slightly ironical associative significance. It would be invidious to pick and choose amongst these drawings which are nearly all of equal merit, but “Il Sickert à Venezia” (27), “Objets d’Art Moderne” (18), “Questa povera Signora Potiphar” (8), and “Derelict, being an unsolicited advertisement for an Insurance Company” (76), may perhaps be singled out amongst the “associative” drawings, whilst “Road in Provence” (12) and “Olives in Provence” (14) are triumphs of his peculiar technique, and the “Ponte del Paradiso” (49) is of pure design.

Amongst the paintings, judging by the price, he himself has selected “The Four Horsemen” (42) and “The Lion” (61), quite rightly, as the most important. The former is a hot landscape across which the four men on horseback move, but its merits being in the matter of design and technique cannot be described in words; the latter, not perhaps so completely satisfying, seems to be a subtle comparison of Sickert with a sculptured lion.

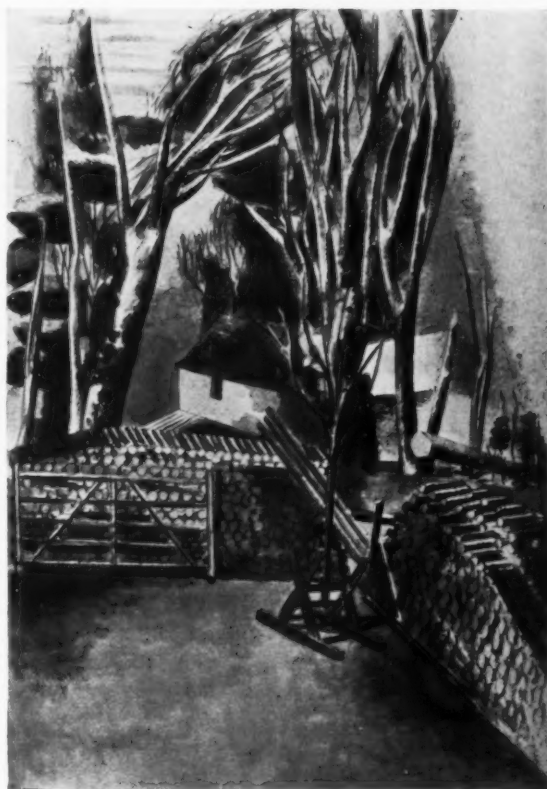
Mr. Bayes is quite in his element, also, in his “Design for a 30-ft. Decoration for a Cinema”—for he is essentially a decorator.

PAINTINGS AND GOUACHES BY RENÉ PARESCÉ AT THE ZWEMMER GALLERY

Monsieur René Parescé is a difficult painter. A *surréaliste* or, as I believe he prefers to call himself, an *irréaliste*, he belongs to the Severini-Chirico-Lurçat “school.” But he is, nevertheless, personal. He lives in an abstract world for the most part furnished with façades of houses, blowing curtains, winding staircases, and torsos; ships, towers, lighthouses also form part of his æsthetic “props”—an especially apt word since it may stand for “properties,” propositions, and actual props or pegs to support his art. There are only two or three exceptions to this rule, at all events in this exhibition. “La Belle Endormie,” a woman asleep by a window through which a bird has found its way, stands in most striking contrast to the other pictures. Several “Fleurs”—the flowers being fly-traps—make admirably decorative panels; and “La Maison Hantée” is an almost realistic landscape with Vlaminckish allusions. In spite of the sometimes romantic titles, the pictures are far from romantic; they are “classical” in the sense that they are carefully “constructed” and very consciously “orchestrated” in respect of colour and colour-values. I admire most of them, but particularly “Fleurs I,” “La Belle Endormie I,” “La Statue,” and amongst the small gouaches “Paysage,” which is better than its version in oils, “L’Escalier” and “Paysage au Spirale.” Nevertheless, I confess they make too great a demand on one’s intellect; they are a little uncomfortable—but that may be due to my limitation.

PICTURES BY MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN AT THE WARREN GALLERY

Sometimes the simultaneous exhibition of pictures by artists of a widely different mental make-up invites exceedingly interesting comparisons. The Camille Bombois exhibition at the St. George’s Gallery, mentioned on p. 265, introduced a childish painter who is conspicuously successful. Here we have, if not a child, at all events a



A WINTER FARM

By Paul Nash

By courtesy of Messrs. Agnew (see p. 258)

very young artist, and he is not nearly so successful. But then one applies a very different standard to the pictures by Mr. Michael Rothenstein. It is not only that one knows him as a son of Sir William Rothenstein and therefore as one brought up to realize the problems of art, but his choice of subject and very method of design proves his totally different calibre. As a matter of fact, Mr. Michael Rothenstein curiously reflects in his work the preferences and early admiration of his father’s as shown in Sir William’s recently published memoirs. One involuntarily associates the son’s work with such different, and in respect of the younger generation anachronistic influences, as Jean François Millet’s and—Walter Crane’s. There are even hints of Rossetti and Holman Hunt. Mr. Michael Rothenstein’s conceptions are almost without exception literary and “ninetyish” or even “eightyish,” the result of mental vision rather than of “things seen” with the physical eyes. The only hint

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of contemporary life is his bolder handling of contour lines and more pronounced feeling for solidity of form. Moreover, these "pictures" are in the nature of coloured drawings. "The Hireling Shepherd" and the two portrait studies, Nos. 26 and 24, are perhaps the most successful of the larger "pictures," but his real talent seems to lie in the domain of illustration; an unframed and unnumbered drawing of a sunset on a rocky sea-coast is an original and admirable design. At present, however, one can hardly say more than that Mr. Michael Rothenstein shows promise.



PORTRAIT STUDY (Pen and Ink) By Van Dyck
Dating from the Genoese period
By permission of Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH SCULPTORS' EXHIBITION OF SMALL WORKS BY BRITISH SCULPTORS AT MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW'S

People with means and mantelpieces and the necessary servants to keep them dusted—the mantelpieces, of course, not the people—will enjoy this exhibition. The Society in its catalogue draws special attention to the pamphlet it has published "On the care and cleaning of Sculpture"; and the President expressly regrets, according to a report in *The Times*, that "mantelpieces, places for a few fine family possessions, had gone, with the fires, which were to be replaced by some ugly electric heater." And so there is, as the writer in the preface to the

catalogue points out, "a heavy 'slump' in art, many sculptors being obliged to abandon it and try to make a livelihood in other directions."

It is all very sad. This exhibition must be regarded as a tribute to the mantelpiece age, with its many "Dreams" and "Nymphs" and "Fauns" and "Dawns" and "Springs," also called "Primavera," and "Galateas" and "Ledas," and so on. All very well done and most natural and charming. As the writer of the foreword to the catalogue says: "In spite of one or two unfortunate recent examples which have not hit the public taste, the level of excellence in British sculpture has never been so high as at present." Had we but means, mantelpieces, and antimacassars of 1851, all would be well.

Meantime, there are even in this exhibition some things which come perilously near the antimacassarless age. For example, and in the order of the catalogue, there is an admirable piece of carving based on the rhythm of an ant's body by Mr. D. C. Dunlop; then Mr. Albert Toft reminds us in his, albeit rather Meunier-like, "Metal Pourer," that there is beauty also in a working man and his occupation. Mr. Arthur Rhodes White tells us in his spirited, but perhaps too naturalistic, "Ride him, Cowboy," that there is beauty to be found in a world that knows nothing of Diana and her Nymphs. Mr. L. S. Merrifield admirably presents to the future the type of the "Honourable Artillery Company, Infantry, 1914," and also that of "The Navy." Mr. H. Wilson Parker makes excellent use of lovely material, *verde di prato*, in his delightful little "Lizard," and Mr. W. Marsden has found inspiration on the rugger ground in "A Good Tackle"; a difficult subject. Finally, amongst the "small sculpture" that has relations to the present-day world there is a moving and sincere effigy of a British soldier "On the Menin Road," by Mr. Herbert Cawood.

Other good work—remoter in subject matter—is shown; for example, by Mr. Allan Howes a female torso carved in Roman stone and "Resurrection" in bronze—but who would want that on a mantelpiece or a piece of furniture as here seen? Incidentally, the general display amongst old furniture and tapestries is far from commendable. Good garden sculpture is shown by Miss Anne Acheson and Mr. Lawson Peacey. Miss Christine Gregory, Mr. Nicholson Babb, Mr. Charles Pibworth, Miss Winifred Turner have agreeably stylized their pottery figures.

Perhaps the main trouble with the Royal British sculptors is that they have not yet discovered that sculpture should be relative to its own times and that a work of art is more than a faithful or even "beautified" copy of the living model, however "elegantly" or intricately posed.

FORTHCOMING SALE BY MESSRS. HOLLSTEIN AND PUPPEL

Messrs. Hollstein & Puppel, of Kurfürstendamm 220, Berlin, announce an important sale on May 4 to 6. It concerns the collection of Count R. de V. . . . and comprises engravings and drawings by Old Masters.

Amongst the engravings, which cover the fifteenth to the early nineteenth centuries, the following may be singled out for special mention: the rare "St. George on Horseback," and nearly all the principal subjects of Dürer's engravings; Rembrandt's "La petite Tombe," "Jan Lutma the Elder" in the second state, and the



MASTER WILLIAM HENRY MEYRICK

By John Hoppner, R.A.

Lent to the American Art Exhibition by Miss Mary Hanna, Cincinnati, U.S.A.

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MRS. GRAHAM

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

From the Collection of the University of Pennsylvania, Dept. of Art and Archaeology

Reproduced by permission of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.



EARL DUK OF CLARENCE
afterwards King William IV

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

Lent to the Georgian Art Exhibition by John Phipps, Esq.

Reproduced by special arrangement of Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co., Inc.



MRS. CAMPBELL

By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.S.A.

Loan to the Georgian Art Exhibition by J. F. Byers, Esq.

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co., N.Y.



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"Hundert Guilder Print"; a series of perfect and early "Passion" prints by Schongauer, amongst them the rare, and perhaps most beautiful of all, "Christ on the Cross"; furthermore, a series of rare etchings by Pieter Brueghel the Elder, including the two newly authenticated landscapes (Bastelaer 1 and 2); there is, finally, an almost complete set of Antonio Canales's etchings, many of them in hitherto uncatalogued states.

The collection of drawings includes many interesting and important works by masters of the Dutch and Italian schools; there are represented, to mention only a few: Bril, Pieter Brueghel the Elder, Vinckebooms, Coninxloo, two Vandycks, Jacob Jordaens, Terborch, Ostade; then several important Titians, Veronese, Verrocchio, Tintoretto, Magnasco, Paolo Uccello, Guardi, Piazzetta, and the Tiepolos, etc.

There are also a number of French drawings by Claude, Duguet, Boucher, Cochin fils, etc.

A richly illustrated catalogue is now available.



STUDY (Sanguine)

By Paolo Uccello

By permission of Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel

OIL PAINTINGS AND WATERCOLOURS BY MR. W. LEE HANKEY AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY

This exhibition of Mr. Lee Hankey's work will come as a pleasant surprise to the admirers of his art. He has broken fresh ground and proves himself more varied than in his figure subjects in which, apart from a certain pathos—his women and girls and children even look sad or wistful—there is colouristically a preference for a *bleuâtre* in the flesh tints.

In his landscapes, painted with the same skill, there is a great variety of colour as well as of design. How beautifully, incidentally, Mr. Lee Hankey can draw with the brush may be seen in his picture of "Monsieur Coco," done just before the battle of St. Eloi under tragi-comic circumstances which the label on the picture explains. His watercolours in general have a similar calligraphic fluidity, whilst in his oils the touches of the brush are—as they should be—different; in his case, square. But it is the fact that both in watercolour and

in oils the artist uses colour to express light and shade, or, in other words, form. This, combined with his technique, give his oils a shimmering atmospheric quality, in some cases not unlike Mr. Sickert's later work.



LOVERS (Sanguine)

By Boucher

By permission of Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel

Where the level is so even, it is difficult to pick and choose, but the brilliant "Arrival of the Sardines—Douarnenez" with its contrasting scarlet and black-dressed figures; the "Ramatuella" (see plate facing p.251), Brangwynesque in its decorativeness; the several shimmering views of Dieppe Market; the pale, luminous, low-horizoned "Fréjus," also the rectangularities of "Entrance to the Old Town—Mentone," at once indicating the southern scene, may be singled out as characteristic of the various qualities of his landscape painting in oil. Amongst the watercolours we find the calligraphic "Discussion," the colour and zig-zag composition of "Meeting the Boats" and "The Deserted Quay," a shipping scene compositionally held together by a singing green and a more subdued blue note, especially admirable. Mr. Lee Hankey also exhibits portraits, figure subjects, and flowerpieces, which, however, give him less opportunity to display his powers as a light-with-colour painter—powers which his long sojourn in the north of France has, no doubt, fostered.



LANDSCAPE (Wash drawing)

By Claude

By permission of Messrs. Hollstein and Puppel

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THE SWEDISH EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS AND CRAFTS

The Swedish Exhibition of Industrial Arts and Crafts which is at present taking place at Dorland House, Lower Regent Street, and was opened by His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Sweden, comes as a great support to those in this country who for some time have been



SWEDISH GLASS GOBLET

By Orrefors

At the Swedish Exhibition of Industrial Arts and Crafts

trying to persuade the industrial manufacturer that it will be in his interest if he employs specially-trained artists to design his goods. To the artists and craftsmen the exhibition will be a stimulus and encouragement by showing the high general standard of design already achieved abroad, and it will afford an opportunity to the general public—always made responsible by the manufacturers for the prevailing low standard of taste and for “getting what it wants”—to see what it really wants and could have for the asking.

Talent is available in every country, but if it is not encouraged by the public and the manufacturers the isolated efforts of artists and designers must of necessity remain uneconomical and fruitless. The article turned out entirely by hand or ordered by the designer in single copies from the factory will always be too costly for the great public, and until designers and manufacturers combine and co-ordinate their efforts people of moderate means will find it difficult to buy a well-designed article for daily use which is of English make, and good English design will remain represented only by a small number of private hand-looms and potteries and printing-presses instead of permeating the whole of British industry.

The change which is needed is, unfortunately, not effected as quickly as one would like. Before it can be brought about a new generation of designers will have to be trained at our art schools by masters who realize that

under present-day economic conditions there is no place for the too-individual artist on the one hand, and for the draughtsman, content to copy or adapt traditional pattern, on the other. New methods of teaching must be employed everywhere, supported by new plant in the schools, allowing the student to get acquainted with methods of manufacturing, for it is only by the intimate adaptation of design to technique of production that the ultimate beauty of the finished article, such as we admire it in the Swedish Exhibition, is achieved.

MARIA PETRIE.

IMPORTANT NINETEENTH-CENTURY LANDSCAPE PAINTERS AT BARBIZON HOUSE

When one is confronted, as is the case here, with a collection of pictures by such masters as Corot, Courbet, Millet, Troyon, Boudin, Daubigny, Rousseau (Théodore), and Fantin-Latour, it is difficult to say anything that has not been said before. One has got a little tired of them, not so much because of their deficiencies as by reason of their perfection. They did not cultivate vast spaces, but reaped what they sowed in homely fields—a good harvest. Perhaps Gustave Courbet's prison forest, the “Pomegranates,” with their cubic solidity, appeals to us of today most, whilst Fantin-Latour's “Rêverie” makes us



RUG

By S. Urdey

At the Swedish Exhibition of Industrial Arts and Crafts

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shake our heads at his use of unrelated yellow, red, and blue patches which pull the design to pieces. Still Eugène Carrière, in spite of his formula, *s'impose* in the "Mother and Child," and again one prefers the definition of Corot's uncorroscous "Le Passeur de l'Île St. Ouen" to his more typical "Abreuvoir Marécageux." Boudin's "View of Antwerp" has become more "old-masterly," and now begins to compete with Vermeer's "View of Delft," and Diaz's "Le Bain" vies with Titian.

HELMUTH KOLLE AT THE WERTHEIM GALLERY

I frankly confess I do not know what to make of Mr. Helmuth Kolle's work. It is badly drawn and child-like in its first aspect; it is extremely sophisticated on longer contemplation. It is virile. It shows a fine appreciation of colour-values. Furthermore, the catalogue states that: "His works figure in the museums of Grenoble and Cassel, and in the private collections of Marie Laurencin, Monteux, Vicomte de Noailles, Uhde, Bing and Gaffé. He has had one-man exhibitions at the Galerie Pierre in 1924, the Galerie Bing in 1927, the Quatre Chemins in 1928, and the Galerie Georges Bernheim in 1929."

Nevertheless, I dislike it. His "Gare du Nord" seems to me simply silly; his "Soldat Anglais au Casque" may have merits hidden from me; "La Communiant" is good colour; "Toréador en Blanc" has striking design; "Course de Taureaux" is not displeasing—but it is all like listening to the tuning of a Stradivarius: one waits in vain for the concert to begin.

PAINTINGS BY CAMILLE BOMBOIS AT THE ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY

Camille Bombois is a distinctly interesting and successful specimen of the adult child painter *à la mode*. Were they encouraged or had they the time and inclination, hundreds, nay thousands, of people who know nothing about art, but know what they like, could produce works of similar "originality" and interest. So long as one knows nothing it is easy; the difficulties begin when one begins to know something. Camille Bombois knows only what he likes and he happens to like, above all, two extremely agreeable things: colour and light. His joyous colour sense is as unsophisticated as his draughtsmanship, but since draughtsmanship requires training, his deficiencies in this respect are obvious. Fortunately for him, he strives less doggedly after complicated pattern than the *douanier* Rousseau; his design is simpler, nor is he as ambitious in draughtsmanship or technique as the *douanier*. He designs less in patterns than in receding planes of colour relieved by advancing accents. The result is in nearly every case conspicuously successful. "Le Barbier du Village," "L'Hostellerie à Milly," "Auxerre—Le Moulin au Président," "Le Lapin agile," and "Rue de Pontoise à Presles" are examples of his method of composing in rich sonorous colour planes against which the figures, or some isolated object such as a flag, make sparkling accents.

Camille Bombois is certainly one of the most agreeable of the childish, rather than child-like, painters of today; confirmation of his childishness may be deduced from the fact that for at least eight years (if we may believe the statement in the preface to the catalogue) he has devoted all his time to art—without growing up in the process.

It is necessary to make this point in order to protect serious artists who have to suffer from the competition of rivals that have never even attempted to study the art of painting.

PAINTINGS BY ROBERT MACKECHNIE AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Robert Mackechnie's exhibition of paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery will be closed by the time this notice appears, for it is an excellent show by an artist who has much more than ordinary talent for design and colour. His mind is obviously more concerned with abstract æsthetics, and that is why he is less successful, in my view, when he



THE INVITATION

Pastel by Cumbræ Stewart

At the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Street

deals with figures. In his landscapes, however, and particularly in his still-life subjects, his sensitiveness to the subtleties of colour orchestration and linear rhythm in cubic design is fully evident. Amongst his landscapes the sunny "View of Pontano" and the deadly heat of "Città morta"—Mr. Mackechnie has lived in Italy and one feels he knows it well and not only topographically—remain in one's mind, whilst amongst his still-lives "Pot and Plant," "Vegetables," "Fish," and the rich design of the "Studio Still-Life" are not easily forgotten. It is to be hoped he will soon have another opportunity of showing his work.

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The next show at the *Beaux Arts Gallery*, which will be on view this month, is one of Miss Cumbrae Stewart's studies of childhood. This artist's admirable handling of pastels and understanding of child forms is, of course, already well enough known to need no underlining.



THE WHITE STAG By a Yuan Master
In the collection of Signor G. del Drago exhibited
at the Buffalo Museum of Arts

The two illustrations of Chinese paintings reproduced above and on the following page are from the exceedingly interesting collection of Chinese pictures belonging to Signor G. del Drago, which, as mentioned in our last number, is now on view in the *Buffalo Museum of Arts, U.S.A.*

THE R.O.I. EXHIBITION

Though Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, and other well-known men are represented by more or less excellent work, this exhibition is distinctly a triumph for the women. Nearly all the more interesting pictures have been contributed by them. There is, for example, Miss Anne K. Zinkeisen's amusing "Pickaninny" and the entertaining "pattern" of a "Rainy Day in Regent's Park," and her admirably modelled portrait of a "Girl in Gold"; then there is her sister's, Miss Doris Zinkeisen's, piebald "Village in Scotland" and the lively "Ana, a

Maori Girl"; Mrs. Edith Magill's fine colour harmony of blue, mauve, and green, the "Road to Killarney"; Miss M. A. Cohen's "Old Houses—Brittany," which needs only a little more "loving care" to make it a little masterpiece; Miss Helen Mackenzie distinguishes herself with a "Decorative Landscape—Spring in Windsor Forest," and a, not entirely, "African Girl." Mrs. Dods Withers's "Frontier Fortress," Miss de Carteret's "Arundel," and Mrs. Evelyn Abelson's "Grasse-Alpes Maritimes," are all landscapes worth noting.

Amongst the men, Mr. Philip Padwick stands highest as a creative painter of landscape; his "Near Chichester" is an important addition to his already remarkable *œuvre*; his "Littlehampton," too, is good; but in the "Sussex Hills" his simplifications have led to a "paperiness" of contour edges. Mr. Rex Vicat-Cole also stands out as a landscape painter who can invest his pictures with the dignity of good poetry, as may be seen especially in "The Road to the Farm." Other good landscapes are: "Winterton, Norfolk" by Mr. J. K. Popham; the severe "Abandoned China Clay" by Mr. Herbert Truman; Mr. H. Bush's "March Clouds"; Mr. Adrian Hill's sombre "Down the Canal"; and Mr. Alfonso Toft's "Christchurch Priory." Mr. Spencer Watson has evidently been happily inspired by Vermeer in his view of "Veere, Holland." Mr. Hesketh Hubbard has very cleverly exploited perspective in the interest of pattern-making in his painting of "Lobster Boats"; whilst Mr. Elwell has composed an admirable design with the sole material of unvarnished truth to visual facts in his "Studio Interior." Mr. St. Helier Lauder's "Major-General James G. Harbord" is a portrait of great merit—a simple record of straightforward facts.

There are certainly a great number of works here to which no exception can be taken unless one complains of their ordinariness of vision. What puzzles one, however, is the manifest labour and trouble given by some of the artists to subject-matter that, one would imagine, had long ceased to appeal to any section of the public; but that is, after all, their affair.

SHORTER NOTICES

The watercolours and lithographs which Miss Patience Hallward exhibits at the *Twenty-one Gallery* prove her to be the daughter of her father; there is an undeniable family likeness in her and Mr. Reginald Hallward's technique and conception of art. Like him, she is sound in both, but there is also something remote, something romantic and *weltfremd* in it, even when she paints only a sprig of flowers, such as the subdued "Ice Thistles," or the more elaborate bunch of growing "Scabious." Romantic, too, are many of her landscapes, such as "Evening, Branscombe" or "October Morning." Lithography suits her admirably as a medium. The "Farm under the Hill" is printed in colour with great success; colour lithographs seldom succeed. In "Hopscotch" she has exploited the quaint "pattern" of the netting; "The Ambush" shows us a convincing "Dragon," and "Yesterday's Tomorrow" is a vision of an Indian temple in the jungle. It will be seen that Miss Hallward is endowed with imagination, and she possesses the technical powers to give it full vent—but her art is not in keeping with the age of honking motor-cars and whirling aeroplanes.

Art News and Notes

Mr. Charles Gerrard, who shows paintings at the Redfern Gallery, is pre-eminently a colourist, to use a hateful but, *faute de mieux*, useful word. He paints—with bold impasto, harmonies of delicate colours in a fairly high key—flowerpieces, models resting, women dressing, sewing, bathing, still-life, and landscape. Almost invariably one admires his colour orchestration which makes his paintings eminently suitable for room decoration. But he has one fault, which is occasionally disturbing: he introduces calligraphy into the drawing of form, especially of figures where pure painting, i.e. the juxtaposition of tone or colour relations, would lead him into difficulties. Having regard to his obvious skill in painting, this introduction of the draughtsman's contour lines seems a little faint-hearted. The mixture of methods of representation appears rather as a "get-out" than as a solution.

I must not let the *Ninth Exhibition of Poster Art of the London and North Eastern Railway* at the *New Burlington Galleries*, which was opened by the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas with an admirable address on the need for active optimism, pass unnoticed.

The L.N.E.R. has now a team of artists who evidently are adherents of the late Monsieur Coué, for they are getting better and better. Messrs. Tom Purvis, Fred Taylor, Frank Mason, Frank Newbould, and A. R. Thomson have distinguished themselves this year—each in his different way. One notices, however, the almost complete absence of "modern" art, and also the fact that Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Forth Bridge," drawn on the stones by the artist, whilst an admirable poster, is also the only one that can stand on its own feet as an independent work of art.

An attractive show of *English and French Pictures*, many of them by deceased masters, others already favourites, is being held by Messrs. Colnaghi. Undoubtedly the *clou* of the exhibition is Mr. Gerald L. Brockhurst's portrait of James McBey. A little blackish in tone, it is an amazing piece of unflinching realization, painted with the meticulous care of a Dürer, but with much more expression of "volume." At the other end of the pictorial scale is probably Mr. J. Kynnersly Kirby's most entertaining genre-piece "The Champion Marrow"; it is almost Dickensian, or rather Cruikshankish, in its ironical humour, but at the same time too well done in oils to be regarded as a mere illustration. Somewhat akin in handling, but without the humorous element, is Mr. Charles Cundall's crowded "Boat Race." Sir Charles Holmes's admirable tondo of the "Gasworks, Parkgate" and Mr. Algernon Newton's "A Norfolk Mill" likewise represent different conceptions of design and of handling pigments; the former is closely knit and bold in statement, the latter less abstract in its qualities of design, and yet more remote from realism. Nowhere in French art have I seen Constable's outlook better assimilated, or rather digested, than in Raffaëlli's hot and sunny "Place de l'Eglise." Amongst other notable works here are Sir D. Y. Cameron's "hot and cold" landscape "Fréjus," Mr. Charles Cheston's clean and tidy "Flower-piece," Mr. Algernon Talmage's sunny "Suffolk Landscape," and Daubigny's almost Whistlerian "Sea Piece."

At the new "Ward Gallery," 3 Baker Street, Mr. Clifford Webb shows watercolours and engravings in copper and wood, also some lithographs and drawings. Mr. Webb's work is conspicuously clean, clear, and cool. His watercolours, mostly of Walberswick in Suffolk, are mostly variations on the theme of blue, a pale Cambridge blue, but full of the sense of space and admirably rhythmic in design. Amongst his best are "Cranham," "The River Blyth," "Misty Morning," "The Lodge," and in a different mood and colour-scheme, "Blast Furnaces, Jarrow" and "Gateshead on Tyne."

Beautifully clean lines distinguish his engravings, amongst which "The Alarm," "Ballet" (both on wood), and "The Scrum" and "The Angler" (both on copper), may be singled out as especially attractive.

The oil paintings shown by Mr. MacLauchlan Milne at the *Independent Gallery* are obviously of the *Ecole de Paris*. They are landscapes and flowerpieces, broadly



LANDSCAPE AND BOAT

By an early Ming artist

In the collection of Signor G. del Drago
exhibited at the Buffalo Museum of Arts

and boldly painted with an admirable sense of colour and design; in "St. Paul" and "Landscape—Venice" he gives not only light, solidity, but also ambient space; in "Landscape—St. Paul" he has made a green note—instead of the traditional red note—hold the design together. In the "Flowerpiece" (23) this function is with equal success performed by the red note. "The Bouquet of Flowers" is a little too muddy; "Flowers" (14 and 25) and "Artichokes in Flower," the latter obviously inspired by Van Gogh, but not so "distracted" in psychology, are perhaps his best things and intensely enjoyable. Not the least interesting fact about his broad manner of handling paint is that in the ultimate analysis it is the technique of the draughtsman rather than that of the painter.

The *Group of Flower Paintings* exhibited at the *London Artists' Association's* gallery, 92 New Bond Street, will just still be open when these lines appear in print, and I can only urge upon readers who may have the time to visit it. One would like to take a party of other flower painters there just to let them see the difference

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between painting and painting. The exhibitors here, viz., Keith Baynes, Vanessa Bell, Raymond Coxon, Douglas Davidson, H. E. du Plessis, Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, Morland Lewis, Robert Medley, Frederick J. Porter, Edward Wolfe, have, of course, not sent pictures all of equal appeal, but the merit seems to me extraordinarily equal. That is to say, none of these paintings are mere substitutes for nature. In no case would the bunches of flowers that have inspired each picture be *better* than art. The pictures are first and last and all the time pictures, and to be enjoyed as such, as adventures with

We have just received from *Messrs. C. G. Boerner, of Leipzig*, the four richly illustrated catalogues of their several auction sales which are to take place at the end of this month. The first catalogue (169) is devoted to the Dürer engravings of the Hausmann Blasius collection, Brunswick, and to the Dürer woodcuts from a well-known private collection. The second catalogue (170) concerns rare early German and Italian engravings and mezzotints, more Dürers, the celebrated Dr. Van Moll collection of Rembrandt etchings, and a really marvellous collection of English and French colour-prints of the eighteenth

PORTRAIT OF
THE COUNTESS
WORONZOFF WITH
HER DAUGHTER

By George Romney
Stroganoff Collection,
Leningrad



Measures 143 × 114 cm.
At Messrs. Rudolph
Lepke's Auction Sale on
May 12 & 13, 1931

paint. I could single out more than a third of the whole show as appealing specially to me. And one further observation. As Mr. J. M. Keynes's "Economic Foreword" points out, the prices have been abated "to about half what it has been usual to ask hitherto." I prophesy that purchasers will have—even economically—no reason to regret their purchases.

The illustrations on this and the opposite page are reproductions of pictures which figure in the important *Stroganoff Sale*, which is to take place at *Messrs. Rudolph Lepke's Kunst - Auctions - Haus* in Berlin on May 12 and 13. The double portrait represents the "Countess Woronzoff with her daughter" by George Romney. The canvas measures 143 × 114 cm. The other painting is Rubens's "Garland of Roses"; it measures 66.5 × 34 cm.

century from the Hermitage in Leningrad. The third catalogue (171) contains important drawings by old masters, also from the Hermitage and other Soviet collections, amongst them first-rate Rembrandts, Watteaus, Bouchers, Fragonards, etc. The fourth catalogue (172) deals with drawings by Chodowiecki, Menzel, and other German masters.

We are informed by Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Comptroller to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, that the exhibition of pictures on board the "Aquitania," held in aid of the Prince of Wales's Personal Fund for the British Legion, realized £2,000. This exhibition, organized by Sir Joseph Duveen, by permission of the Cunard Line, consisted of pictures which were given by British artists. Fifty works were sold during the

Art News and Notes

ship's outward journey, the remainder of sales taking place during the reception held on board in New York harbour. We offer our congratulations to all concerned.

Mr. Epstein's sculpture at the *Leicester Galleries* has new neighbours in Mr. Joseph Southall's tempera paintings and watercolours. Not only the difference in media makes the contrast absolute. Mr. Southall is a Quattrocentist, a "Disciple of the Primitives" by—one would almost say—religious conviction. Looking at his work, especially the fine portrait of the late Sir Whitworth Wallis, one seems to hear old Cennino Cennini's: "Know that you cannot learn to paint in less time than thus: In the first place you must study drawing . . . you must begin with grinding colours, and learn to boil down glues, to acquire the practice of laying grounds . . . and this for six years . . . afterwards to practise colouring . . . for six more years, always drawing without intermission either on holidays or workdays. . . ."

Mr. Southall, in fact, is pre-eminently a craftsman in love with his job, and who is not satisfied with it unless it is finished down to the burnishing of the gold on the frame or the screwing in of the last screw in the carefully-chosen and planed backboard. His absolute and devoted conscientiousness as a craftsman has hindered him a little in his determination to be modern in the choice of his subject-matter. One cannot quite believe him when he deals with modern life, with modern women—and especially modern "flappers." They cannot keep still long enough to be drawn in the way of the primitives. A cynic might even suggest that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Where transience, where movement, is of less significance, as is the case with his landscapes, there the trouble he takes with his craft is amply repaid. His landscapes are not only individual, they are exquisite in their refinement of colour and design. As examples one may quote "Summer Morning," "Water-mill, Woodbridge," "Fishermen's Huts," "Paris, Notre Dame, East End"—but it would, in fact, be simpler to mention the less admirable ones; they are so few compared with the great number of delightful things, instinct with true poetry of vision. In "The Snapshot" and "A Motorist at Chartres" Mr. Southall discloses an unexpected sense of humour.

FAREWELL TO PERSIA IN LONDON

After two months' popularity the doors of the Exhibition of Persian Arts were closed on March 7. The attendance recorded exceeded 250,000 persons and was more than the number of visitors to the Exhibition of Dutch Art. A point of interest was the large proportion of school children passing the turnstiles, over 40,000 being counted.

Having devoted several of our monthly issues to Persia we now present our readers with one more colour plate of the interior of the *liwan* or sanctuary of the Mosque of Sheikh Lutf 'Ullah, which stands on the eastern side of the Meidan at Isfahan (see frontispiece).

This beautiful building was erected by Shah Abbās I in 1612 for his private use, twenty-two years after the completion of the Musjid-i-Shah. The portal is flanked by two high walls standing out at right angles to it; stalactites depend from its vaulted roof. The dome is much lower than usual, but beautifully decorated in

mosaic faience both outside and inside. The scheme of mural decoration of the *liwan* is remarkably rich, and some impression of its perfection may be gained from our plate. Here is seen one of the walls of the octagonal chamber in which stands the *mihrab* already reproduced in our February issue.



GARLAND OF ROSES By P. P. Rubens

Collection Stroganoff, Leningrad

Measures 66.5 x 34 cm.

At Messrs. Rudolph Lepke's Auction Sale on May 12 & 13, 1931

The general surface of the walls is covered with floral designs on a saffron ground; the frieze of Arabic inscription is white on lapis blue, and the rope arch encloses the whole as in a frame. A dado runs round the sanctuary of familiar design in painted square tiles bearing daisies on a blue ground. Light enters from apertures in the drum, and air through the decorated ventilators.

JOSEPH BERNARD

Joseph Bernard, Officer of the Legion of Honour, sculptor, died, aged 65, on January 7 at his home and studio in Boulogne-sur-Seine, and is buried in the ancient cemetery there. France loses one of her most distinguished artists and the art of sculpture one of its greatest masters. It is only about a year since Bourdelle's

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death, and this additional blow will be widely felt in Paris. Bernard held a special position there; he was looked upon as the leading exponent of direct carving and he demonstrated the possibility and desirability of every sculptor pursuing it. He was not entirely a carver; and indeed his two works in the Luxembourg Museum, the life-size "Woman and Infant Dancing" and the "Girl with a Pitcher," are in bronze. One of his most delightful statuettes, the "Girl at her Toilet," is in bronze, and the details of the monument to Michel Servet at Vienna—the artist's birthplace—and Geneva were modelled. But Bernard carved the monument and it occupied him during four years. His great marble frieze of the "Dance" for M. Paul Nocard in three bas-reliefs



THE LATE JOSEPH BERNARD IN HIS STUDIO

he was engaged on also during a very long period, for it is a work of considerable dimensions and detail. Bernard therefore was not committed entirely to carving, nor even to the pure tenets of the *taille directe* school of which so much has been heard during the last dozen or fifteen years and from which so much advantage to the art of sculpture has been given. But he admitted the theories and he practised the craft to a greater extent than his equally celebrated contemporaries. It is curious that his modelling style and his carving style differ radically, and his works in plastic and those in glyptic might well be those of separate masters. Great as is his bronze and terra-cotta, equally great is his stone and marble, and to link the two he was a subtle draughtsman, his graphic being practically applied on the material he was cutting at all stages of its manipulation. His works number about 150 and to these must be added the watercolour and other drawings he was fond of

making. They are nobly dealt with in the book by R. Cantinelli reviewed in *APOLLO* in May 1929. Twenty-four phototypes were published by the Librairie de France and reviewed in the same issue, and Tristan Klingsor has written a short critical account issued as No. 2 of "Les Sculpteurs Français Nouveaux."

CHARLES BUTTIN

Charles Buttin departed this life, in his seventy-fifth year, on February 12, and was laid to rest at Rumilly in his native Savoy. To the world at large, beyond his wide circle of personal acquaintances, this may not mean much. To antiquaries, above all to every devout student of ancient arms and armour, it will be a matter of deep regret and indeed something of a shock; for M. Buttin was writing and publishing almost to the end, and his last effort*—I use the word advisedly—betrayed no falling off of his habitual thoroughness, accuracy, and lucidity. In point of fact, for some years he had been gallantly fighting, inch by inch, a losing battle against physical handicaps that might well have daunted even so brave a man.

Born at Annecy (Haute Savoie) in 1856, he was trained to the law and practised locally as a notary with solid success for twenty years or more; he was known as a sound lawyer, a keen sportsman, a gentleman, and a scholar. It was not till 1901, with the publication of "Notes sur les Armures à l'Epreuve," that he revealed himself to the learned world as one of the finest antiquaries of his generation in his particular line. This was followed by a fairly regular series of articles, mostly on kindred subjects, that followed each other almost up to the close of his life. You could hardly call him prolific; he was too thorough and methodical for that. His legal training had taught him the relative value of evidence, to balance the pros and cons, and to present his case at once cogently and temperately. He was not content merely to give you the truth and nothing but the truth; so far as lay in him, you would get the *whole* truth; nor would he publish a line that did not seem to him fairly to satisfy this exacting test. Hence his essays (at times but a few pages in length) were often the fruit of long years of research and revision. There are grounds for believing that, as a result, he has left behind a considerable amount of antiquarian work in various stages of completeness. May we hope that some sort of provision has been or will be made to make its results available to those who already owe him so much?

It was not till some little time before the war that M. Buttin removed to Paris (which he was compelled by economic forces to quit shortly after the completion of peace) where his opportunities of first-hand study were enormously enlarged. As keeper of the world-famed private armour-collection of M. Pauilhac, as expert adviser to the national collections in the Musée de l'Armée, and as a consultant of international repute, he found a field worthy of his rare gifts.

M. Buttin had for years been troubled by an affection of the eyes. To this affliction were added in his retirement a serious motor accident and the effects of a stroke of lightning. He was president or member of numerous legal and antiquarian societies — local, national, and international.

F. M. KELLY

* *Les Bardes articulées au temps de Maximilien I^{er}*. Reviewed in *APOLLO*, June 1930 (p. 467).



MASKS OR FACES

By WALDEMAR GEORGE

DOES our epoch produce the portrait? The portrait is an attestation, a manifestation of individual life. Its existence reveals a definite state of sensibility. To invent a portrait is to consecrate the liberation of a living and thinking being; to isolate, not man, but *one man*, to realize all the distinctive features of his physiognomy, discern and register them; it is in fact an act of freedom. The mythologic state excluded the resemblant effigy portrait. Man, expression of the divine will, lived, acted and created only in unison with a power which oppressed him, weighed on all his actions and falsified his free will. This man became conscious of his identity with the advent of philosophy.

I should like it clearly understood what the birth of the portrait represents in the history of art, in the history of civilization. The transition from the statue to the bust, and from the nude to the visage, was full of consequences. After doubling the cape of the frontal idol, chained to earth, man responded to movement, which meant an active attitude, a spirit of conquest, a dynamic aggressive determination. What was the consequent alternative?

Movement in itself may have a meaning exclusively magical. It may precede an unreal art, and it may follow it. There is a world between the Discobolus and the Bisons on the march in the grottos of Altamira. But the conception of movement in itself is not unknown to primitive culture. On the other hand, the portrait is the appanage of "advanced" culture.

The portrait or the mask? A generic image of an ancestor or a direct and immediate reproduction of the living person? The mask has a sacramental and ritual value. It evokes a protector-totem; it participates only to a small extent in the intimate existence of the believer. It is for the "pagan" the precise equivalent



PORTRAIT OF Mlle. FELL

By Quentin de la Tour

At the St. Quentin Museum

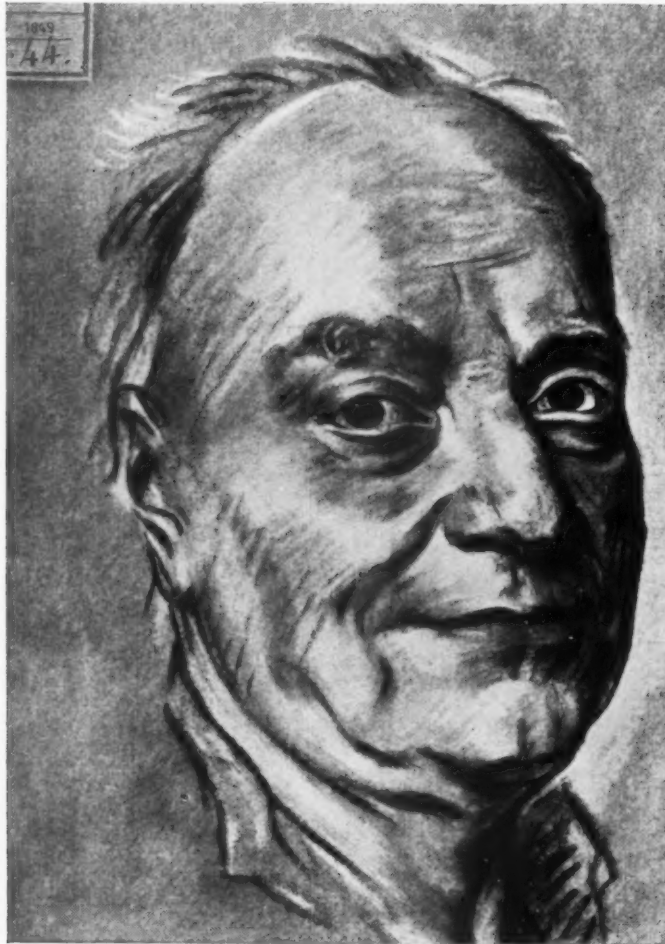
of the holy Image that is venerated by the Christians. The funerary mask was, however, the archetype and the ancestor of the portrait. The Egyptian and Etruscan civilizations tended little by little to individualize it. (Situated at the confines of two worlds, Egypt knew nothing of anthropomorphist art. Voluntarily, she confused the species.)

The doctrine of metempsychosis allied man with the birds, the beasts, the sacred animals which incarnated the forces of Nature. But it humanized, it endowed with a soul, all the beings that it evoked. It was Egypt then that perceived the visage. Doubtless, she could not, or would not, push her investigations beyond sculpture. But, in the rigid frame of hieratic art, the Egyptian visage emerged; it became

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even more important than the body. Although it remained closed, nevertheless, more than ever, it retained a serene and immutable expression and gave a sensation of life. Greece, which ignored the portrait, nevertheless studied the bust. What is the bust? It is not a trunk

repertoire in stone of dramatic or grotesque expressions. They represent meditation, agony, the spirit of inquiry, philosophic doubt, and the feeling of antique pessimism carried to a degree of power which will never be surpassed. Properly speaking, they are not



PORTRAIT OF CR BILLON

By Quentin de la Tour

At the St. Quentin Museum

of a statue. It is not a head deprived of a body. The *penchant* for the bust does not mean, as many think, a partial weakness or incapacity to treat the complete corporal organism; this *penchant* denotes an indifference to the body, seat of harmony, and shows a preference for the head, the fount of intellect. The portraits of orators, philosophers, athletes bequeathed to us by the Greece of the fifth century, and later by the Greece of Alexander, contain a

portraits. At the most, they mark the eclipse of a classical era. Lysippus, Scopas, and sometimes Praxiteles forsook the ancient man, the invulnerable man. They heralded the modern man. They announced the arrival of the inner life, the emotional life. But the real discovery of the portrait belongs to the Romans.

There appeared at Rome, for the first time, faces which carried all the moulds of an

Masks or Faces



HEAD OF A FUNERARY STATUE, ROME

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age and of social classes. These portraits lost the abstract character of the masks of former times. At least, each mask could only belong to the one visage of its owner. These representations of children, of old men, adolescents,

resemblant portrait, of which our ultra-modern artists have made merry for a quarter of a century, at last saw the day.

This respect, this superstitious cult of unchangeable man, whose nature refuses



LÉON BONNAT, 1863

Collection Viau

By Degas

young girls, and adult men followed the types of the models. Hellenistic Greece confined its attention to ethnical types, to all the human groups, whose characteristics she observed.

Rome created the individual. The

reform, is called in historic argot Roman realism. But what is realism, if not the religion of the visage, this mirror of the soul? Only a nation as civilized as the Roman people could bestow such a value and such transference to the visage, seal of the spirit.

Masks or Faces



PORTRAIT OF AMEDÉE BERNI D'OUVILLE, 1826

By Delacroix

Collection Viau

The evolution of Roman sculpture is a process of feminization. Impressionable faces, heads which denote all the crises of conscience, witty, malicious, laughing heads, tragic heads tormented by an implacable and unforgiving spirit, heads with piercing eyes, critical eyes, wideawake eyes — these introduce us to a familiar world more fascinating, more concrete and real, than the world in which we live.

There are as many distinctive heads as there are portraits. Rome, military power, embodies the eternal feminine. Greece was sensitive to the representations of feminine beauty, but she ignored any feminine visage which was not the face of a goddess. Rome deprived the visage of its haughty or heroic mask and transformed its meaning. The idiom of the portrait, this vague idiom made of neologisms, nuances, allusions and hints, is from henceforth specially a Roman language. But this language had but a short life.

From the fourth century it alters and deteriorates. Under the force of the Christian doctrine, faces lost their vitality. The free man, the free thinker of the Lower Empire, the Roman Philhellene, who had paid so dearly for his liberty and free speech, gave himself up to God—he gained a soul. But he lost faith in his supremacy. Active expressions gave place to the contemplative. Without doubt, they acquired a new expression, but, turned towards the beyond, they seem to lose their élan, their electricity, their persuasive force. Their fixity denotes the abolition of ancient harmony. The portrait, which has no other object than the emancipation of the thinking individual, soon became an inconceivable form. Man, for whom the world was a vain word, man whose aim was the salvation of his soul, man for whom all here below was fiction, conceived the symbolical image, but ignored the portrait, this proof of identity, which was a heresy.

All equal before God, men had no use for this distinctive mark, which was a transgression of divine law.

If later faces regained their eloquence, the Gothic realism, this form of pantheism which



PORTRAIT

By E. Berman, 1926



PORTRAIT OF M. PAUL GUILLAUME

Collection Paul Guillaume

By Medigiani

Masks or Faces

worships God in all His creatures, was yet only a distorted view of the state of the mystic soul.

The portrait, vehicle of individual life—the portrait, discovery of the inner life and realm of the soul—was neither the cruel effigy of the Quattrocento, this inventory of the most

for self-knowledge. France realizes herself completely in the portrait.

This inquiry, this interrogation, more and more acute, more and more subtle, suits her temperament. So many similarities have been found between the French portrait, which, before being a sign, is an introspection,



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MODISTE

By Manet

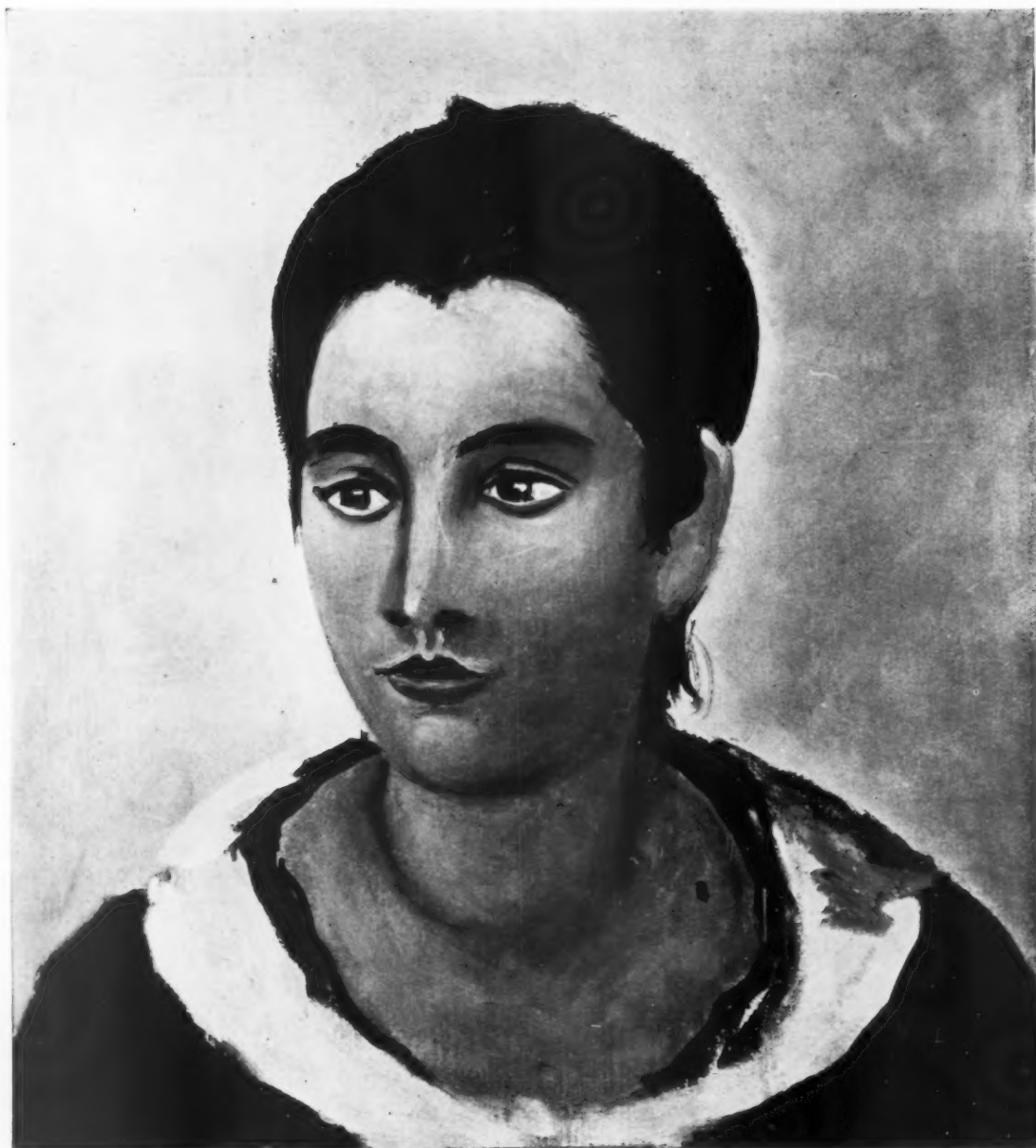
Collection Viau

typical features, nor the classic bust of the Renaissance. Baroque alone was willing to study the visage and to rediscover the lost feeling of the musical portrait bathed in light and shade, such as the Roman art had demonstrated.

From Coyzevox to Houdon, including La Tour, France has offered us numerous testimonies of her exceptional genius for physiognomy. No other country has pushed as far her taste for analysis, her keen desire

and the works of moralists, study of characters.

These general collective characters, worthy of a state and a profession, are, without any doubt, the master factors of the portraits of the Grand Siècle. And yet these limits were already transgressed, reabsorbed. While the French portrait gallicized the constructive gifts of the Italian baroque and subjected them to its personal needs, the French portrait-painter achieved the individual by way



TÊTE DE FEMME

In the Chester Dale Collection, New York

By André Derain

of the lawyer, the courtier, or the prince of the Church.

With *La Tour* the psychological style became a language of wonderful richness, of strange acuteness, a language which escapes all definition and fixed formula. If they were not yet confessions, as were later the romantic

portraits, the pastels of the St. Quentin master, who never identifies himself with his models but intercepts the lines of their visages and adopts the offensive attitude of a shrewd spectator, of a detective of souls, offer more than a powerful account of pre-revolutionary society.

Masks or Faces

I cannot resign myself to consider them as a manual of human geography, as a synoptic picture of an epoch. The heroes of La Tour reveal themselves one by one. Their pouts, their smiles, their frowns, their discreet irony are good indicators of their state of mind. These people speak only in shrouded words. One would say that they distil their speech drop by drop. In spite of their repugnance to immobility, "jamais ils ne pleurent, et jamais ils ne rient." Never does a sneer mar their visages. They are only passages, half tones and nuances.

The modern man is frankly incapable of understanding such a language. Is this retrogression or decadence?

The La Tour exhibition, held in the Palais de l'Orangerie in June 1930, was not appreciated either by the connoisseurs or by the new painters. Consciously or unconsciously, our epoch turns its back on the portrait. This failure of a method, so essentially French, proves the agony of individual life, of refined life, of civilized life. It is useless to urge artists to work against the current which for fifty years has carried away all true plastic workers.

With the exception of Degas and Rodin, France *fin de siècle* has produced no great portraitist. Manet gave to the portrait its death blow. Does Manet paint visages . . . Allons donc! Manet is the first manufacturer of mannequins, masks, dolls—expressive but inert. He refuses, or shows himself incapable (which comes to the same thing) to transmit a sensation of life. He tries to dishumanize and to disincarnate, to reduce to a state of mere chromatic blots, the persons that he paints. No doubt his prodigious talent for suggestion easily compensates for the absence of modelling, of density and weight. It is of no consequence. The painter of "Lola de Valence" inaugurated, in contemporary art, the reign of *Fantoccio*. Degas could do nothing against this *fait accompli*.

I do not intend here to follow the course of an epoch, nor to discuss in any way whether Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Henri Toulouse-Lautrec, these great figure painters of the end of the Ottocento, have contributed to the death of the portrait and to the renaissance of the mask, this *passe-partout*. Now I skip some stages and arrive, without further ceremony, to the contemporary period.

It is not true that photography has killed the portrait. The majority of modern photographers are as incapable as are the painters to draw away the veil which covers the visages and makes them resemble one another. No one succeeds in equalling Nadar. Painters,



PORTAIT

By Matisse

Collection Paul Guillaume

Photo: Galerie Bing

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

sculptors, photographers represent human beings from the same pattern. The hidden, occult, closed, hermetic significance of their visages escapes them completely.

How can a depraved period, corrupted by the sight of oceanic masks, in which grimaces and expressions of fear are the ordinary aspect, appreciate the portraits of La Tour? The exclusive taste for sensations, too strong, too

reality. If the portrait be for us a dead letter, it is because the individual himself has ceased to be the active factor in contemporary life.

Man *en masse*, the machine man, this wild man who believes in progress and confuses civilization with a technically perfect craftsmanship, the modern man, proud of his photograph, his motor-car and his electric



PORTRAIT

By Rouault

Collection Georges Bernheim

violent, too excruciating, the religion of the one value of the thrill, has made us lose the meaning of the visage, this *champ clos*, this private domain. This barbarization, of which we are so proud, may be translated as a total blindness. From the point of view of visual knowledge, the painter of today is an ignoramus, even an illiterate. Such is the just price of our "liberty," of the work of liberation gloriously accomplished by the art of the twentieth century.

I avoid condemnation. I state fact. I do not believe it possible to react against a state of things which corresponds to a moral

light, has no use for the portrait. Photomaton does very well for him.

You may see therefore the "masters" of the twentieth century wrestling with this sacred thing, the human visage. The mass of their portraits form a game of massacre, a gallery of monsters, a collection of masks *scandalisés*. Is it anti-humanism, Sadism, bestiality? Man lowered to the level of the reptile, man befooled and ridiculed, man transformed into marionette dolls, with uniform faces, out of focus, hacked with a sickle, man sunk deeper than the earth, put on a second plane, reduced to a state of a piece of furniture, of a tonal arabesque,

Masks or Faces

of a graphic ornament, loses even the resemblance of his former grandeur, his primacy and his identity.

Those who attempt to revive the visage, stop half-way. The smile of their model becomes set and borders fatally on the grimace. Those who try to communicate to us the power of the eye succeed only in creating

entire Christian meaning of the vanity of the joys of this world. Do the artists only realize this macabre comedy? These visionaries, these mediums, fulfil their destiny and submit to their epoch. One cannot hold them responsible for an accomplished fact which they discovered, became aware of, and "visualized."



PORTRAIT

By Soutine

Collection Paul Guillaume

eyes of mummies. Those who try rendering with colour the grain of the skin, sensual and velvety like the bloom of a fruit of paradise, see appearing on their canvases, still wet, the symptoms of leprosy.

The portrait of today goes from the lineal scum, this pretext for plastic variations, to the cadaverous mask, the likeness of non-existence or, at least, of suspended life. Never does it interpret the organic existence of the face situated in its real sphere. It expresses at the most the perception of death and an

Some painters tear themselves from this embrace of the tomb, they rediscover the forgotten feeling of human dignity.

Do they really believe in the physical universe? They all pretend to do so; they profess the faith of the humanist. They rekindle from the cinders bodies functioning with authentic muscles and speaking faces. Will they guide the French and European art on a new path? Will they triumph over modern pessimism? I believe it willingly. But this is another story.



FIG. I. DETAIL OF THE FRIEZE OF A WOODEN CHIMNEYPiece showing the fine quality of the carving.
Circa 1740

CHIMNEYPieces

By R. W. SYMONDS

ISAAC WARE, in his "Complete Body of Architecture" (1756), makes the following pertinent remarks on chimneypieces. "We are in nothing left so much to the dictates of fancy, under the whole science of architecture, as in the construction of chimneypieces. . . . With us no article in a well-finished room is so essential. The eye is immediately cast upon it on entering and the place of sitting down is naturally near it. By this means, it becomes the most eminent thing in the finishing of an apartment. . . ."

The truth of these remarks is borne out by the large number of chimneypieces of elegant and well-proportioned design, the work of highly-skilled craftsmen, that have survived dating from the eighteenth century. Unquestionably in this century and in the preceding one the design of the chimneypiece was considered both by the architect and his client as of the greatest importance. Ware devotes sixty-seven folio pages of text alone to the instruction of the young architect in regard to the design, proportion, and "propriety in the ornaments" of the chimneypiece. In his treatise he divides chimneys into two categories: "simple" and "continued." The "simple" chimneypiece he defines as one that terminates at the mantelshelf and the "continued" one that is designed with an overmantel (see Figs. II, XI). The "simple" chimneypiece, Ware informs us, was intended for a common parlour in a good house and the "continued" chimneypiece was suited to a drawing-room or an important or great apart-

ment. In the eighteenth century many books of architectural design were published, written by architects such as Ware, Chambers, William Kent, and Abraham Swan. In these books the designs of chimneypieces were shown and the effect of giving publicity to them resulted in their adoption by small firms of carpenters, joiners, and marble masons. This copying of well-designed chimneypieces helped considerably to keep the standard of the design of the chimneypieces at a high level.

One outstanding feature concerning the eighteenth-century chimneypiece is its fine proportion. That this was not left to the fancy or whim of the designer, but was given the most careful consideration, can be seen from the following formula which is laid down by Abraham Swan.* "The opening of the Chimney," he writes, "is a perfect Square, which is certainly a very good Proportion; except when they run to a great Extent; then the Width of the Chimney may be divided into thirteen Parts, twelve of which may be the Height; or into seven Parts and take six for the Height; or into fifteen, and assign thirteen for the Height. Whichever Proportion you follow, it makes no Alteration in the Ornaments. The Architrave is one-sixth, as usual; the Width of the Architrave, and one-third Part more, gives the Height of the Freeze."

Another important consideration that was fully realized by the eighteenth-century architect was that the size of the chimneypiece

* *The British Architect*, 2nd edition, 1750.

Chimneypieces

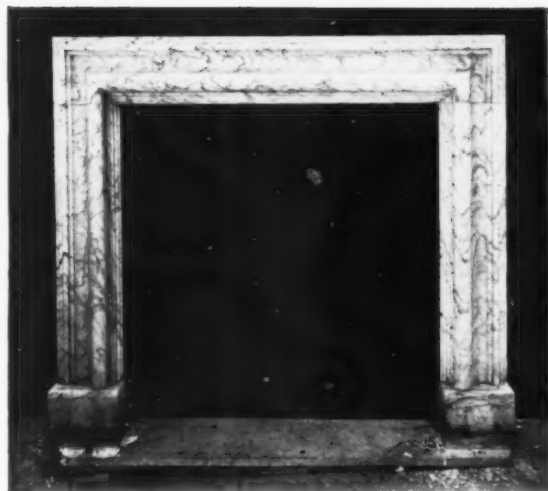


FIG. III. A BOLECTION CHIMNEYPIECE
of Sicilian marble
Late seventeenth century

should be in proportion to the size of the room. In "The Chimneypiece-Maker's Daily Assistant," which is a small quarto volume published in 1776 and which contains a number of designs for chimneypieces, there is a table for determining "the true size that chimneypieces ought to be to rooms from Nine Feet Square to Thirty Feet Square." In a room 9 ft. square it gives the measurements of the opening as 2 ft. 11 in. high by 2 ft. 5 in. wide, and the depth of the cornice forming the chimneyshelf as 4 in. In a room 30 ft. square the opening is 4 ft. by 5 ft. 1 in., and the cornice dimensions 6½ in. Sir William Chambers, the famous eighteenth-century architect, who was responsible for the design of Somerset House, also writes interestingly on the subject of chimneypieces in his "Treatise on Civil Architecture," 1758. In the case of very large apartments, such as halls, galleries, and salons he writes: "It is much more convenient and handsomer to have two chimneys of a moderate size, than a single one exceeding large, all the parts of which would be clumsy and disproportioned to the other ornaments of the room. The chimney," he continues, "should always be situated so as to be immediately seen by those who enter; that they may not have the persons already in the room, who are generally seated near the fire, to look for."

It is much to be lamented that all the

principles of architectural design so ably expounded in the eighteenth century, together with the traditional training of the craftsman, should have been ignored and disregarded by the architects and designers of the early nineteenth century. Round about 1835 the architects seeking for originality designed buildings in sham Gothic and Tudor styles. They grafted Gothic and Tudor motives of design on to structures that were entirely foreign to these styles. The interior fittings of the house were left to the builder and decorator, who, without knowledge or guidance, produced bastardized designs of Gothic, Tudor, French, and Egyptian chimneypieces, according to their own fancies, no longer being guided as their eighteenth-century confrères were by a traditional training or the published designs of eminent architects. The chimneypiece became a commercial product and was sold by the shopkeeper in stock sizes and designs.



FIG. IV. A CHIMNEYPIECE
of Sicilian marble of an architectural section
Early eighteenth century
At 22 Cheyne Row, Chelsea



FIG. VI. DESIGN FOR A CHIMNEYPiece.
From the *Designs of Inigo Jones*. By Isaac Ware

Unfortunately, the same situation, to a great extent, obtains today, but as it is likely that in another decade the chimneypiece will have entirely disappeared as a necessity in a room, there is no real reason for deploring that this is the case.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, chimneypieces were made of wood, stone, and marble, the first-named being of soft wood and painted. Polished hardwood chimneypieces made of oak belong to the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods and were made to match the wainscot. In the Victorian period, the makers of chimneypieces, not content with ignoring the eighteenth-century principles of design, further debased the chimneypiece by making it of cast iron. Furniture shops also produced, as they still do, examples made of polished and inlaid hardwoods to be *en suite* with the furniture. How different was the England of the mid-eighteenth century when Sir William Chambers wrote: "England is at present possess'd of many able sculptors, whose chief employment being to execute magnificent Chimney-Pieces, now happily much in vogue, it may be said that, in this particular we surpass all other nations; not only in point of expence, but likewise in taste of Design, and goodness of Workmanship."

To give an idea of the price paid for a marble chimneypiece in the eighteenth century one can cite

Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, who writes in her diary that at Heythrop, the seat of Lord Shrewsbury, there was a statuary marble chimneypiece in the drawing-room which cost £1,500.

Previous to the reign of Charles II marble as a material for chimneypieces was seldom employed, and then only for examples in important rooms in the mansions of the wealthy nobility. In the change of style that came over domestic architecture after the Restoration, a favourite design for a chimneypiece which was copied from contemporary Flemish, Dutch, and French examples was to frame the chimney opening with a wide moulding of bolection section. An example of such a surround is illustrated (Fig. III). These bolection surrounds, as they are termed today, were made of marble in various colours, in stone, and also, for the sake of economy, in wood. The bolection chimneypiece was in vogue up to the reign of Queen Anne, and many fine examples of it are today to be found at Hampton Court. An interesting contemporary advertisement, which undoubtedly refers to this kind of chimneypiece, can be quoted from "The Intelligencer," June 13, 1664. "At one Mr. Stone's house," it runs, "in the



FIG. V. A WHITE STATUARY MARBLE CHIMNEYPiece of the finest quality execution. This chimneypiece is based on a design of Inigo Jones (see Fig. VI) circa 1735
At Field Place, Horsham

Chimneypieces

upper end of St. Martin's Lane, next to St. Giles Fields, are chimneypieces of marble, and some of Portland stone, to be sold at reasonable Rates; he having given over his Trade."

Another interesting seventeenth-century reference to a chimneypiece occurs in the Diary of Samuel Pepys under the date of July 24, 1668: "Up and by water to St. James, having, by the way, shewn Symson, Sir W. Coventry's chimneypieces in order to the making me one. . . ." And again on August 14 in the same year he says: "At home I find Symson, putting up my new chimneypiece, in our great chamber, which is very fine, but will cost a great deal of money, but it is not flung away." As Symson was a joiner, this chimneypiece was undoubtedly a wooden one, and it is safe to presume that its design was in the new vogue, since Pepys mentions that he took the trouble to have one copied belonging to his friend, Sir William Coventry. Pepys in his day must have been a man of very modern tastes; his bookcases now at Magdalene, which were specially made for him by Symson, are the earliest known with glazed doors, a feature which must have been an innovation at this date.



FIG. VII. A CARVED STONE CHIMNEYPEECE of architectural design. *Circa 1745. Compare plate of chimneypiece (Fig. VIII)*

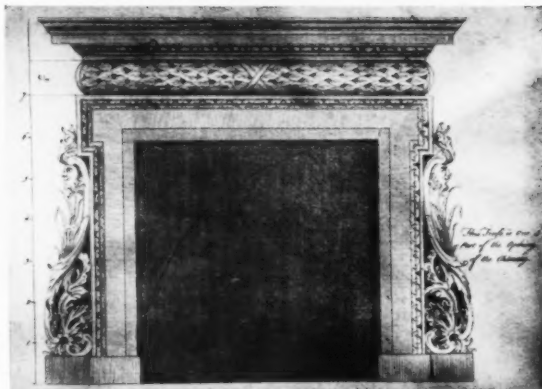


FIG. VIII. DESIGN FOR A CHIMNEYPEECE. From the *British Architect*. By Abraham Swan (1745)

In Pepys's Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, there is a contemporary drawing showing his library in York Buildings. The chimneypiece is depicted with a bolection surround, presumably of marble.

That the market value of a house fitted with marble chimneypieces was thereby materially enhanced can be gathered from the following advertisement which appeared in the "Daily Post" of March 14, 1720:—

"To be let Five Miles from Hertford . . . a large and very handsom Mansion house with a Fine Staircase, the rooms extremely wainscoted and painted, and fitted with Marble Chimney Pieces and Footpases, etc."

A "Footpace" was another name for the front hearth which in the eighteenth century was invariably made of marble to match the chimneypiece.

The simplicity of the design of the chimneypieces of the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne gave way in the time of the first two Georges to elaborate examples both in wood and marble. Such chimneypieces were strongly architectural in character (see Figs. VI, VII, IX). In describing the style of these chimneypieces one cannot give a better account of their design than the following quotation from Sir William Chambers: "Their ornaments," he writes, "consist in Architraves, Friezes, Cornices,



FIG. II. A CARVED STONE CHIMNEYPiece of an elaborate design with overmantel decorated with bas-relief plaque of the three arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. Circa 1735

Chimneypieces

Columns, Pilasters, Terms, Caryatides, Consoles, and all kinds of ornaments of Sculpture, representing Animal and Vegetable productions; likewise Vases, Chalice, Trophies

shown in the "Designs of Inigo Jones" by Isaac Ware (Fig. VI). This chimneypiece is a Georgian translation of a design originated by Inigo Jones (1573-1652). The female



FIG. IX. A WHITE STATUARY AND SICILIAN MARBLE CHIMNEYPIECE
of the finest quality execution. *Circa 1740*
The property of Messrs. C. J. Pratt & Son

of Arms, and other Instruments and Symbols of Religion, Commerce, War, Arts and Letters." Good examples of chimneypieces of this Georgian period are illustrated (Figs. V, IX). The beautiful marble one with the frieze decorated with a mask and drapery is interesting because it is more or less identical in design to that of a chimneypiece

mask with drapery was a favourite motive of this architect's, especially when the drapery passes through the background and appears again in the form of a swag. The cornice is of Sicilian marble with grey veining, and the lower portion of white statuary. Chambers mentions that all carved ornament on marble chimneypieces should be of pure white marble;



FIG. XI. A CARVED WOOD CHIMNEYPIECE with terminal figures and frieze decorated with Bacchanalian mask
Circa 1740. At Bourne Park, Kent
(See page 282)

Chimneypieces



FIG. X. DETAIL
showing the quality of the execution of the mask of chimneypiece (Fig. IX)

veined and coloured marbles being employed only for the plain flat surfaces and the shafts of columns. The stone chimneypiece illustrated (Fig. VII) is another very interesting specimen, as, with the exception of a slight difference in the ornament, it is identical to the design of a chimneypiece shown in the "British Architect," 1st Edition (1745), by Abraham Swan (see Fig. VIII).

The "continued" stone chimneypiece illustrated (Fig. II) is an outstanding example of fine quality workmanship; the bas-relief plaque representing the three arts—architecture, painting, and sculpture—is beautifully executed. This type of stone chimneypiece was most probably designed for a hall. The marble one of elaborate design (Fig. IX) also fully illustrates the skill of the eighteenth-century marble mason.

To those who make a study of old chimneypieces a wide variation will be found as regards workmanship. This applies equally to all three materials, marble, stone, and wood. The execution of the workmanship is more noticeable where there is a carved mask, especially if this is in marble. The features of a

marble mask of inferior workmanship are badly rendered, giving an ugly and rather staring look to the face. Masks of fine quality execution are shown on the chimneypieces illustrated (Figs. I, V, X). The drapery on the chimneypiece (Fig. V) is so skilfully carried out that the folds have a realistic appearance. Drapery poorly executed hangs in a stiff starchlike and unrealistic manner.

There is also a wide variation in the execution of the carved ornament on wooden chimneypieces. An example of carving of the finest quality is shown in the detail of a frieze illustrated (Fig. I).

Many spurious wooden chimneypieces abound in the market, but, by those who are familiar with the fine quality execution of the original work, these faked productions can easily be detected. The mouldings are seldom

of the correct section, being usually too shallow in their projection. The back of a chimneypiece should always be carefully examined; in an old example it will generally be found to be of rough sawn wood. A painted or stained surface should always be viewed with suspicion.



FIG. XII. A STATUARY MARBLE CHIMNEYPEECE
designed in the Doric order. Circa 1780
The property of Messrs. C. J. Pratt & Son



FIG. I. EAST FRONT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM OF ART, PHILADELPHIA. The bulk of the second floor of the right wing of the Museum is devoted to the Romanesque and Gothic sections opened recently

THE OPENING OF THE MEDIEVAL SECTION AT PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM OF ART, PHILADELPHIA

By STEWART DICK

The photographs are reproduced here by the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

THE problem of the American Museum of Art is rather different from that of the similar institution in Europe. The treasures of medieval art and craftsmanship which are housed in the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert Museum, are only supplementary to something much more vital, the actual monuments of the past still existing and even continuing at the present to reflect something of an echo of the life of former days. In London, we have Norman buildings still in use at the Tower or the church of Saint Bartholomew; and in Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, and Southwark Cathedral we have a great series of Gothic monuments which give us the background against which to place the individual works housed in the museums.

But in America there is no such background, and if the untravelled American is to realize the true significance of medieval art it must be created for him in the museum. The actual architectural setting must be supplied as well as the individual specimens of craftsmanship.

In the new section, devoted to the art of the Middle Ages, just opened in the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia, this has been done on a scale, and with a completeness, which surpasses anything of the kind hitherto accomplished.

At the top of the great central staircase of the museum we pass into a great Gothic hall with vaulted roof. Here is displayed the great "Lit de Justice" from the Château of Argentelles, recently acquired by the museum from the

Foulc collection, with the exquisite tracery of its carved screen, one of the most important pieces of Gothic woodwork in existence, while round the walls are various examples of Gothic furniture and statuary, including a beautiful "Madonna and Child" in polychromed stone, formerly in the Cathedral of Metz and dating from about the end of the fourteenth century, lent by the courtesy of Messrs. Drey & Company.

Through the tracery of a beautiful fifteenth-century doorway from Limoges we have the glimpse of a great Romanesque portal, and beyond the arches of a twelfth-century cloister with an antique fountain playing in the centre.

On either side are a series of actual rooms removed from buildings dating from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, in each of which are displayed in their proper setting examples of the craftsmanship of the place and period. We are no longer in a museum, but have re-created the atmosphere of the Middle Ages.

Most imposing of all is the part devoted to Romanesque art. Across the end of the gallery stands a majestic Romanesque façade, a great portal flanked on each side by a smaller doorway, from the Benedictine Abbey of Saint Laurent in the Department of the Nièvre in Burgundy, which dates from the middle of the twelfth century and is the most important illustration in America of the transition from the Romanesque to the Gothic style. The central arch is of great magnificence, comprising four main archivolts decorated with a series of

The Medieval Section at Pennsylvania Museum of Art



FIG. II. ROMANESQUE FAÇADE OF THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. LAURENT FROM BURGUNDY, in place in the new Gothic and Romanesque sections of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art in Philadelphia. The view looks through the façade to the cloister from St. Genis-des-Fontaines, with the carved marble Romanesque fountain in the distant background



FIG. III. VIEW OF THE FLORENTINE GOTHIC ROOM FROM HOUSE ON THE MERCATO VECCHIO, showing Medici chest, Savonarola chair, and shrine of Madonna and Child (Pisan, late thirteenth century)

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

strongly contrasted mouldings in formalized Romanesque design, inverted nail heads, fillets, besarls, chevrons, Greek frets, forming a pattern of light and shade of great variety and beauty.



FIG. IV. POLYCHROME WOOD SCULPTURE OF THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN BY STE. ANNE, LORRAINE, fifteenth century, in the new Gothic and Romanesque sections of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art in Philadelphia

The Abbey of Saint Laurent was partly destroyed in 1199 and subsequently fell into ruin. The façade was built over and incorporated in a series of workmen's dwellings and so preserved, until its recent discovery by workmen carrying out repairs. Beside the portal are exhibited a number of richly sculptured columns lent

by Mr. George Gray Barnard, which possibly came from the same abbey, and a further series of sculptures from the unique collection of Mr. Raymond Pitcairn give us examples of almost every important school of Romanesque sculpture in France, along with some Spanish and German pieces.

In the beautiful twelfth-century little cloister from the Abbey of Saint-Genis-des-Fontaines, on the northern side of the Pyrénées, the American visitor can experience the sense of repose and calm, the elevation of spirit, the shutting out of the workaday world of noise and strife, which characterized those little oases of culture and refinement in the midst of a harsh and barbaric world.

The abbey was founded by Benedictine monks in the early years of the ninth century, and suffered heavily in the ceaseless struggles of the Christian population against the inroads of the Saracens of Spain. The final rebuilding took place in 1153, but many of the capitals date from the previous century. The rose-coloured marble was quarried in the Pyrénées near-by.

The abbey was abandoned in the eighteenth century and until recently the cloister was almost completely walled up, and on the demolition of the ancient monastic buildings to make way for the modern dwellings about one-third of it was secured for the museum. The massive Romanesque fountain in the centre came from Cuxa about twenty miles from Saint-Genis.

Both the cloister and the portal from Saint Laurent are the gift of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Malcolm Bowman in memory of her husband, General Wendell Phillips Bowman.

Another ecclesiastical monument of the first importance is the almoner's chapel from the commandry of the Knights of Saint Anthony at Aumonière, near Langres, in Burgundy, which is a beautiful example of Gothic architecture of the late fourteenth century. The stained glass of the windows had completely disappeared by the middle of the nineteenth century, but it has been replaced by examples from other sources, including the splendid two-light window which formed part of the Foulc collection and which is a typical example of the painted glass of the late fifteenth century.

Some fine examples of earlier glass are seen in the little rooms on each side of the main portal, three roundels and a fine panel of a seated saint all dating from about the end of the thirteenth century.

A more intimate note is struck when we pass from the solemn ecclesiastical atmosphere to the medieval rooms taken from ordinary dwelling-houses.

First, we have two Italian rooms. The first is built of fragments salvaged from the destruction of a fourteenth-century house in the Mercato Vecchio in Florence, so barbarously destroyed at the end of the nineteenth century to make way for the present Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. Above the doorways are carved in the cool grey stone the coats-of-arms of noble Florentine families, and in a little shrine stands a Pisan marble group of the "Madonna and Child" dating from the end of the thirteenth century. Primitive Italian paintings adorn the plastered walls, and the ancient Medici chest, the wrought-iron candelabra, and the Savonarola chair help to create the atmosphere of the period.

The other room, a bedroom from the Soranzo Palace, Venice, is a magnificent example of the rich Gothic style

The Medieval Section at Pennsylvania Museum of Art



FIG. V. DOOR FROM VENETIAN GOTHIC ROOM FROM THE SORANZO PALACE, fifteenth century, from the new Gothic and Romanesque sections of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia

with ornate Oriental influences which characterized Venice of the fifteenth century.

One end of the room, cut off by a richly carved beam supported on four slender twisted wooden columns, and with a richly carved wooden ceiling, forms an alcove. Very characteristic is the great fireplace with its elaborately carved hood beam, and its five-sided hood running up to the roof. A number of early Venetian paintings, including examples of Carlo Crivelli and Bartolomeo Vivarini, adorn the walls and give a note of almost Oriental magnificence.

French domestic architecture of the fifteenth century is represented by the charming little panelled room from a hunting lodge near Le Mans. A wainscot of oak carved with a linen fold design reaches from the tiled floor to a height of about eight feet. Above the wainscoting are hung tapestries of the period which give an added note of rich colour to the cosiness of the dark wood. Cunningly contrived cupboards are hidden in the walls, the window

seat opens to form a chest, and in front of the fireplace with its carved hood stands a beautiful little wooden bench or stool, simple in construction but with a carved open-work tracery which converts it into an exquisite work of art. This little gem was purchased from the Figdor collection, and other richly carved examples of Gothic furniture adorn the room.

A loan collection of illuminated manuscripts from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, borrowed from the collection of John Frederick Lewis, the Pierpont Morgan Library, A. S. W. Rosenbach, Joseph E. Widener and others gives us the background from which Northern painting in the fifteenth century evolves. In the little Flemish gallery are displayed a unique series of primitive Flemish paintings from the John S. Johnson collection, which traces the history of the school with wonderful completeness from Jan van Eyck in the beginning of the fifteenth century to Jerome Bosch at its close. A series of French and German Primitives completes the representatives of the Northern schools.

By the courtesy of the owners, the objects of the Guelph Treasure, temporarily on loan to the museum, supply a unique example of the work of the medieval goldsmiths.



FIG. VI. TAPESTRY: Scene of Courtly Life, Touraine, c. 1495, in the new Gothic and Romanesque sections of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia

BARNEY SEALE AND NEVINSON IN NEW YORK

By KINETON PARKES



BARNEY SEALE AT WORK ON A PORTRAIT BUST OF W. O. HUTCHISON

BARNEY SEALE

IT is for the artist to present problems. Barney Seale presents them imperatively. One of the most curious problems of the day is offered by the sculptor who succumbs to the modelling complex. Barney Seale has yielded. Here and there on the Continent are men who have entirely discarded their initial practice; Bourdelle carved in his early years a good deal, in his later but very little; Maillol also. The number of considerable artists who, starting as practical carvers, have engaged also in modelling and continue to do so while still using the glyptic method is quite large, and Ivan Meštrović and Toma Rosandić are characteristic and important examples. What is it that attracts the real sculptor—for it is maintained that carving is real sculpture—to the plastic method? It would seem that a further and more intimate sense is developed by the contact of the fingers with the clay. Yet the only form of permanent plastic treatment is terra-cotta. It is direct; the artist has brought to

birth the form he had in mind when he set out; it is intimate. Carving is direct attack of material, but not direct contact, for the chisel intervenes.

Reduced thus to its elements, the bare fact emerges that it must be the alliance of the tactile sense with the visual that is the secret of this plastic complex. The modeller is feeling as well as seeing while he is thinking. That is the beginning; what is the end? If sculpture is carving, then glyptic as such is better than plastic; the statue carved is better than the statue moulded *per se*. This is not the case. It must be admitted that in sculpture the greater the intimacy between the maker and the material the better. While the chisel interposes between the hand and the material in carved work, a more potent interposition is made between the clay and the bronze statue: the plaster cast, the mould, the fire. The finished direct carved work, despite the chisel, is the more intimate expression; the more intimate manipulation resides in the modelling of clay and wax.

It is the urge of tactilism which drives the sculptor

Barney Seale and Nevinson in New York

to discard his chisels and take to his fingers. There are reasons, such as the saving of time by modelling, but this is not valid. I admit that many a modeller regards his technique as a saving of trouble, but this is venal. I imagine the true artist, little as he understands it, feels the desirable intimacy of touch and material, continued in certain cases, such as that of Havard Thomas and those plastic sculptors who turn ciseleur upon their bronzes after casting in order to give the finishing patina and touch. It is not, however, in the surface of the bronze that the modelling artist discovers the intimacy he craves, but in the clay itself. Here he has a material that yields immediately to his every mental impulse and every stimulation of the nerve centres; his fingers magically respond to his emotions and his brain; the clay yields; the impress of the intuition is achieved. There is a subtlety in direct tactilism which enables the artist to afford the most delicate nuance.

I find in the modelled work of Barney Seale such subtlety of feeling and such nuances of form. These two things make for character. The character of portraiture with all its implied interpretation of character I recognize as forcibly expressed in the two bronze busts of C. R. W. Nevinson that Barney Seale has accomplished. Given a good subject, such as Nevinson, the sculptor can hardly fail to make a likeness, but Seale has made a revelation. In selecting his subject he was subconsciously occupied with the plastic urge, for Nevinson's head is essentially plastic; I doubt if a carving sculptor could make much of a job of it. Seale has done it plastically with great success. There is another sort of character by which tactilism may help the intuition, the sort exhibited by the huge head of "Silenus" and that of the "Goat Man." There is not so much a delicacy of subject in these as a delicacy of perception; not so much an essay in form-structure as form for idea's sake. Yet both possess an intimacy with human character fully supported by an intimacy no less subtle of tactile technique. To these qualities are added the decorative touch which relieves the subject from the danger of a puritanical onslaught; both "Silenus" and the "Goat Man" are man-to-man subjects treated in a remarkably masculine way. There are other bronzes of Barney Seale's which give expression to less robust sentiments: his "Grief," a hooded head and hands of a girl, tender and mysterious; a "Head of a Woman" with half-closed eyes; a "Mask of a Poet" with finely modelled hair and beard, the beard cunningly made to serve as a base for the head. There is a portrait bust of the painter W. O. Hutchison, naturalistic, thoughtful; and a "Sinister Head" which is so completely plastic that it looks as though it had been run into a mould in a liquid state—for the evocation of character, no work of the artist surpasses it. Highly plastic, too, is the "Faun Desirous," and highly characteristic also. These two works offer a striking contrast to a "Cat Washing," and the "Head of a Violinist." The "Cat" is a lovely bronze, but so compact in construction, so simply observed, that it at once suggests a glyptic treatment and a desire to have it carved in white marble, so delicate and insouciant is it.

The "Head of a Violinist" has been treated expressionistically, so that the rhythm of the violin is faithfully rendered; it is clear and vibrating, and, while perfectly satisfactory as plastic, it does at the same time intimate that if it had been carved in stone the purpose of its

expressionism might have been carried even further. These two works forcibly emphasize the reversion of the carver to the modelling complex.

Now Barney Seale, who was born in London in 1896,



GRIEF

By Barney Seale

At the Leger Galleries, New York

began life as a carver. His father and godfather were carvers; he began to carve *in situ* on London buildings in 1911. He attended the Lambeth School of Art in the Kennington Road; his whole entourage was that of carving; he is now carving on the Houses of Parliament. But he produces no carved ideal sculpture, only modelled.



SINISTER HEAD

At the Leger Galleries, New York

By Barney Seal

Barney Seale and Nevinson in New York

I have no doubt he is a good carver, but I have no doubt that his sculptural sense is wholly plastic. His highly expressive bronzes have made his name and caused the Leger Galleries to give him a show in New York and later in Brussels, and to contract with him for three further annual exhibitions and for the disposal of his work. His downright, broad, yet particularized large style must appeal to New York as it has already appealed to London, Liverpool, and Brighton. Barney Seale is a sculptor with an assured technique, the outcome of a life devoted to art in three dimensions; to expression and reproduction of the round. To this is added observation and outlook; he is a sculptor with a style which is thoroughly his own and owes nothing, as style, to any master alive or dead. His work may express the persistency of style in sculpture but it emphatically does not suggest any period. You might say the style is to be found somewhere between Myron and Meštrović, but it cannot be placed; it is impossible to date it; it is universal and yet it is original; it projects something fresh into the sculpture of today.

So definitely plastic and individual is this style put forth in Barney Seale's work that it suggests in an acute form the problem of distinguishing between the art of the modeller and that of the carver. It is a problem of some intricacy and a good deal of importance. It is said by the authorities that sculpture is carving; it is misunderstood by many artists that carving and modelling are not the same things. It is realized that they are different processes, but not that they are for different ends. Their single aim is the representation of a beautiful object the form of which is derived from Nature or a beautiful pattern derived from geometry or other abstract source. But the methods by which this aim is attained are quite different. If Barney Seale had set to work to produce an exhibition of heads and bodies and groups in marble and stone, I am quite sure he would have made an altogether different impression from that which the pieces he shows in bronze yield. His bronzes prove him to be an artist who could not bring confusion into his work by spoiling his style. For style is so subtle a thing that an artist who possesses the sense of it would shrink before producing a mongrel work in which the glyptic and plastic impulses were so mixed and muddled as to inhibit the possibility of that purity which true style demands.

In modelling for carving pure style is impossible. It is suggested that if the plastic sculptor bears in mind the fact that he is modelling a piece which will later be carved, he will be able to present a work with the distinction of carving. Put so bluntly, this seems rather absurd. In point of fact, the suggestion is impossible. It is a subterfuge; and no sincere, no pure work of art, was ever the result of subterfuge. What is the inference, then, concerning the great bulk of carved works in marble that are seen at the exhibitions? There can only be one, which is that they are subterfuges, pure and simple; either conscious or unconscious or subconscious. If the aim of an artist is a work which would appeal as best presented in a medium that is cut with chisels, why not cut it with chisels; cut it with his own chisels; cut it himself? Surely he feels the impulse which generated the idea? Why deputize it? Why adopt half measures? It is said that many modelling sculptors find their work improved when it is carved by professional

sculptors from their plastic casts. But is it their work then? It is not; it is the work of the formatore.

There is no virtue in good professional carving as such; it never yet made a work of art; it in itself is incapable of producing a work of art. A fine picture or a fine piece of sculpture has to come from the hand of him who conceived its fineness. The sculptor has



THE GOAT MAN

By Barney Seale

At the Leger Galleries, New York

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



SILENUS

By Barney Seale

At the Leger Galleries, New York

Photo: J. Collingburn

trouble enough in keeping to the straight path; it is one of his problems, if he carves, to feel how far he can let his assistant go in roughing out his block; if he models, to feel how far he can delegate his functions of casting in plaster or bronze. The purist obviously would say "Do it all yourself," and he would be right theoretically. Even today with all sorts of makeshifts and mechanizations so ready to hand, however, a sculptor, either modeller or carver, can really afford to be a purist in defence of his work. He must be his own mechanic though. There are wonderful machines now which take the place of the performing artist, but none takes the place of artistic creation. Performance demands sacrifice and purity of impulse. In some arts this is difficult; in music, for example. In sculpture it is less difficult. The way of the sculptor is plain; he must carve and he must model, but the supreme imperative is that he must not do the two things with the object of producing but a single work. If he is a carver, the mechanization of today presents him with a pneumatic or electric drill and chisel of rare and rapid capacity. With this to hand the carver has less excuse for the employment of a craftsman. The artist can command and dominate a tool even if its efficiency is helped by mechanics. He is justified in this; it is a process similar to that of the composer at the pianoforte executing by a keyboard on resonant wires his own sonata. If it be objected that the sonata is the same music whether played by the composer or an

outside executant, I would reply, Not quite. So far as sculpture is concerned I would say that modelled work is reproducible by processes which may be compared with the performances of music, and because of the very fact that they are, as reproductions, acceptable and true. But no replica of a carved work is true unless it is carved by its author. It is one of the virtues belonging to a piece of carved sculpture that except in this way it is unique. Modelled sculpture is reproducible in theory, to any and unlimited extent, just the same as a Chopin nocturne; and, so far as it goes, there is nothing to say that can defame the practice as such, any more than a gramophone record can be decried with any justice. If an artist carves a work, however, it is as though he painted a picture; neither are designed for reproduction, nor should such be allowable.

Modelling, like etching, has a different footing; it is in its very essence a reproductive process. If a bronze is the end of it—even a single example as is the case with most—it is still a reproduction from one medium into another; from clay or wax into metal. If a figure in ceramic, on the contrary, or a terra-cotta, is modelled and baked in the kiln, there is no reproduction; that is direct modelling, as true and holographic as any piece of carved marble or ivory. This, then, brings the whole matter to a head. Given the desirability of direct individual work, then the carver must carve his statue from beginning to end, chiselling away the matter he does not want;



HEAD OF A VIOLINIST

By Barney Seale

At the Leger Galleries, New York

Barney Seale and Nevinson in New York

revealing the form he does want; analysing his material in his search for beauty. The modeller, on the contrary, squeezes his clay; pushes it here and there; building it up by successive stages; synthesizing his material until the form he has imagined grows beneath his hand. In the former case, the work is finished in the artist's hand; in the latter, finished in an oven to make it hard and permanent. In both cases veritable and absolutely direct work results.

There is something desirable about this first-fruit of the artist's hand and imagination; intimate and essential. In glyptic work it is inevitable while it is difficult; the intimacy of tactilism is denied to stone, while to clay and wax it offers a new aid to form-construction. There is no manner of doubt that the modelling sculptor has an avenue to certain subtleties, both of structure and surface, denied to the carver, and that is why the two should never be confused. It is not desirable to emulate the nuances of a bronze surface in marble; both have characteristic surfaces; each is calculated to achieve a patina, but not the same patina. Each may take a polish, but both can hardly take the same general surface finish. The carved work offers to the chisel a variety of finish in its actual working. The carving sculptor may want his surface to be all reflections, so he resorts to a high polish; he may want it to be translucent and so he treats the surface in matt; he may want contrasts of light and shade and he cleverly roughs his surface as the pointillist painter apparently roughs in his paint in dabs in order to reach truth of colour. In one and the same piece the carving sculptor may vary his surface by polishing, smoothing, roughing, and even in a highly-finished work leave some of the matrix to express something of his various intentions. The modeller for bronze may file and polish his surfaces; he may colour them with a patina, homogeneous or varied in colour; but he cannot follow the carver in his manipulation of actual textures. The modeller may break his surfaces with numerous treatments of finger and thumb and spatula in a way which would be absurd in a marble, stone, or wood figure, but it is in a subtler feeling for anatomical expression rather than in surface finish that he has the pull over the carver. The chisel is a delicate instrument, but it cannot boast the actual tactile approach which the finger and thumb command. Anatomical exactitudes are better expressed in rigid materials if expressed by a simplification of design as well as treatment; but in malleable materials there is a greater range of detailed representation.

I feel that Barney Seale has realized this, and on the whole has succeeded in avoiding the dangers to which the sculptor who carves as well as models is particularly and insidiously exposed. His work has the authentic touch of the artist who models for bronze, but does not model for marble or stone.

NEVINSON

The artist should never ask questions but always present problems. The artist who stops to inquire is lost; his job is only to record and create. Anyone is good enough to ask questions; it is only the artist who can answer them. Nature and life and man and the mysteries offer problems which C. R. W. Nevinson welcomes, and in his large abounding way hurries to solve. The Leger Galleries in New York

are exhibiting twenty of his answers to these problems, all in his own peculiar paint and wax technique; all in his profuse, exhausting spirit. He has never exhibited so many of these answers in a group before, and his latest is therefore his most important show. In America I imagine there will be a fury of questioning, probably a greater fury of damnation.

Nevinson has learned to keep calm now, and the greatest storm cannot perturb his spirit nor disturb his sense of humour. In the first place I have no doubt that



CAT WASHING

By Barney Seale

At the Leger Galleries, New York

his new New York studies will be cordially disliked and as fervently admired. The "Old Kerb Market," where outside securities were frantically offered and as stupidly bought, is now relegated to limbo; its memories remain, and Nevinson's picture is an historical record of them, and of New York's financial psychology. "Wall Street" will appeal to milder minds; the long vista of skyscrapers and a railway track will puzzle them; the picture of escaping steam, snow white, partly concealing the gaunt aspect of the scrapers, will be a recognized phenomenon of New York, just as will the stark perpendicularity of the other skyscraper picture that looks as though it had been painted with an engraving printer's dabber from the ink slab, with its dirty water and mist

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all picked out with dotted lights. These provide the American scene, and much of the realism by which Nevinson's art establishes itself as truth. Truth is not always liked, but the realistic colour of the two or three Riviera scenes will be liked very well: the brown flesh, the gaudy umbrellas that do not keep off the sun, the golden beach, the blue of the sea, and the blue and white of the sky. There is naturalism in form and colour in

reveals a new Nevinson; a Nevinson that has affinities with Odilon Redon and with James Ensor. Mysteries and moods are the basic, but evanescent, spirit of this new work. There are dimly gleaming mystic faces, half bodies, limbs, and cubistic forms peering out from these eerie compositions; and in the big painting of Montparnasse, which will also intrigue New York, there is the idealized realism of figures and the extravagant



TREES

By C. R. W. Nevinson

At the Leger Galleries, New York

the one or two pure landscapes: a mountain torrent in spate seen in Wales and formalized into a vivid design. Nevinson has now discarded his scenes from a balcony with a window or curtains for framing, and gives instead a landscape, framed and curtained by the tracery of bare trees. There are London scenes of naturalistic intuition: the "Barges on the Thames," "Winter," and "The Nerves of the World," with a view of St. Paul's, acquired by the London Museum. There are Paris scenes like the "Henri Quatre Bridge," now in the Dublin Municipal Gallery; his Paris bridges will be admired in New York and make good in ways that will justify the Leger Galleries in sealing a three-years' contract with the artist.

There is another side to the exhibition: a side that

colours that make mirrors in which all the wistful and all the stupid eccentricities of the quarter are to be discerned—a crowded phantasmagoria. In "Sex Appeal," all green and greedy, there is another exposition of this, the most undesirable and the silliest slogan of today. There is irony in the "Concertina and Singers" picture; there is a good deal of cynic rage in some; in all there is a new development of the artist's vision.

Nevinson is one of the prophets; one of those who see the future in pictures which form in his brain as he cogitates on the funny pictures of realities which pass before his eyes every day in the streets. He is the painter of prospective realism projected as mechanized poetry.

MR. VAN ABBÉ'S ILLUSTRATIVE DRY-POINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN



THE JUDGMENT

Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.

By S. Van Abbé

UNLIKE the average etcher, Mr. S. Van Abbé is no more afraid to be illustrative in his dry-points—he rarely uses the bitten line—than was the Master himself, for if his subject be an incident of the English law courts, or a French quayside, boulevard, or market-place, he is as quick to adopt the salient motive, illustrating the expressive features, as Rembrandt, to suggest the supreme example, or, for a “modern instance,” say Forain, would be with any of his masterpieces of scriptural story. The difference is, of course, in artistic scale, but the principle is the same. Van Abbé never takes up a copper-plate unless he has

something definite to illustrate, his illustration being not merely descriptive, but suggestive and characteristically expressive, with generally a note of interrogation, so that the incident or the person may be variously interpreted. He has an alert instinct for character, and his psychological intuitions allow him to bring naturally into dramatic relation the personages of the scene, so that it shall present a lifelike aspect. He has a faculty of drawing his characters so expressively that, as we watch their significant looks and gestures, they seem actually to be speaking their thoughts, or listening, with the ready impulse of rejoinder. This faculty he has developed



DECLARATIONS (R.A. 1929)

Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.

By S. Van Abbé

from his student days in the art school at Bolt Court, where among his fellow students was that master of graphic vitality, Edmund Blampied, whose personal inspiration would help to evoke in each of his fellows the authentic characteristics of his art. Van Abbé's art, though all his training had been in an English school,

has always shown, in the choice of subject and its treatment, an independence of native traditions which suggests a foreign origin. And, truth to tell, he was born in Amsterdam of Dutch parentage, though he spent no more than his early boyhood in Holland, and he makes no pretension to be a Dutch etcher, belonging essentially

Mr. Van Abbé's Illustrative Dry-Points



POTS AND PANS

By S. Van Abbé

Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.

to the country of his adoption, with just a slight shade of difference. His portrayal of personality with suggestions of character is the salient feature of his art, and his craftsmanship is adapted to this end, its technique being not too accomplished in itself, but, entirely at the service of his motive, it suffices admirably. Take "Judgment" for instance; as the judge, sitting in his legal panoply, leans his cheek on his left hand, while the other is significantly doubled, one sees his whole countenance gradually reacting from the evidence to which he has been listening, an adverse judgment forming in his mind. The eyes have a piercing gaze, the mouth twisting incredulously at the corner, while the brow wrinkles with the "pale cast of thought." The royal arms in shadow behind the light wig of the judge add to the dignity of the design, and the chiaroscuro is balanced with beautiful ease. Then we have "The Plaintiff's Case"* a middle-aged woman, with *embonpoint*, double chin, and an impressive lorgnette, richly garbed in a fur coat, confiding to a patient but quizzical counsel, who scents pleasing "refreshers," suspicious circumstances of a lively husband, the "shocking" nature of which we may judge by the smile on the face of the counsel, seated near by. That smile is the key to the picture; it unlocks the comedy of the woman's imagined drama, and hints at perhaps a flirtatious respondent, socially a favourite, possibly a little younger than his wife, who tries his playful sense of humour rather than his virtue. This is good illustration; it suggests illuminative ideas, while it states facts. So, too, in "Declarations"; here is a vociferous argument between a French porter and the *douanier* over an opened suitcase, while the English girl traveller stands aghast at the intimacies of the porter's fantastic declarations. As usual with Van Abbé, he has drawn the three protagonists

of the scene with the full tonal value of his drypoint, and lightly sketched the other persons kept waiting by the futile wrangle. This illustrates possibly a daily happening, and "French Customs" is a kind of "close-up" of typical officers of the *Douane*. "The Boulevard" is one of the artist's most spontaneous drypoints. A man—Parisian, of course—sitting at one of the little tables, with his coffee and liqueur before him, is reading a newspaper, and a waiter, passing behind him with a small tray, stops a moment to look over his shoulder at a heading that has caught his eye. The momentary action of the man, poising the tray, is admirable, and the impression of the two is perfect in its unity and vitality, helped by the sketchy nature of the accessories, the adjacent kiosk, tree, and gossiping women. Again the boulevards. "Innocents Abroad" depicts a noisy, loquacious incident that has developed from the adventure of a provincial American and his daughter with a beverage beyond their limited experience. The *garçon* has made his charge, resented as extortionate; he has brought the restaurant proprietor to support it, and the open mouths indicate that they are all declaiming at the same time in a conflicting jargon of French patois, American dialect, and Parisian recrimination. The French market offers characteristic incidents to an etcher like Van Abbé, whose eye is alert for the illustrative persons and *milieu* that he may touch to life. In "Pots and Pans," for example, two humble housewives are stooping over to examine critically a number of earthenware vessels standing in a group on the ground, but they take no notice of the proprietor who is trying to sell them the jar he holds in his hand. The little scene is alive, and the lifelikeness is enhanced by the two fat women in the background, gossiping over their stall under the huge market umbrella. The three old women around the tea-table, in "The Gossip Page," are each an entity individualized, the



THE BOULEVARD

By S. Van Abbé

Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.

* The Chicago Fine Arts Institute has purchased a proof of "The Plaintiff's Case" for their permanent collection.



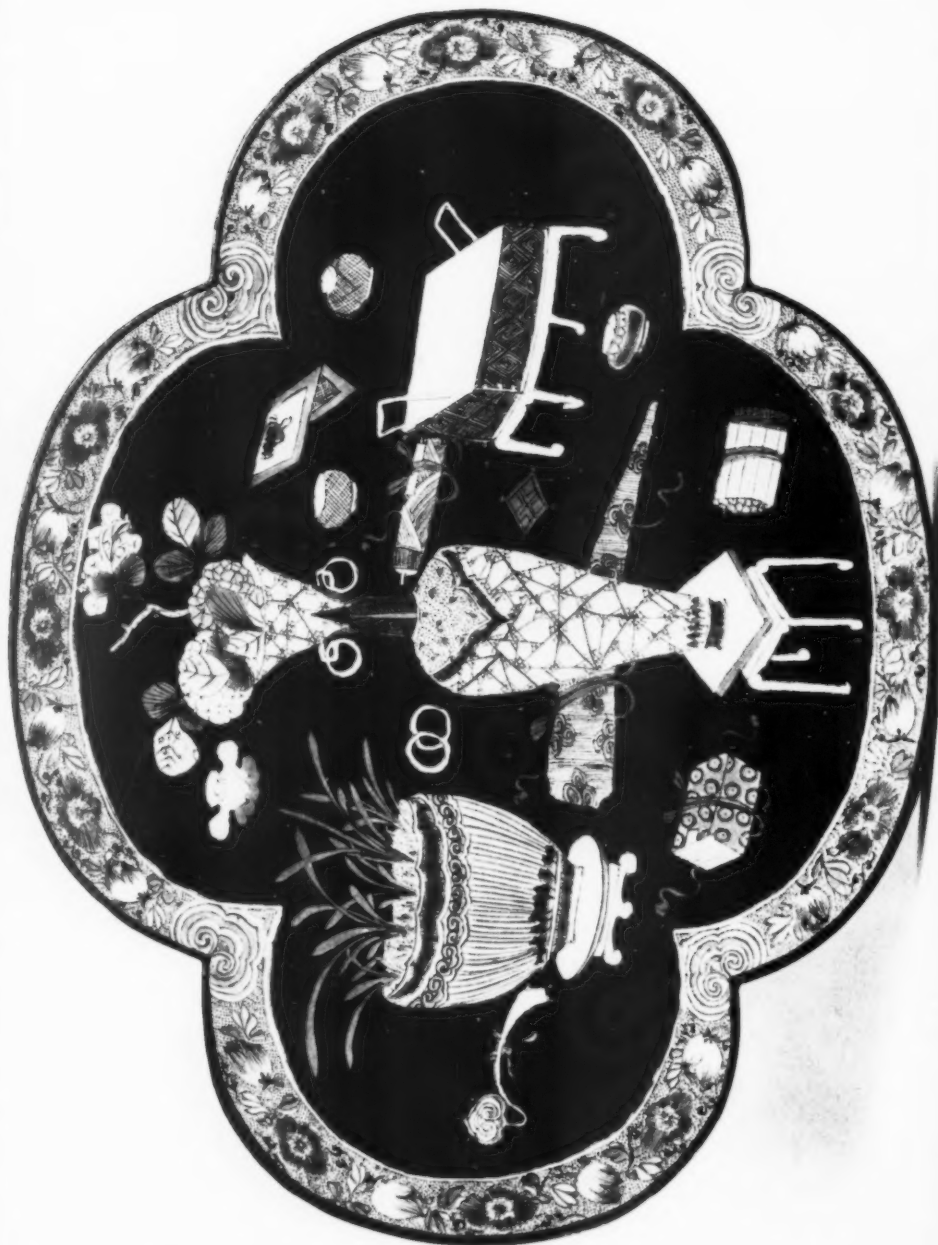
INNOCENTS ABROAD

Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.

By S. Van Abbé

centre one in black reading the newspaper, another drinking tea out of the saucer, held in both hands, while a third stands arms akimbo, all their physiognomies concentrating attention on the news. "The Fishwife, Biarritz" depicts the spirit of a laughing duet between

the old woman, busy cleaning her fish, and a young fisherman; and not less happy is "Quayside Gossips." There is a kind of rhythmical sympathy between the smiling guitarist and the devil-may-care, beguiling dancer in "Spanish Cabaret."





KENKICHI TOMIMOTO'S STONEWARE

By BERNARD LEACH

THE Exhibition of Stoneware Pottery by Kenkichi Tomimoto, open at the Beaux Arts Gallery during this month (May), is one of outstanding interest. Born in the province of Nara, Southern Japan, in 1886, of "gentleman-farmer" stock, Tomimoto passed through the Tokyo Imperial Art School, gaining a four-years' scholarship as a student of architecture in 1906. He came to England, travelling via Egypt and India where he spent some time on his return journey to Japan in 1910, in which year I first met him. Since 1920 Tomimoto, although he has kept aloof from the currents and movements of contemporary art, has been quietly regarded as the most original modern craftsman in Japan; he is particularly famous for his calligraphy, including both brush-drawing and script—which has been widely acknowledged as the most vigorous and the most austere for several centuries. An educated Japanese can tell the calibre of a writer by his calligraphy just as perceptive people here can grasp Rembrandt by his drawing; the chief difference is that brush-writing in the East has been highly developed as a conscious art with all sorts of laws of harmony and counterpoint, whilst with us the way in which strokes are made is either very formal or is left to pure intuition.

Tomimoto obtains his raw materials as far as possible direct from nature—which is the age-long proceeding of the East and one of the chief causes of what we call "quality" in pots. The ready-made clays, glazes, and



PORCELAIN PLAQUE, underglaze blue brushwork

By Kenkichi Tomimoto

At the Beaux Arts Gallery

pigments of the commercial supply houses in the West make "quality" almost an impossibility here because of the over-purification and over-standardization involved. At the same time he, in Japan, and I, in England, have independently during the last ten years come to the conclusion that, if modern craftsmanship in pottery is to live and achieve something, the artist-craftsman must react against the opinions of his predecessors and find some way of making not only collectors' precious pieces, but also household articles at a comparatively low cost. This can only be done by using science and modern knowledge instead of running away from them, but neither of us is willing to sacrifice the essential character of clay for the sake of gold.

The influences and derivations in Tomimoto's work are, besides the inevitable Chinese and native Japanese astringency of "tea taste," Korean and Persian, but he has "driven his cart and horse over the bones of the dead" and the outcome is pots of an unmistakable Japanese nature, yet unlike any produced hitherto. Of great variety in shape, colour, and texture, Tomimoto's pots are of two kinds—a rough stoneware of coarse grey village clay and a fine porcelain. Usually he inlays the first with white, and paints the latter with underglaze blue; the colour he uses is the old Chinese "impure" cobalt, which yields the lovely sleepy blue



STONEWARE BOX, with white inlay

By Kenkichi Tomimoto

At the Beaux Arts Gallery

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PORCELAIN JAR

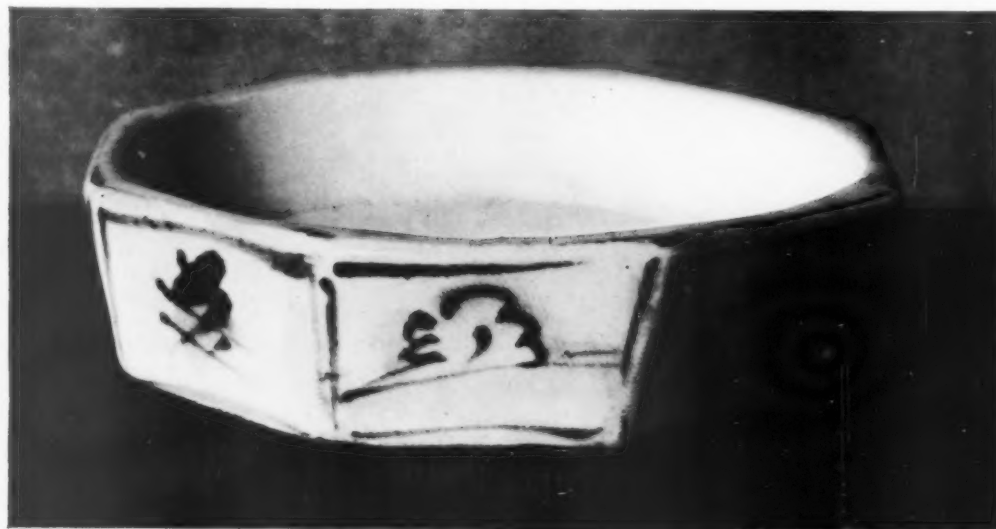
At the Beaux Arts Gallery

By Kenkichi Tomimoto

of Ming porcelain; it is ground by hand for weeks to obtain the very finest painter's texture for brush-work.

This dual exhibition of our work has been held in memory of ten years in Tokyo during which we exhibited

in friendship and rivalry. Open from May 1 to 20, this first exhibition in England by Tomimoto should not be missed by those interested in modern developments of stoneware pottery.



PORCELAIN DISH, underglaze blue brushwork

At the Beaux Arts Gallery

By Kenkichi Tomimoto

ETHEL WALKER

By MARY CHAMOT



MISS JEAN WERNER LAURIE

By Ethel Walker

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IN his famous book on "Modern French Painters" Jan Gordon has traced a subtle and very interesting connection between the art of Botticelli, the last art to develop out of the Gothic, and akin to Oriental art in inspiration, which was broken off in its development by the classical influences of the Renaissance, and an art of feminine character, which has so far found few women interpreters, but both of which might legitimately be used by a woman artist trying to find an opening for personal expression.

Now, of all the European schools, the English one undoubtedly presents the most obviously feminine character as a whole. English artists have never been scientific, they have never followed the classical tradition, they have always been interpreters of visual impressions rather than creators of plastic form. An intuitive sense of rhythm in line, an exceptionally fine taste for colour, and an appreciation of the finer atmospheric qualities in landscape rather than its broad architecture, have characterized the best English painters from some of the primitives to Gainsborough, and from Constable to the present day. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, to find an English woman painter of the present day who sums up this English feminine character and blends it with a decorative style recalling Botticelli and the art of the East.

Far be it from me to suggest that Ethel Walker has

made any deliberate effort to attain such a position. She is probably the most spontaneous artist living in an age of too much sophistication, of too much conscious striving after an outward formula. But if her art is to be given a definition from the outside it seems fitting to describe it as an art in which the typically English feminine quality blends with a tradition that can be called Botticellian, since he was its greatest European exponent.

Ethel Walker belongs to the younger group of English impressionists. She received her principal training at the Slade School under Professor Brown, and from Walter Sickert, to whose teaching she probably owes her loose and fresh handling of oil-paint. The grey harmonies introduced by Whistler pervade her earliest work, though colour is always present in them, however subdued. It was after the exhibition of "Angela," a quietly lit interior with a lady standing before the fire, painted with great sensitiveness for beauty of tone, that Ethel Walker was elected a member of the New English Art Club. This and the fine portrait of Mrs. Stewart mark the most objective phase of her art, objective in so far as her outlook and methods of that time were more or less those of her predecessors.

Her originality appeared first of all in her decorations. Here she had no definite models to follow, such as

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Whistler or Velazquez in portraiture, and the style she has created for herself is the direct expression of her soul's dream, of a land of youth, love, and springtime. As befits decorations, they delight us chiefly by the beautiful organization of the picture surface, by the rhythmic arrangement of shapes and colours and the soft sparkle of pigment. And in this respect it is significant that her decorations show a steady simplification of the problem of depth, the "Three Graces," shown in 1929, being largely an arabesque of trees and figures, though the quality of the painting never allows it to become mere two-dimensional pattern.

Ethel Walker's decorations are almost unique in being neither definitely illustrative nor (as so many modern efforts) more or less disjointed combinations of things seen and realistically represented. They are, in fact, translations of a state of mind into terms of design, that are almost musical in their abstraction, and they are carried out with perfect consistency; no jarring note of



MORNING AT HONFLEUR

By Ethel Walker

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excessive realization is allowed to destroy the imaginative completeness of the whole. This self-restraint is peculiarly characteristic of Ethel Walker's taste, and distinguishes her, for example, from Laura Knight and Dod Procter, both of whom constantly suffer from too much display of technical skill that smothers their feminine sensibility. That Ethel Walker can realize forms completely when this is required by the nature of her work may be seen in her sculpture, in the splendid nude called "Arabesque," and in many of her portraits.

During the war, when most artists were recording the violent impressions of the front or painting munition workers and allotments at home, Ethel Walker created her "Zone of Hate." It might be supposed that in tackling such a theme she would be somewhat in the position of a Fra Angelico trying to represent Hell, and no one will deny that the result is less satisfying than her more idyllic subjects. But it is, nevertheless, a powerful expression of jarring elements, and together with the companion painting, the "Zone of Love" (only a water-colour sketch of which has so far been exhibited), it would make a fitting decoration for some palace of Peace, or League of Nations building.

If any outward inspiration is to be sought for the language employed in these decorations it will be found in the paintings of Ajanta rather than in the art of Botticelli. The rhythmic emphasis on contours, so beautifully seen, too, in her drawings, the sensuous delight in youthful nudes amid luxuriant vegetation, and the almost ritual effect produced by the reiteration of certain movements, are distinctly Eastern notes in her painting, but they are so completely merged in the modern envelopment of light and colour as to lose all suggestion of archaism. The large decoration in the Tate Gallery, entitled "Nausicaa," is typical of this fusion, and of the exhilarating mood which Ethel Walker's conceptions habitually evoke.

Portraiture, landscape, and still-life painting present entirely different problems. If in decoration the starting-point must be the abstract pattern or design, then in working from nature the reverse is the case, the artist having to sift out from the mass of visual appearances that which can be made significant in a work of art. In painting her decorations Ethel Walker never uses a model except for preliminary drawing; the grouping of a few coloured objects in her studio are sufficient to guide her in relating her colours. But she works assiduously from life at other times, not, of course, without the influence of her decorative work being sometimes apparent. "The Silence of the Ravine," a fairly early nude, is distinctly decorative in the beautiful and very simple silhouette of the figure against a background of rich and sonorous colour. Though suggested by the pose of a model, this was clearly not painted from life like the more recent "Arabesque."

In most of her portraits the pictorial interest predominates over psychology, but at times she captures personality with the directness of a Gainsborough, always emphasizing the sitter's temperament and mood rather than the more stable traits of character. Work so impulsively conceived and so dependent on the happy relation of artist to subject must necessarily be unequal, but the failures in Ethel Walker's case are at any rate never due to a lapse of taste on the artist's part.

As works of art her portraits probably gain more by the decorative arrangement of masses and the emphasis on colour than they may thereby lose in psychological interpretation. Some of her finest portraits, notably those of Mrs. Lowinsky, Sylvia Thomas, and Miss Doris Le Mesurier, now on view at the Imperial Gallery of Art, show that in her own way she has succeeded in giving her colour a plastic value almost equal to that which Matisse has arrived at through other means. It is certainly much more in the English tradition to express volumes in this way, in terms of colour, than sculpturally through light and shade, and her work is obviously less plastic, more suggestive, more atmospheric than that of any modern French painter. That being the case Ethel Walker may be claimed as the English counterpart to the French decorative colourists of today, just as Whistler and Steer are the English counterparts to the French impressionists.

The present exhibition of her work at the Lefèvre Galleries, consisting of portraits, flower pieces and landscapes, has revealed her to be not only the finest woman painter that England can boast of, but as a colourist almost unrivalled even among men.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON



HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

By Himself

MY desire for topical news has led me during the course of last winter to discuss, especially with my readers, the chief events, the success of which showed clearly in what degree of favour the classical spirit is held today.

I have shown, incidentally, how great an interest artistic youth took in these events. But if, in fact, these are manifestations of classic spirit which have flourished during this season, one would deceive oneself in thinking that in consequence there had been something in the nature of a setback of that spirit of invention, of formal reaction, which are the guarantee of that which has been left to me to describe as *L'Art vivant*. When, ten years after the doctrinal success of Emile Zola and of his school, the journalist, Emile Huret, undertook his great inquiry into the new literature, one of the least illustrious, but one of the most ardent, of the naturalistic *romanciers*, Paul Alexis, then retired far from Paris, sent this telegram to the inquirer, of which one has so often reproduced the imperious text: *Naturalisme, pas mort*.

I can honestly telegraph to London: *Art vivant, pas mort*.

If I take these *précautions oratoires*, as the masters of rhetoric say, it is because I have to speak to you about the exhibition, at the Galerie Paul Guillaume, entitled "Dix Paysages récents," by André Dérain. Now the position of André Dérain is altogether unique. Although one finds him among the recognized masters, this painter's work gives rise to discussions most fertile in misunderstandings.

Just younger than Henri Matisse, who is *le précurseur*

of all that was the "Jeune Peinture Française" round about 1910—in his youth a comrade of Picasso who, by his bold inventions, his Luciferian spirit of keen creation, deserves to be called *l'animateur*—André Dérain appeared as one of the most resolute among the good workmen of the "plastic revolution." With Wlaminck and Othon Friesz he insisted on the idea of Fauvism. It was in the impetuous time of *La Couleur pure* and of the *Volume coloré*. More than any of his contemporaries familiar with the museums, André Dérain introduced Fauvism and its aggressive methods, up to the point of this archaism for which he was both praised and blamed, and which was his great school. In a very short time André Dérain showed himself in such a light that between Matisse and Picasso he settled down with the title of *le régulateur*.

No more was needed to cause a certain school of criticism to accuse him of breaking the revolutionary tendency. Perhaps the reproach came, above all, from those attracted less by the aims of the revolution than by the charms of the revolutionary movement.

But, as I have often asked them: What would be more paradoxically conservative than the cult of a revolution without issue?

One forgot also that the revolutionaries, starting about 1905, had no other policy—appealing alternatively to David *constructeur* and to Ingres *déformateur*—but to rediscover, above the static academism, above this "art d'imitation et d'agrément sentimental" of which all were weary, the classical truths which are alive and which, first of all, wish to keep an essential account of the plastic realities.

However, it is true that André Dérain seemed to facilitate the task of his detractors.

I have already given you a definition of André Dérain's art. I shall therefore not repeat myself. I shall merely say that this artist, so marvellously gifted, a born painter, is the most learned among artists. In the museums he learnt all that the great centuries could teach him, and he confronted, with proud humility, every genius with the requirements of his temperament. He is singularly more cultured than most of his comrades. He is of an ardent nature. One could expect from him those large creations and vast compositions which will be missing perhaps in a period above all rich in profoundly original values, but, at least, served by circumstances even by conditions of social order. Just as Matisse, who, before the war, ceased sending to the Salon canvases of large dimensions, such as "La Danse," André Dérain no longer shows us, in his maturity, works as ambitious as the proud promises of his youth: the "Chevalier X," the "Déjeuner," the "Samedi," works by a young man proud of his personality, and who found as many healthy examples in the Chardin of the "Bénédicté" as in the Géricault of the "Radeau de la Méduse."

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Suddenly André Dérain made a keen study of Corot, whose influence he will never lose. The genius of Corot so decreed. Do the limitations of one suit another who never becomes a disciple, and who only asks points of contact? In any case, the disappointment, even excessive in its reactions, in some cases is explained by Dérain disappointing them in limiting his ambition.

Besides, we know that this *régulateur*, who could only play his rôle at a price, actually of a reasoned conscious audacity, has not limited himself as much as one would think when he exhibits, which is becoming more and more rare. Many of us know that he keeps in his studio, face to the wall, important canvases of large dimensions, of a multiple composition, among others, this "Chasse," the contemplation of which would be worth four years of academic studies to many young inquirers anxious to find their way through "tous les problèmes de la peinture," as Dérain says.

Why has André Dérain, in his anxiety for perfection, not consented to exhibit this canvas, and until when is he reserving it? One would almost ask if Dérain is, I will not say paralysed, but rather dominated by sentiments which may not all be of a pictorial order? Is he too cultured? One has gone as far as asking this absurd question, at the bottom of which lies a little humble truth: "Is Dérain too intelligent for a painter?"

Yes, so presented, the question is offensive; but could not one ask, in revenge, whether the intellectual Dérain did not find in his cradle the finest gifts of the Fairies to an artist . . . except this tranquil audacity which was the grandeur of the coarse Gustave Courbet.

Has it never occurred to Dérain, who makes few confidences to his friends, to regret not being more brutal? Meanwhile, we have nothing but admiration for work such as these "Dix Paysages," miracles of harmony, symphonies of line and luminous effects, wonders of proportion. It is after visiting this exhibition that a young talented artist, Jean Oberlé, who is not a little proud to see Dérain appear in his studio, writes: "After the famous discoveries of Fauvism and of all that followed, after this perfection of a Dérain, what is left to the new generation but to aim modestly at quality?"

However this may be, when Picasso, indifferent to the reproach of "se fuir sans cesse," is almost the only one to cultivate this creative lyricism, which nourished our initial enthusiasm—we, the original militants of early days—I shall persist in asking André Dérain, while disdaining his revolutionary adversaries, to exhibit the "Chasse," or a new "Chevalier X."

The Bibliothèque Nationale has offered in the beautiful Galerie Mazarine, in which the Cardinal exhibited his treasures, a magnificent show of etchings, tapestries, models of boats, etc., interesting to all those who, to the love of art, have added the modern taste for *dépaysement*. It is the exhibition of "Quatre Siècles de Colonisation française," eloquent preface to the forthcoming Colonial Exhibition, from which fine arts will not be excluded.

I must mention also the very important exhibition of the work of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, in the Pavillon de Marsan. This exhibition was officially opened on April 9, and will remain so for some time. Its exceptional interest is that, for the last time, with the approval of the

family of the aristocrat-painter, there will be assembled in Paris the collections from the ancient episcopal palace at Albi, at the foot of the incomparable pink cathedral pointing to the sky like an eternal reflex of the fires of the Crusades. Numerous are the young artists who, while knowing Lautrec pretty well, have not been able to afford the fine, but costly, journey to Albi.

While waiting for this capital show, here and there small exhibitions of Lautrec's work have been organized. First of all, at the Galerie Marcel Guiot, a show of etchings, together with engravings and lithographs by Degas (who is much in vogue just now) and of the immense Daumier—this Daumier whom an eccentric critic endeavoured to rob of his glory (for the benefit of Corot) who, according to other eccentric critics, might have co-operated in his work as Lord Bacon is supposed to have done with the work of Shakespeare and, according to Pierre Louys, Corneille in that of Molière.

But the joke seems to us exaggerated. We are here on a ground where one would not conquer by force of sentiment only. We wait for proofs of the most concrete order.

Secondly, there is the exhibition organized—improvised would be a better word—by Madame Jeanne Cassel. She shows us the birth of a talent in submitting to our judgment works painted and drawn by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, *enfant prodigue*, from his thirteenth to twentieth year. Ah! evidently nothing makes one anticipate that the little boy of an Albigeois château, the little page, descendant of the Comtes de Toulouse, would one day be the pal of Valentin le Désossé, and of his cheeky partner, La Goulue, and, alas! the too faithful *habitué* of the small bar of which his other friend, the clown Footit, would become proprietor.

When still a child Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec started painting the portraits of his noble family. Having done all his near relatives, he chose his models among the stable boys and the hunting grooms. Thus he prefigured the painter that he was to be one day, frequenter of circus stables as much as of public balls, where rioting was rampant.

It is from 1878 that appeared the particular lines of a talent which was to soften by study (not by imitation) of Japanese art, which was then starting its vogue. What strikes one, in these trials, is the astonishing surety of hand in one so young, surety which, however, owes nothing to academic aid. In presence of trials of such magnitude, one dreams of the drawings of the youth of Picasso, who had, when sixteen years of age, literally finished such studies as to be able to do away for ever with models.

To these youthful researches, which often are successes, have been added several works of his mature years. The fine exhibition of the Scottish painters had hardly been closed, at the Galerie Georges Petit, than we had the pleasure of finding, at the Galerie Bonaparte, six young English artists, acclimatized to Paris, who have already met with success in our various salons. They are Hayter, Japp, Penrose, Husband, Hillier, and Gross. None of them pretends to show us samples of an art essentially British; but all, in different degrees, make us evoke sympathetically this tradition, entirely British, of artists susceptible to French environment. It is well to say that it was artists of that family who

Letter from Paris

founded, at the beginning of this century, the international colony of Montparnasse. If they were a little our pupils, they repay us well in initiating us to the beauty of English poetry.

Hayter, who has more personality than his predecessors, is steeped in this tradition. All that count as young painters and young writers today have passed through his studio at Vaugirard where, to his compatriots and French pupils, he gives the most loyal lessons in the difficult art of engraving. Hayter has achieved the figure, the landscape, and he is an animal painter, worthy to restore zoology to the fable. One would like to see him illustrate the poets from Keats to these moderns,

the savings of his youth, exactly as the celebrated dealer-writer, Ambrose Vollard, started his incomparable collection of Cézanne, Renoir, and Gauguin. With the Monet, a body-colour by Picasso, a marvellous drawing by Degas, a "Danseuse" with a blue background. Other pieces of the Migeon collection will go to the Luxembourg, notably a "Portrait de Ma Mère" by Vuillard, a "Paysage d'Algérie" by Marquet, and a "Vallon de Provence" by Henry Cross, the comrade of Paul Signac, and his model in pointillism.

M. Migeon has also left to the Louvre different articles of the East and Far-East. Persian miniatures, which would have been worthy to figure in the fine



L'ARBRE

By André Derain

Collection Paul Guillaume

who have introduced to Montparnasse such pleasing revues from overseas.

As to Penrose, his name is associated with the mis-tralian city of Cassis. He has painted its aspects with a rare sense of luminous modulations, and has also done much to defend this beautiful spot, menaced by vandalism.

Japp interests by the clearness of his vision; Husband aims at a subtle transfiguration of reality; Gross has realized a rare equilibrium between the virtues of two climates.

The whole has been favourably received by the Parisian criticism.

Through the present curator of the Louvre, M. Migeon has bequeathed to the National Museum, to which he consecrated all his intelligence and activity, the finest pieces in his private collection, works assembled with as much love as knowledge, though he always defended himself, with a smile, to "faire concurrence à son cher musée."

By his wish our national collections will therefore be enriched with "La Mer agitée à Belle-Isle" by Claude Monet. M. Migeon bought it from Durand-Ruel with

exhibition recently held in London, will go to the Musée des Arts Décoratifs (Pavillon de Marsan). One will see there also a "polisson" drawing of Adolphe Willette, drawing of yesterday, but which to us seems . . . pre-historic, with a young woman very much ill at ease in her corset. M. Migeon was very liberal, and he bore no malice to Willette for defaming his beloved pointillists, when exclaiming to Pierrot, an inspired painter: "Malédiction, je fais de la peinture en confettis!" Nothing was funnier than the childish fury of the old Willette before one of the *excès* (let us say to please his soul) of modern painting.

Recalling the career of the late M. Migeon, M. Raymond Koechlin, the eminent curator, is right in saying: "It is to his tenacity that we owe the collections of the East and Far-East, non-existent before him, and so fine today: during his life, often he delighted himself in adding to them one of his gifts, modest, but always useful."

Even after his death he enriched the museum with his bequests. Homage well deserved, the name of M. Migeon will be engraved in the vestibule of the Gallery of Apollo in the list of the great benefactors of the Louvre.

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There is, at Marcel Guiot, a revelation of plates by Degas, little known, plates with varieties of celebrated engravings, of curious *états* which will greatly excite collectors, and will be an excellent lesson for modern artists; and also interesting sales of drawings have brought back many round the figure of Degas, who grows in his immortality.

In different revues, amusing or instructive, anecdotes and souvenirs have been published on the painter of the "Danseuses." As to the stir of curiosity evoked by the retrospectives of Toulouse-Lautrec, especially among the youngsters who were unable to go to Albi, it has drawn certain memorialists to speak to us again about a celebrated artist of the end of the century, now a little forgotten, the Italian, so much Italianic, who became the ultra-Parisian Boldini.

If the mercantile care of following a fashion, or creating one, could demand from Boldini that he should sacrifice the noblest part of his real talent, he was, nevertheless, a painter, in the most concrete sense of the word, and, what is more, an intelligent and cultured painter who had seen almost everything that the eye of an artist can ask from his natal Europe, from nature with its mobile humanity to the museums. It is surprising to hear of the intimacy that existed between the fashionable portraitist—ready for the worst concessions snobbism would ask from him—and Degas, one of the pillars of anti-official art, anti-fashionable painter of subjects which might pass as scandalous, and furthermore a very bad-tempered man.

However, one would be wrong in thinking that the relations between grumpy Degas and this Boldini, who legend turned into a sort of ogre to fashionable dames punished for their frivolity, was always of a restful kind.

Madame Jeanne Raunay, who knew Degas well, is preparing a book of souvenirs which French amateurs will enjoy: small leaves out of the grand pictorial history of the last century.

Here is a pleasing specimen of the anecdotes chosen by Mme. Jeanne Raunay:

Degas and Boldini had decided to go together to Italy to visit the museums. They took the express at the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée, settled themselves in the train, happily excited at the idea of the journey and its promises of æsthetic pleasures. Alas! at Jurisy, only forty kilometres from the capital, the two friends had fallen out! A silly question of an open or shut window or a

blanket separated them. At the first stop, at Laroche, Degas left his comrade and returned to Paris alone and furious!

It was also at that time that he became passionately fond of sculpture, modelling in clay the little dancers, the "rats" of the opera, who had served him for as many delicate pastels as works of the eighteenth century, and when the master felt ill at ease as soon as he was far from his *terres*, as he said himself. Degas would not have, like too many of our contemporaries, made himself a slave to his buyers. Witness this in the anecdote of Mme. Jeanne Raunay. M. Durand-Ruel, examining in the studio a nude, for which he was going to pay a very high price, dared to say to his favourite painter:

"But, Degas, I do not understand very well the movement of that arm."

Degas answered him:

"But, Durand, there is no need for you to understand!"

One could wish also to possess the souvenirs which, should she wish, Suzanne Valadon could write. Before being the delightful painter, whose talent I have already tried to describe to the readers of this magazine, before being the very vigilant mother of the great Utrillo, Suzanne Valadon was one of the stars of the Fernando Circus, since then the Medrano Circus, much frequented by Degas.

One night the young acrobat missed the trapeze and fell bleeding in the ring; she was cured, but had to give up the aerial flight. Degas asked her to sit for him. She was the inspiration of many nudes. Timidly, one day, she showed to the master she adored, her modest sketches. Degas, who never was an accommodating master, thought his strict duty was to encourage an evident talent. Suzanne Valadon has never hidden all she owes to Degas; but she knows also how to speak, with much wit, of the master's overbearing ways in his words as well as his conduct.

It is M. Cordona who has best spoken to us about his ex-compatriot Boldini. No one loved life as much as Boldini. Having, late in life, made a marriage of convenience, he collected all his friends on that occasion. For the first time he was conscious of the number of years accumulated on his head, and it is then that he said these moving words: "It is not my fault if I am old, it is a thing which has happened to me all of a sudden!"

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

By CARLYLE BURROWS



MADONNA AND CHILD
By B. Venito

*Lent by the Fearon
Galleries, Inc.*

THE New York dealers have been generous in their loans on many occasions when called upon to advance the cause of some important exhibition; but never have they joined forces so completely as at present in forming the group of more than one hundred old and modern paintings which are on view for the benefit of unemployment relief at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. Represented in it are thirty-three of the leading art houses. And though it involves but a portion of the entire rich store of paintings which could be mustered among them, the exhibition affords an impressive indication of the number and excellent quality of the works at their disposal.

Dr. W. R. Valentiner, who wrote the foreword to the catalogue, suggests something of the magnitude of these resources when he says: "Indeed, should all the art treasures which are in the possession of art dealers in the different European centres be brought together, one may question whether the aggregate would attain the proportions of the rich store housed within the few blocks around Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street." Of the total represented here some eighteen firms deal largely, if not exclusively, in Old Masters, while something like fifteen others handle modern works, both of foreign and American origin.

Thus the range of the work displayed is truly extensive, beginning with examples of the fifteenth century and progressing through the age of Hals and Rembrandt to the English portrait men, and on down to our own day

and Picasso, Matisse, and the other Post-Impressionists. The principal question such a show raises concerns the advisability of hanging together works by old masters and men of pronounced modern tendencies. Even in this day of wide acceptance of the new no experienced hanging committee is likely to feel entirely at ease in allotting to a Matisse or a Dufy a close neighbouring position to a Bellini, for instance, or a Venetian. Luckily, however, those in charge of such matters have worked in a manner which precludes the possibility of unfavourable comment on this score. It is not the occasional clashes which are set up that matter so much as the fact that the effect as a whole is distinctly harmonious.

Though the older pictures prevail, without doubt many of the modern ones stand up well in the assemblage. The Impressionists, in particular, are well represented. Their paintings usually maintain the chain of continuity with the older tradition so that they appear entirely at home with their more venerable predecessors; and the same may be said for certain of their American contemporaries, as well as other nineteenth-century painters. In this connection should be mentioned such distinguished and lovely pieces as Renoir's "La Tasse de Chocolat" of 1878, and the large, silvery "Le Pont Boieldieu, Rouen," of Pissarro, from the Durand-Ruel Gallery.

Both are outstanding among the French paintings on the walls. Nor have we seen in a long time a more vivid Monet than his large "Jardin à Vetheuil" of 1881, from the same source. They seem to have been chosen

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as exemplifications of the artists in their more restrained, more conservative moments; but historically and otherwise they form an important contribution to the show. Among the American pictures, distinction attaches to Childe Hassam's scintillating "Gloucester Harbour," lent by the Milch Gallery; to the beautiful "Olympia" fantasy by Arthur B. Davies, from the Ferargil Gallery, and to the portraits by Thomas Eakins and Sargent. All these and more are to be cited for their illustration of the traits of sound craftsmanship which we invariably associate with the great masters of the past.

The latter are, indeed, present in notable array, with especial emphasis placed upon the early Italians and the eighteenth-century Englishmen. Anyone who has followed the course of American collecting during the past twenty years will realize the tremendous popularity which these schools have enjoyed in this country. Scarcely



LE PONT DE BOIS

By J. H. Fragonard

Loaned by the Wildenstein Galleries

Included in the \$3,000,000 collection of Old and Modern Masters, loaned by leading New York art dealers, on exhibition at the American Anderson Galleries, New York

an important collection may be mentioned which is not equipped with distinguished and representative examples. The "Madonna and Child," by Andrea di Bartolo, which comes from the Ehrich Gallery, and the beautiful Neri di Bicci triptych, lent by A. S. Drey, are among the comparatively few primitives on the walls. Note is to be taken, however, of the little triptych by the master of the "St. Magdalene Legend," contributed by Knoedler & Co., which stands out among the devotional pictures for its lustrous beauty of colour and jewel-like perfection of detail.

Religious motifs among the Italians quite naturally predominate and from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries come some beautiful examples. This period is represented by several charming "Madonnas." One of the most attractive is the Veneto from the Fearon Gallery. Amply endorsed and several times discussed in articles published abroad, it is distinguished for its sharp, clear modelling of the Madonna's features and the decorative beauty of the design. The pictorial interest is heightened, moreover, by the fascinating bits of landscape which balance the composition.

The Filippino Lippi, belonging to P. Jackson Higgs, also is a major work of the same order of subject and

highly typical of the master, both in the tender sentiment it shows and the beautiful quality of the colours. In the matter of tenderness it bears comparison with a fairly lovely little Boltraffio, lent by the Howard Young Gallery, a "Madonna and Child" knit into an easy rhythmical design and notable also for its mellow tonality and delicate shading. Less monumental than the Lippi it is, however, infinitely more natural.

Another fifteenth-century work which, though religious in motivation, really illustrates the great tradition of Venetian secular portraiture, is the impressive little panel, "St. Dominic," by Giovanni Bellini. This has a special importance as being one of his latest works, and although signed is undated. In this painting, which clearly suggests the master's influence of Giorgione, Bellini has presented a man rather than a saint with something of the calm philosophical penetration that marks the transition of Venetian art from the simplicity of the Primitives. A loan from the Higgs Gallery, it has an interesting companion in the small "Portrait of an Emperor," by Gentile Bellini, which, owing to the Oriental character of the costume, suggests the years 1479-80, and itself as a product of Bellini's visit to the East in those years.

Among the Italian portraits we find another distinguished work in Messrs. Boehler and Steinmeyer's "Gentleman in a Purple Patterned Cloak," by Vincenzo Catena, of which Berenson has said: "A very late work of the master, of wonderful quality." One needs no such prompting to appreciate to the fullest degree this dignified likeness of a man whose affluence is indicated by the rich quality and character of his dress. There is a nobility about it which one feels again in Mr. Fearon's fine bust view of a nobleman, by Lorenzo Lotto, a work of great mellowness and distinction.

The broad leap to the eighteenth century and its many portraits of the English school cannot be made without pausing upon some impressive examples of other schools. There is, for instance, the brilliantly painted "Helene Fourment as a Shepherdess," by Rubens, which the Reinhardt Gallery lends and thereby contributes a most picturesque note to the show. There is the Ehrichs' Rembrandt, "The Man with the Gold Chain," a powerful though somewhat grim personification which is signed and dated 1648. Hals, too, is present, in one of his small heads, a portrait of a youth, formerly belonging to William S. Coats, of Skelmorlie Castle, and exhibited by the Newhouse Gallery, which is painted with the master's most lively feeling for animation. Of the few really dramatic episodes in the exhibition, El Greco's "St. Francis in Meditation" is most powerful, in spite of the unusual delicacy with which it is handled. All the mystery and spirituality at the command of this painter to summon in his work are combined in it. Before coming into the hands of Mr. Drey it belonged to the critic, Beruete.

Among the French paintings one of the most enjoyable is Fragonard's "Le Pont de Bois." This illustrates the elegance of the French eighteenth century in a delightful pastoral vein and is the chief of three contributions made by Wildenstein & Co., the others being Goya's "Don Miguel Jose de Azanza," and Cezanne's "Montagne Sainte Victoire." The Fragonard is accompanied by a charming child's head, "La Laitière," by Boucher, lent by the Agnews, whose lightness of touch is ever a source

Letter from New York

of delight to the beholder. As we have said, the English school is one of the most admired by American collectors, and, with the French, is bound up closely with the style which still remains the most popular tradition in the decoration of the American home. Hence there is ample justification for the nearly twenty examples of the work of men of this school. Romney is frequently represented and his "Portrait of Edward Nevinson," contributed by Howard Young, is a most distinguished example of his portraits of men.

and Lawrence's "Mrs. Tyrell," which latter comes as a loan from the Bachstitz Gallery.

In conclusion, special mention should also be made of Zoffany's "The Dutton Family," undoubtedly one of the finest of the "conversation pieces" of this artist, whose fame, Sir Philip Sassoon, in London a year ago, did so much to re-establish. This beautifully painted interior conveys in its more restrained way quite as vivid an impression of eighteenth-century life as do the other great portrait painters of the period, and there is something



ST. DOMINIC

By Giovanni Bellini

Lent by the Gallery of
P. Jackson Higgs

Of the three Gainsboroughs the handsome portrait of the man who founded the great auction firm in London is especially noteworthy.

We refer to the "James Christie," lent by M. Knoedler & Co., painted by Gainsborough in 1778, a large three-quarters length figure, distinguished for its restrained harmony of colours and appealing rendition of personality. It is, of course, a subject well known abroad through the numerous exhibitions in which it has figured there, and through the various mentions which have been made of it in magazines. Lawrence, Raeburn, Hoppner, and others of the same group are in satisfying evidence, except Reynolds, who is very conspicuous for his absence. We are impelled to cite as especially notable the "Major-General Charles Reynolds," by Raeburn,

extremely appealing about the elegant formality with which it is conceived and the precision with which it is painted. Daniel H. Farr contributes it to the exhibition, which, for those especially who seldom have the privilege of visiting the private rooms of the art dealers, is most revealing.

As examples of contemporary painting have been much before the public during the past year, we have only hinted at their presence on this occasion. Picasso, Derain, Matisse, and the rest are represented on the walls, and the large "Seated Woman" from the Knoedler Gallery illustrates Picasso exceptionally well in his "classical" form. But it is rather the older paintings that make the exhibition what it is, one of the most instructive and comprehensive showings of the year.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By FERDINAND ECKHARDT



PUTTI PLAYING

Drawing by Fragonard

By courtesy of Gustav Nebehay, Berlin

A VALUABLE addition has recently been made to the Berlin museums. The so-called Kronprinzessin Palais, which is connected with the Kronprinzen Palais, containing the gallery of modern art, by means of an archway has now been converted into a Schinkel Museum. Carl Friedrich Schinkel (1781-1841), the leading architect of the classical tendency in Berlin, appears to have been a universal genius, like so many men of his time. Consequently, we find here, besides numberless architectural designs, which betray a very fine draughtsman and watercolourist, a considerable number of paintings from his hand. A true romantic by nature, he mixes up motives from the most varied artistic periods, drawing from the antique as well as from the Middle Ages, and builds up fantastic images of castles and cities out of all this; whether intended for construction or only as ideas, the pictorial conception is apparent in all of them and architectural considerations play but a secondary part. There is something theatrical about all these pictures, and that is perhaps why his stage decorations, primarily the setting for Mozart's "Magic Flute," belong to his best works. Today we are more particularly interested in his numerous landscapes, especially when they render a certain mood in Nature, as "Morning" or "Night." His allegorical paintings are very well thought out; for example, the watercolour sketches for the wall-paintings in the Old

Museum in Berlin. Their strong composition and intellectual and historical interest bring them into relation with our modern art. The museum is also connected with the so-called Beuth Collection, the collection of Schinkel's first biographer, and therefore, so to speak, a Schinkel archive.

Among the recent exhibitions in Berlin, two deserve to be specially mentioned, since neither of them fall into the purely artistic category, but endeavour to go beyond the pictorial considerations which have so long been regarded as the only standard in any form of art. The exhibition of Northern Caricatures organized by the Deutsche Kunstgemeinschaft in the Palace, stresses by its very nature the representational interest which is all too often neglected these days. And when we see a number of rooms filled with the works of some dozen and a half of the best modern caricaturists of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Estonia, we suddenly realize that we are dealing with great art. Two leaders stand out above all—the Norwegian Gulbranson, who lives in Germany, and the Swede Adamson (O. Jacobson). The former is often a satirical narrator using the expressive force of his line, while the latter always takes the primitive ridiculousness of the figures themselves as the setting for his little stories in four pictures. In both cases it is the concentration on essentials which gives the drawings their quality, for in brevity lies the main strength of



Letter from Berlin

every good joke. To these two great artists may be added the names of the Swedes Melander, Nerman, Lindthal; the Norwegian Imsland; the Estonians Krusten and Gori Tonison; and the Danes Bendix, Jensen, and Storm Petersen—who produce, on the one hand, political, social, and cultural caricatures, and on the other hand, a sharp, biting form of portraiture.

The second exhibition referred to above is organized by the Bibliographikon of the House of Wertheim, and shows old maps. These are far from being purely schematic aids to knowledge; the earlier ones in particular, colour woodcuts or copperplate engravings, are real works of art. Maps dating from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries are on view, some having been produced in the workshops of Ortelius, De Jode, Blaeu, Mercator, and others. And here, too, the subject of the exhibition is an art which does not exhaust itself in its decorative effect, but has a definite function to fulfil.

At Flechtheim's Carl Hofer is once again to be seen, after a considerable interval, in a fairly large collection of his works. It is an event in Berlin when one of the leading artists of the day offers a survey of his recent work. But it is a more or less painful occurrence that one who has received such clear marks of official recognition as one of the foremost professors of the State Art Schools in Berlin should suffer a fairly universally admitted fiasco. Hofer was one of the moderns, but never one of the extremists. So far he has always concealed his art behind a mantle of severely academic pictorial ability. Now he has suddenly become abstract. His ability revealed itself in its true light only in the problem of a coherent plastic form and the actual content of the picture.

The abstract pictorial and compositional qualities that we used to value in his work cannot be compared with the average in similar French work, and his examples of abstract still-life, moonlight landscapes, and figure compositions, though remarkably powerful, yet lack the strong expressiveness which many another has shown in similar work. The non-abstract compositions of recent years which Hofer is showing are, on the one hand, tiresome in composition and colour (this is not to be confused with simplification), and can only be regarded as decorative. That Hofer feels his own weakness is proved by the fact that he has written a preface to the catalogue (apparently for the first time on such an occasion) in order to justify his own works. Explanations of a search after a new form expressing one's own personality have long ago become commonplaces and do not suffice to convince us; when the works of art themselves fail to produce the desired effect.

The Neumann-Nierendorf Gallery is holding an exhibition of Karl Schmidt-Rottluff's watercolours done during his journey to Italy last year. It is strange that formerly artists used to go to Italy to find purer, more glowing colours, but Schmidt-Rottluff, the expressionist, who has hitherto always worked with strong colours, has become almost dirty in his colouring. Instead, he has grown almost pictorial in his watercolours—as, for example, in the Lake Albani—which he never used to be.

The Casper Gallery has organized an exhibition of the young painter Max Band, who lives in Paris. A great refinement in colour, mainly rather brown in tone,

distinguishes his pictures, mostly portraits with rather doll-like faces.

In the provinces the most important event of the moment is the exhibition in the Chemnitz Kunststutze which offers a general survey of the work of Erich Heckel. In a recent issue we referred to Heckel's exhibition in the Möller Gallery in Berlin. Chemnitz has now gathered together almost everything of value in museums and private collections so that an accurate survey can be made of the development of this German expressionist.

The art dealer Nebehay, of Berlin, has recently been specializing in old-master drawings, and is now holding a small, but very fine, exhibition of his recent acquisitions of eighteenth-century works. Among the French masters mention may be made of Fragonard's sepia drawing of Putti playing round an overthrown stele; a Farmyard by Boucher in black-and-white chalk on greenish paper; a red-chalk drawing of a Lady by Watteau; a sepia drawing by Claude Lorrain; a copy by Watteau after a "Hélène Fourment" by Rubens; three studies of Heads by Lancret; and an admirable watercolour by Hubert Robert. A wonderful landscape by Gainsborough is the only, but a very fine example of English art; while Italy is very well represented in a whole roomful of pen-and-ink drawings by G. B. Tiepolo, mostly taken out of a sketch-book, as well as a series of the twelve months, and a very jolly pen drawing by Guardi.

The German art market has recovered somewhat lately, since the highly satisfactory results of the Goldschmidt-Rothschild auction at Ball and Graupe's, at which, for example, the two drawings by Moreau le Jeune brought 54,000 and 53,000 Mk. respectively; the portrait of a girl by Drouais, 78,000 Mk.; the two Peters, 51,000 and 32,000 Mk.; Ward's colour prints, "The Angling Party" and "The Angler's Repast," 15,200 Mk.; "Miss Farren" by Bartolozzi, 8,000 Mk.; and among the pieces of furniture, the great flat bureau of about 1730-40, 33,000 Mk.; the two lacquer commodes by Dubois, 59,000 Mk.; the Meissen group in a Parisian mount, 30,700 Mk.; the Sèvres soup tureen of 1757, 24,000 Mk.; the pair of Augusta Rex vases with red ground, 46,000 Mk.; the total equalling about 1,700,000 Mk.

In view of this the sale of the Nemes Collection in Munich on June 16 is anticipated as the most important event of the next few weeks. The sale will include paintings, among which there is a "Madonna" by Filippo Lippi, a portrait and a "Dance" by Titian, a group of angel musicians by Greco, a "Saskia" and a "Fabius Maximus" by Rembrandt, a portrait of a man by Hals, a religious picture by Rubens; tapestries with a French hanging of about 1500, with a representation of a vintage scene, damasks and brocades, among which there are several of the principal pieces from the Figdor Collection, besides a considerable number of mainly Netherlandish embroideries; further, Oriental carpets, and among the sculpture a Saxon altarpiece with shutters of about 1500, and some excellent Bavarian and Austrian groups. To this must be added the well-known collection of enamels, mainly Limoges work of the early sixteenth century, Netherlandish and Dutch furniture of the Renaissance, and porcelain.

The sale of the Stroganoff Collection from Leningrad,

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which was formed by Count Alexander Stroganoff, the friend of the Empress Catherine, which is to take place at Rudolf Lepke's on May 12 and 13, will also be an important event. The paintings to be sold include four Van Dycks, a Rembrandt ("Christ and the Woman of Samaria"), works by Rubens, Scorel, Jacob Ruysdael, Bellini, and others, Boucher's "Triumph of Venus" and "Toilet of Venus," works by Poussin, Claude Lorrain,

exhibitions. The Hagebund co-operated with the New Gallery in organizing an exhibition of European sculpture (with the exception of Austrian), which included, besides the well-known French and German masters of the last century and the present day, the Bohemians Strusa and his pupil Otto Gutfreund, both of whom, unfortunately, died young, and the Yugoslav Ivan Mestrovic. Great interest was aroused by the hitherto unknown



LANDSCAPE

By Gainsborough

By courtesy of Gustav Nebehay, Berlin

Vigée le Brun, a portrait group of the Countess Woronski and her daughter by Romney. Among the sculptures there are examples of Houdon, Foucou, and Falconet.

At Hollstein and Puppel's there is again to be an important sale of engravings on May 4-6. Among the drawings there will be works by Pieter Brueghel the Elder, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Van Orley, several by Titian, Veronese, Verrocchio, Tintoretto, Del Sarto, Uccello, and some Leonardo and Michelangelo school pieces, as well as works by Guardi, Belotto, and Tiepolo. The engravings include almost the whole of Dürer's work in early impressions, Rembrandt's "La Petite Tombe," the Hundred-Guilder piece, various Passion scenes by Schongauer, including the rare "Christ on the Cross," rare works by and after Pieter Brueghel the Elder, and almost the complete work of Antonio Canale.

Vienna has also been fairly active lately in holding

group of a "Faun and Nymph" by Gericault, which showed close affinity with the early works of Michelangelo. The Kunstgemeinschaft held a memorial exhibition in the Glashauss of the Burggarten of the Tyrolean painter Eggar Lienz, who died some years ago, but this did not equal the last collective exhibition held there either in scope or interest. It was a good idea on the part of the Austrian Gallery to reconstruct in the Exhibition Galleries in the Upper Belvedere "An Art Exhibition of a hundred years ago" based on a contemporary catalogue of the Vienna Academy. The enterprise was remarkably successful. It should be added that the exhibition of 1830 was of special importance because the painters Waldmüller, Ammerling, Alt, Dannhauser, Fendi, Gauermaun, etc., who were to play such a prominent part in the Viennese school of the 'forties and 'fifties, made their first appearance that year.



BOOK REVIEWS

MUSIC OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES, by LEO SMITH. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Leo Smith, in this excellent short history of music which stretches from Byrd to Mozart, does not profess to say anything new. But he threads his way through two centuries with a commendable clarity and shows himself well abreast of modern research in the various fields that he covers. His central chapter on John Sebastian Bach is a fair summary of that master's achievement, though one would have liked him to take a less conventional view of Bach's attitude towards the question of *timbres* or tone-colour. In nothing has posterity, which pays him semi-divine honour, shown itself more lax than in its want of respect for Bach's own intentions. It is still impossible for the ordinary music lover to listen to the strains that Bach had in his mind's ear when he put them so neatly on paper.

His clavier music transferred from the harpsichord or the clavichord to the modern piano becomes a lifeless thing. Only the exceptional organist at an exceptional instrument—not an enormous freak such as we delight in nowadays—can give us the message of the organ works. His choral works, instead of being performed by small choirs of twenty and twenty-five singers, where the balance can be preserved between voices and instruments, are sung by vocal masses that make this impossible. The same thing is true of his concertos, where the passion for quantity of tone, which is a very different thing from quality, is also indulged. Many of the instruments for which Bach wrote, the viola-pomposa or tenor violin, the viola da gamba, the viola d'amore, are extinct. Others, including violin and 'cello, have so changed their character under the incessant pressure of virtuosity to attain greater brilliance, that the works Bach wrote for them cannot now be played in a way that conveys any real impression of the composer's intentions. It is a sorry business and one that should be emphasized in any book meant for students. For until the complacency is shattered which has looked upon all the changes that musical instruments have undergone in the last hundred and fifty years as a counterpart to the progress of the world in mechanical cleverness, no real hope of "getting back to Bach" can be felt. And the more one hears of contemporary music, the more obvious does it become that this is the ideal of the most gifted singers of our day.

H. F. W.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, with ten engravings on copper by DAVID JONES. Quarto, pp. 38. Boards. (Bristol: Douglas Cleverdon.) Limited edition. 1929.

The colophon of this handsome book runs "Printed for Douglas Cleverdon at the Fanfare Press, London: the Poem in the Arrighi types, lent by Charles W. Hobson, and the marginal glosses in Norstedt's original XVIII century founts. The copperplates printed by Walter L. Colls, London." It must be added that the paper used is a fine one, a little hard, but suitable for taking not only the type, but the engravings. There are three states of the book, two of them signed by the artist, the first having prints of discarded engravings and an original

drawing. This, the ordinary edition, quite apart from its combined West of England, Welsh, poetical and publishing associations, is a nice collector's book; from the point of view of the art of engraving it is a delectable production—David Jones has got the spirit of the Rime; its vague mixed character, its evanescent changes from stanza to stanza, its far-away figures, and its creepy atmosphere. It is not only fine drawing and engraving; it is interpretative and it is above all illustrational.

CHILDHOOD: A Cycle of Woodcuts by BOCHOVAKOVA DITTRICHOVA. 16mo. Boards. (London: A. Zwemmer.) 3s.

This book of ninety-four woodcuts was printed by F. Obzina at Vyško, Czechoslovakia, in a limited edition of 310 copies. Books of wood blocks with little or no letterpress are now known to collectors. Frans Masereel, the Fleming, has done them; they are being done in German and are not unknown in Paris and London. There will be a vogue for these modern wood-cut books, and already Bochovakova Dettrichova has fourteen to her credit, and will soon have more. The Czechs delight in engraving on wood; it suits their unsentimental and thorough-going nature. It suits particularly the Moravian spirit, and the artist is a Moravian and her work consists of observations of the very prosaic scenes in the life of a girl from her birth to her schooldays: all the usual ordinary associations, events, joys and fears, as well as the absurdities appertaining. It is amusing, it is true, it is sincere, and so the book is good, and there is no sounder medium in which to express what is good and true than the old-fashioned wood-cut.

UNCLE DOTTERY: A Christmas Story by T. F. POWIS, with two Wood Engravings by ERIC GILL. Small 8vo. Boards. (Bristol: Douglas Cleverdon.) Limited edition.

Collectors of modern illustrated books will have to include this on account of Eric Gill's two little cuts; collectors of nicely printed books will have to have it on its own merits as such. This is not to mention the gay little story which is the cause of its publication.

THE ART OF EGYPT THROUGH THE AGES. Edited by SIR E. DENISON ROSS, C.I.E., Ph.D. (The Studio, Ltd.) 42s. net.

The more secrets the past reveals to us, thanks to excavations, archaeological finds, and their systematic study, the clearer it becomes that civilization is a continuous, uninterrupted movement, never standing still, though at times quickening its pace; a movement that never belongs exclusively to any one country, to any one State, but passing rather through them, emerging from the passage modified, to carry ideas to other countries and, maybe, recrossing places time and again. That, at least, is the story told by the monuments of ancient art and that of less remote times with ever greater coherence.

Fragments of this story we find reflected in the *Studio's* new publication, "The Art of Egypt through the Ages," and in spite of the conclusion this symposium of authorities comes to, we think a better title would have been "The Arts in Egypt through the Ages," since the "original and native element that has survived" is less significant than the "new forms and developments."

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

MIDDLE KINGDOM



HEAD OF AMENEMHET III IN GREEN SLATE

Copenhagen Museum

From *The Art of Egypt Through the Ages*, published by The Studio, Ltd.

By courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd.

The book is manifestly produced for the benefit of a wider public, and to them its perusal is sincerely recommended; they will find it—even without the knowledge of experts—intensely interesting and stimulating.

The very first plate, in spite of its deterrent title, which reads "Seated steatopygous female figure in clay," suggests a player in some archaic but tremendous drama in the act of invoking the gods. The prehistoric figure is cleverly photographed, but even without this artificial aid is quite remarkable for its dramatic power. On page 84 are three predynastic figures, works dating one knows not how many years or centuries before 3300 B.C., in which one can see the difference between native Egyptian and Asiatic conceptions, for the "lapis lazuli figurine from Hieraconpolis" is quite obviously un-Egyptian. A page or two farther on is an Aragonite figure of an ape, likewise of the earliest dynastic period, which in its essential naturalism is only surpassed by a glazed pottery figure of a bellowing hippopotamus of perhaps a thousand or more years later. It is such æsthetical achievements, occasionally of overwhelming power, which are as remarkable at times for their naturalistic grandeur as for their dignified abstractness. There is in the Cairo Museum, for example, the famous but ever-amazing limestone statue of Nofert, painted in more or less natural colours, and belonging to the fourth dynasty, more striking even than the hardly less "living" statue of her husband (p. 103). This naturalism is exceeded in dramatic actuality by the wooden statues of "An Egyptian official and his wife of the fifth dynasty" (p. 112) in the Louvre. Husband and wife seem to be stepping straight out of the remote past into our room, he eager to present his wife to some superior on our right, she smilingly interested in our, possibly less exalted, but to her more attractive, selves. Then, for dignity of abstract design, could anything be more impressive than the "Stela of the Serpent King" (p. 91) from the Louvre, as remarkable for its sense of spacing and rhythm as the "Early dynastic granite door-socket representing a captive enemy" (p. 92) from the University Museum, Philadelphia, is for the ingenuity of its abstract truth. Overwhelming in its essential realism gained by simplification of form in obedience to the nature of the material, is the "Head of Amenemhet III in obsidian" (p. 129). It is only 4½ in. in height, but it has the strength of a colossal statue. Face to face with such evidence of art one is amazed and awed by its timelessness. Amenemhet III must have inspired artists, for all his portrait carvings, whether in obsidian, slate, or granite, and mutilated though they be, are astounding in their subtlety of design and craftsmanship, the one from the Copenhagen Museum (p. 133) being perhaps the most striking. Charming,

Book Reviews

MIDDLE KINGDOM



HEAD OF AMENEMHET III IN OBSIDIAN

In the collection of M. C. S. Gulbenkian, Paris

From The Art of Egypt Through the Ages, published by The Studio, Ltd.

By courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

and a foretaste of the Roman "Tanagra" figures, is the limestone statuette "Tetisheri" (p. 171, i), and belonging to the New Kingdom several hundred years later, when we find plaster casts from a sculptor's studio of simple direct realism (p. 177), and fragments, notably one of a mouth (p. 179), carved with a skill as remarkable for its sensibility as for the simplifications. Nearly thirty plates are devoted to Tutankhamen's period, which makes up the loss of strength in its forms by their rococo-like delicacy. Once more, in the twenty-fifth dynasty, that is in the sixth century B.C., we get a glimpse of ancient Egyptian strength in the remarkable quartzite head of an old man (p. 227) from the British Museum, only to see it come down with a visible crash in the Ptolemaic period (p. 234), and the terrible hybrid statue of Antinous (p. 238, ii).

The Fayum painted portraits of the first to third centuries A.D. find Egyptian art in a new world: the Byzantine approaches, and with it the Greco-Asiatic of which the Coptic forms part. "Horus as a Roman Horseman," with which it here opens (p. 247), has nothing whatever in common with the severe sense of style that distinguishes the pre-Ptolemaic period. On the other hand, it foreshadows that of the European Middle Ages. Egypt has lost its African isolation and forms henceforth a branch of the Islamic world which, itself essentially international, is the fruit of the union of purely Asiatic with Byzantine elements and carries the seed from which was to develop much more of later European art than is perhaps as yet quite realized.

It is this glimpsing of origins together with the proof that æsthetical achievements are timeless in their place and beauty that makes this volume so absorbingly interesting. We have only mentioned sculpture and touched upon painting, but "The Art of Egypt," accompanied by essays from the pen of acknowledged authorities, deals with all, including architecture as well as the applied arts.

It goes without saying that this *Studio* publication is well printed and produced, though on the whole the half-tone illustrations are preferable to the superficially more attractive, but rather too heavy, gravures.

H. F.

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

By KINETON PARKES

DIE POLNISCHE KUNST von 1800 bis zur Gegenwart, von ALFRED KUHN. 8vo, pp. 189, illus. Boards. (Berlin: Klinkhardt und Biermann.) 1931. M. 8.50.

This is a small book on a large subject and there is an illustration to nearly every page. Poland suffers from the fact that it is a huge country lying at the far east of European culture, that its cultural centres are few, and that it has been the practice for many years for the Polish artists to seek not only their training but their homes abroad. Polish painters and sculptors are adding distinction to their arts in France, the United States of America, and to a less extent in England. There has, however, for 100 years been a distinctively indigenous art of Poland coinciding in style and practice with that of the rest of Europe, so far as subject and technique are concerned, but of a convincing national character in

spirit. The earlier masters of last century exploited national history just as was done in the other great centres, imparting to their work a patriotism that was in general greater than most. The Pole has always been a patriot, even when exiled from his native land, and at home or in exile has remained a Pole even though he has assimilated the latest developments of art in general and become decisively of the moderns. Alfred Kuhn's useful book strikes a fair balance between the national and international aspects of his subject. The earlier painters are seen to be sound and traditional; the earlier sculpture is to seek. It is, however, when chapter four is reached, that the author becomes more busily appreciative. Onwards, the book is concerned with contemporary painting, sculpture, graphic, and the crafts. The latter section is not exhaustive, as it includes only textiles, for incidentally it is to be seen that other crafts are receiving attention in specially created schools and the illustrations of some pieces of wood-carving are good. Some half-dozen sculptors are dealt with briefly in the text and illustrated, and although it is by no means an exhaustive, or even embracive account, it is sufficient to indicate how strong Polish art is in its plastic and glyptic forms. It is noteworthy that the sculptors are interested in and practise both forms of their art, and it is also evident that the growing feeling for carved sculpture throughout Europe is keenly felt and followed in Poland. England has not seen much sculpture from Poland, but a few years ago a show of work by Henryk Kuna in the Haymarket, although, unfortunately, visited but by few, was an indication that in the person of this sculptor, Kuna, Europe possessed a carving sculptor of high rank. More widely known are Xavery Dunikowski, modeller and carver in wood, and Edward Wittig, maker of monuments and other large works in bronze, marble, and stone. Distinctively glyptic, Jan Szepekowski and August Zamoyski take a foremost place in the ranks of the direct carvers, the former as an exponent, mostly in wood, of decorative architectural work, the latter as creator of pure form in stone, marble, and granite. In the making of prints Poland is well to the fore, and the wood-engravings are remarkably forceful and direct, while etching and lithography provide mediums which the Poles have seized with avidity.

ALBRECHT DÜRER: Sein Leben und seine Künstlerische Entwicklung, von EDUARD FLECHSIG. Vol. II. Large 8vo, pp. xii + 630 + plates 32. Sewn. (Berlin: G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.) 1931. M. 30.

Eduard Flechsig has brought his great and laborious work on Albert Dürer to a triumphant close. The first volume, which was reviewed in *APOLLO* in December 1928, contained 30 plates and 485 pages; the second contains 32 plates and 642 pages. Into 1,100 pages a great deal of matter can be compressed; in the first volume 200 pages were given to the Life, so that some 900 are allotted to criticism, annotation, description, collation and history of the works. All this has been done in the most orderly and methodical fashion. There is more than one chronology of the prints according to their classification with references to authorities including, of course, Lippmann and Winkler. The long chapter on the artist's development is a pleasant interlude in this large volume of facts and results of research. There is



Portrait of James Payton

By J. J. James, 1900

See page 100



PORTRAIT OF CORRADO VIVANTI

By Giovanni Fattori

By Courtesy of Museo Salvatorelli, The Italian Gallery



PAYSAGE DE PROVINCE

By André Derain

Collection Paul Guillaume
(New "L'Art et l'Artiste" Paris)



HON. EDWARD BOUVERIE

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

From the Earl of Haverley's collection in Haverley, Hampshire's Gallery



Book Reviews

little that is known and worth knowing that has been left out of these volumes which must rank as the standard work on the artist.

DER ENTDECKER VON PERGAMON—CARL HUMANN: ein Lebensbild, herausgegeben von CARL SCHUCHHARDT und THEODOR WIEGAND. Crown 8vo, pp. 6 + 167, illus. 12 + portrait frontispiece + plates 14. Boards. (Berlin: G. Grote.) 1930. M. 4.

This is an account from several contributors of the discoverer of Pergamum, Carl Humann, one of the contributors being A. Conze, who co-operated with him from 1878 in the excavations. The great collections of sculpture and architecture which resulted were removed to Berlin and rival the Elgin marbles at the British Museum. Their display as such in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum more than rivals the Elgin marbles exhibition, for a reconstruction has been installed which is one of the greatest monuments to archaeological and sculptural research in the world. The very high reliefs of the Zeus Temple, vigorously carved and full of dynamic energy, are the wonder of their period, and are not surpassed by any other. It is, thus, of great interest to have a direct account of the origin of this famous installation, and, as this is, at first hand.

NIEDERSÄCHSISCHE KUNST IN ENGLAND, von V. C. HABICHT. Large 8vo, pp. 4 + 116 illus. (Hannover: In der Schriftenreihe der Wirtschaftswissenschaftl. Gesellschaft zum Studium niedersachsens E.V.) 1930.

The English museums are particularly rich in examples of the arts of Lower Saxony, and the arts of Lower Saxony are particularly rich intrinsically. In this interesting book examples of miniatures, manuscripts, metalwork, fabrics (woven and embroidered), pictures, drawings, engravings and sculpture in wood and stone, are illustrated to the extent of nearly a hundred. Most of the exhibits come from the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, and they, together, provide one more proof of the treasures that are housed in London. We are particularly fond of the arts of Saxony, and turning over the pages of this book suggests the publication of a similar one representing the arts of England in their genres as those of Saxony are represented here. This book seems to demand a counterpart and seems to suggest that England has collected in this direction more than she has contributed to the general wealth of European art. It would be well if this well-earned reproach could be repudiated by a blast from the British trumpet, or, in plain words, a book to match this so well produced by the enthusiasm of German students in Hanover, helped by the enthusiasm of a similar publisher and society.

DER NAUMBERGER DOM und seine Bildwerke, beschrieben von WILHELM PINDER aufgenommen von WALTER HEGE. Third edition. Large 8vo, pp. 54, illus. + plates 88. (Berlin: Deutsche Kunstverlag.) Linen. 1931. M. 28.

First published in 1924, this work has been reprinted to the extent of 6,000 and now appears in a third edition. It is an indication not only of the enterprise of the publishers but of the interest of the public in architectural and sculptural work in Germany. Moreover, it is one of a series entitled "Deutsche Dome" which already includes six volumes with promises of many more. It is not a popular work, but neither, on the other hand, is it a too learned work. It appeals to the general cultivated

interest in an admirable fashion and is produced under the care of experts. The subject—early thirteenth century—is of the first order, both structure and ornament being of the greatest artistic value. The cathedral from the outside presents a most imposing spectacle with its four fine towers, while the sculpture inside has features of arresting merit. The smiling woman, "Reglindis," and the pensive "Uta," are naturalistic masterpieces.

NICOLAS FROMENT et l'Ecole Avignonnaise au XVe siècle, par LUCIE CHAMSON. Pott 4to, pp. 64 + plates 60. Sewn. (Paris: Les Editions Rieder.) F. 20.

When Bertrand de Goth, Archbishop of Bordeaux, as Pope Clement V transferred his court to Avignon, that beautiful place became one of the chief seats of the arts in Europe. From the earliest years of the fourteenth century not only religion but letters, painting, and sculpture flourished, and in the fifteenth century reached a state of high accomplishment. The school of painting was mainly the outcome of the sojourn of Italian artists, the chief of whom was Simone Martini who worked there for five years about 1340. These Italian primitives gave place in time to another group which was marked by the Flemish style. René I, Duke of Anjou, King of Naples, was a great lover of the arts and himself something of a painter, and many primitive works found in the South of France, or emanating from there, were at one time attributed to him. In the cathedral of Aix is the triptych with portraits of René and his wife which was believed for centuries to be his work. Now it is known as the "Burning Bush," painted by Nicolas Froment, who was the King's painter—the head of the school of Avignon. Apart from the works of the school at Avignon, reproductions are given in the illustrations of those in the Louvre, at Chantilly, Brussels, Florence, and Aix. During the last forty years Nicolas Froment and the Avignonnaise school have been the subject of much interest and investigation in France, and this useful book relates all that there is of valuable knowledge concerning the French primitives of the South.

FILIPPO DE PISIS, by SERGIO SOLMI. Small 8vo, pp. 18 + plates 28. Sewn. (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.) 1931. L. 10.

Filippo de Pisis was born in 1896 at Ferrara. He is largely a still-life and flowers painter, but also draws the figure in the nude and makes portraits. Like other gifted Italian artists, he is awarded the praise of the Italian critics in no unstinted measure. His still-life and flower studies are good, and this little book by Sergio Solmi is to be welcomed into Giovanni Scheiwiller's neat little series, "Arte Moderna Italiana."

MUNCHNER JAHRBUCH DER BILDENDEN KUNST. Vol. VII. (Munich: Verlag Knorr und Hirth.) 1930.

The four quarterly parts of this indispensable publication make up a total of 384 pages with many fine illustrations of painting and sculpture by the lesser masters. If it were not for this publication and one or two more in Europe, a great deal of valuable material would remain unprinted, and therefore for the most part unknown. In the United States the value of such a year-book is appreciated and imitated, but in England unfortunately we have nothing comparable with it.



GEORGE HENRY VISCOUNT SEAHAM

By Sir Thomas Lawrence

From the Marquess of Londonderry's collection

At Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries

ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN (IN AID OF THE CHEYNE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN), AT MESSRS. KNOEDLER'S GALLERIES

This exhibition, which unfortunately was not yet hung at the time of writing, is an event of great importance and likely to prove exceptionally attractive. Not since 1913, at any rate, when the "Woman and Child in Art" exhibition was held at the Grafton Galleries, has anything like it been attempted. The present exhibition, limited as it is to England and the eighteenth century, nevertheless offers, so to speak, the *crème de la crème* of such art, for child-painting is virtually an English eighteenth-century creation. The older masters, with such exceptions as prove the rule, did not paint children as children; to them they were either cherubs and *amorini* or else small-scale adults. It is Reynolds's peculiar merit to have painted children as children, and taught the world how to follow his example.

The illustrations on this and the two following pages will give readers some idea of the importance and attraction of this show which lasts from April 23 to May 23.

EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH SPORTING PRINTS IN COLOURS AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S

This exhibition is remarkable on account of the state and the quality of its contents, quite apart from the rarity of many of the prints. There is, for instance, the set of four "Fox Hunting," by C. Burtley after H. Alken, which was bought on publication by the original collector,

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By HERBERT FURST

in whose family it remained until Messrs. Colnaghi acquired it. There is the "Steeplechase," a set of six, by the same engraver and artist, beautifully uniform in quality and condition. An extremely rare print is "The Mail Coach" by F. Rosenberg after J. Pollard, and an equally rare print, "Four-in-hand," by M. Dubourg after J. Pollard. A fine set in every respect is that of the eight Quorn Hunt plates, by F. C. Lewis after Alken. Other especially interesting plates are "The Derby won, 1833" by E. Duncan after F. Howard; "Partridge Shooting" by H. Pyall after S. Jones; then the plates drawn and engraved by James Pollard, namely, "Coursers taking the Field at Hatfield Park" and "Coursing, a view of Hatfield Park"—a pair—and "Ascot Heath: Race for His Majesty's Gold Plate, 1826." Of additional historical interest is a view of the first race-meeting attended by Queen Victoria when a little girl. This is "Ascot Races: Glaucus beating Rockingham and Samarcand," by C. Pyall after J. Pollard. It shows King William IV with Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, and the little Princess Victoria in 1834 (see plate between pp. 332 and 333).

Altogether this is an exceptionally good show for lovers of sporting prints.



"RUSTICITY"

By Hoppner

In Lady Desborough's collection

At Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries

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“THE BLUE BOY”
By George Romney
In the collection of Mrs. Lubbock at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries
(See page 324)



MASTER LAMBTON
By Sir Thomas Lawrence
From the Earl of Durham's collection at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries
(See page 324)

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MR. LIONEL ELLIS AT THE REDFERN GALLERY

Mr. Lionel Ellis is a little disconcerting. He is manifestly a worshipper at the shrine of the Renaissance, notably the Venetians and Poussin, whose full, round forms he adopts, along with something of their colour. His paint, as such, has nice quality, and he is not afraid of primary reds and blues, as "And I will make you Fishers of Men." But he is at times, especially in his drawings, inclined to cheapen the sources of his inspiration. He is really at his best in his portraits, such



LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

From the collection of Lord Glenconner

At Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries (see page 324)

as "Muriel," "Kathleen," and "Perilla." I understand, however, that he is still this side of the thirties; so that the impatience of youth which causes him to treat his own work with not quite sufficient respect may eventually be subdued.

MR. FERGUS GRAHAM AT THE REDFERN GALLERY

The Redfern Gallery's second show of Mr. Fergus Graham's paintings will be open by the time these lines appear in print. I have not yet seen it, but it may be remembered that Mr. Graham, who has only recently resigned his commission in the Grenadier Guards, showed, though self-taught, very considerable promise and authentic originality of vision.

MARIETTE LYDIS AT THE ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY

Mariette Lydis belongs to a type of artist more often found amongst the feminine sex than amongst their opposites, but in any case rare. Artists of her kind seem to possess their art complete, from the commencement;



THE FELL

By Fergus Graham

At the Redfern Gallery

they do not develop; they unfold, they open out, but they seem to have nothing to learn. That, at least, is the impression one gains from the two exhibitions she has so far held in London. Being, in addition to her talent as an artist, gifted with rare intelligence, her work has, from both points of view, more than ordinary significance. As a French writer has aptly said of her, she is "the Botticelli of a Dostoevskian world"—infinitely more interesting when she deals with humanity than when she



THE MEWS

By Fergus Graham

At the Redfern Gallery

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paints animals and flowers, though even in these there is at times a saturnine and uncanny interpretation of physiological appearances, as in the "Plante exotique" and the "Cactus fleuri." In her previous exhibition she impressed one mainly with her records of the *déséquilibrés*—mentally or morally. In this exhibition the pathological and the criminal—possibly the same thing—is less evident. Her work is more serene. The Botticellian manner is still there; that is to say, she draws in that Florentine's peculiar style, notably in respect of noses, eyes, and hands. Perchance there is some inexplicable affinity in their mental make-up. Botticelli's, too, was a highly-strung nature, and he, too, made paintings of murderers. In her present exhibition, however, she gives us the female adolescent with an uncanny psychological insight. Some of these remind one of Lautrec; "Girls," for instance, and "The Marjory Sisters." "Adolescentes," "Les Sœurs," and "Jeune Fille," however, are less "vicious," and "Christiane" is innocence personified. "La Veuve"—with her eyes still red from crying—is a psychological masterpiece without the slightest hint of melodrama. Quite remarkable, too, are her studies of the nude. They betray an outlook much more cruel than Degas's, who found that "la femme, en général, est laide"; but they are equally true to life. The "Torse de Clara danseuse" gives us a study of what one might call the structure of a dancing animal. There is here a single portrait of a man, "Monsieur Tallone," done, like many of the other drawings, almost in monochrome. This portrait is curiously psychopathic also.

There are worlds of difference between such art as that of Marie Laurencin, Laura Knight, and Mariette Lydis; yet each represents the feminine outlook, each gives us a facet of truth as seen by feminine eyes; but I know of no artist—male or female—who can render the soul—the most elusive of all human concepts—as convincingly as Mariette Lydis.

PAINTINGS BY GIORGIO DE CHIRICO AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES

Monsieur or Signor Giorgio de Chirico is one of the leaders of *surréalisme*, in other words of those artists who represent mental concepts, and this exhibition contains examples of all his stages of development from the "Auto Portrait" of 1908 to the "Mannequins" of 1930. On his early self-portrait he has inscribed "Et quid amabo nisi quod aenigma est," and this prophecy he has fulfilled. He is an ideologist, and one is therefore not surprised that he has given his essay in geometrics—hardly cubism—of 1916, called "Jeux du Prince," an obvious if enigmatic content. His portrait of himself and his mother of 1921, as well as the "Niobe" of the same year, prove not only that he can paint and could have developed in the direction of the old masters, but that he deliberately gave his pictures a colour orches-

tration and that mellowness which paintings of the Italian Renaissance with the Gallery complexion possess, and the little cloud forms suggest the Quattrocento. His "Citrons" of 1922, still mellow, suggest the eighteenth-century still-life painters, and the "Paysage Romain" of 1923 is in the romantic-classic taste of that epoch also. Three years later, in 1925, he produces "Fruits de Neptune," the "fruits" being fish and lobsters painted in a loose Halsish manner in the foreground and an "antique" bust of Neptune, with antique architecture,



LES VIERGES SAGES

By Mariette Lydis

At the St. George's Galleries

in the background. So far the enigma is not difficult to solve. He has at any rate remained mainly a painter. In 1926, however, with his "Fils consolateur" and the "Chevaux dans une Chambre," the painter makes room for the draughtsman, and the objects represented are no longer derived from Nature but from mental concepts. The incongruous begins to fascinate him: "Horses in a Room"; an old man with a statue as the "consoling" son! In the following year, 1927, the "Mannequin" or lay-figure complex begins to show itself as an obsession. In "Archéologues" distorted lay figures with telescoped lower limbs, and ovoid, inarticulate heads, hold

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a mass of architectural bric-à-brac in their laps. It is sheer nonsense, but—and the but is important—the picture as such is not only a satisfactory design, but beautiful in colour and, though wilful in drawing, finely painted. His second complex, or third if we reckon classical architecture as one of them, is the horse, the classical horse, which recurs again and again in his art, the technique of which is clearly developed from gouache painting. Thus we have the “Chevaux devant la Mer” of 1929; “Les Chevaux” and “Les Rivages de Thessalie” of 1930. But in 1930 we also have a “Femme nue” and a “Femme nue de Dos”—more truth to Nature, less idéologie, less enigma. Give him two more years and the enigma will have solved itself. We shall then either have a good painter more, or—but *vedremo!*

JAMES PRYDE, BY H. JAMES GUNN

(See plate facing p. 322)

By the courtesy of the artist we are able to publish a reproduction of a portrait—and a noble one it is—of James Pryde. By the time these lines appear this picture will be found, we hope, in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

The portrait is the result, one may safely say, of a happy co-operation between two accomplished artists—the sitter and the painter—and once more it becomes evident how much a fine portrait may owe to such conditions. Among all the modern portraits one sees from time to time it would be difficult to remember more than one or two which bear upon their surface this aristocratic bearing, and this is the feeling one has at once in looking at this Pryde portrait. Quite apart from a question of resemblance to the sitter, there is the same quality which one remembers in the portrait of the late Lord Ribblesdale by Sargent and of Madame Suggia by Augustus John.

The painter himself, Mr. H. James Gunn, feels that he has succeeded in conveying the idea of a Scotsman in this portrait with perhaps a suggestion of Sir Walter Scott in it. It is generally agreed among artists that James Pryde takes a very high position among contemporary painters—it is therefore something of an inspiration on the part of Mr. Gunn to have achieved this portrait which should surely go to one of our public collections.

One cannot help wondering, too, when the Royal Academy will decide to recognize the great gifts of James Pryde, a recognition surely long overdue. T. L. H.

PORTRAIT OF MARGARET POLE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY

The colour plate, reproduced by permission of Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co., and facing page 316, represents the unfortunate Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, and, although the painter of the portrait is unknown, the following particulars in regard to the lady herself, and of her family, may be of interest to our readers.

She was born in August 1473, at Castle Farley, and was a daughter of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, and of Isabella, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, “the King maker.”

About the year 1491, Henry VII caused her to marry Sir Richard Pole, a relative of the King's mother, Margaret Beaufort. Henry VIII gave her in fee the family lands of the Earldom of Salisbury and created her Countess of Salisbury in 1513 and made her also governess to the Princess Mary, whom she served with great devotion and was regarded by the Princess as a second mother. Trouble began on the marriage of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, as the Countess declined to give up the Princess's jewels to the new Queen, owing to which she was dismissed from her office.

The Countess was enabled to return to court, after the death of Anne Boleyn, but during the same year further friction arose through the action of her third son, Reginald Pole, in publishing a book, in the year 1535, entitled “Pro Ecclesiastica Unitatis Defensione,” in which he denounced the conduct of the King in declaring himself the head of the Church. The Countess and her eldest son were induced to give a half-hearted condemnation to the book, but the anger of the King was by no means appeased, and it is said that he told the French Ambassador that he had decided to destroy the whole family. Consequently, her eldest son, Sir Henry Pole, Baron Montague, together with his kinsman the Marquis of Exeter, were executed in 1538, and her younger son, Geoffrey Pole, was imprisoned, but not executed.

The Countess herself was arrested and confined to the house of the Earl of Southampton and was later transferred to the Tower of London; the whole of her property was also seized.

In the year 1539 she was attainted, and, after much suffering in prison, was executed in the Tower in May 1541. It is said that Henry VIII described her on one occasion as “the most saintly woman in history,” though one may be permitted to doubt his competence to judge such a matter. In any case, it is interesting to note that the name of Margaret Pole is included in the list of the beatified English Confessors and Martyrs recently announced from Rome.

The writer of the offending book, Reginald Pole, was called to Rome, where he became a Cardinal and was appointed Papal Legate to the Netherlands in 1537.

In the year 1554 he returned to England and, under Queen Mary, became the last Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury. He died at Lambeth Palace in 1558.

T. L. H.

PAINTINGS BY TRISTRAM HILLIER AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES

Mr. Tristram Hillier is, I understand, a young Englishman who has lived all his painting life in Paris. At present he is almost entirely dominated by Lurçat; in other words, he lives in a world in which walls and other screen-like erections play a prominent part. Fortunately, however, one can see in most of his paintings a strong personal bias. He has not only an independent sense of colour, often very delightful and even sweet; he has also a sense of the dramatic; even occasionally, as in the “Paris,” of the uncanny. In his flat designs, such as the “Pain de Gènes,” he is uninteresting, and his “Elise” reminds one too much of the kind of thing the schoolboy objected to when the master was testing the pupils' power of observation. You remember the master asked the boys to name a number consisting of two figures and

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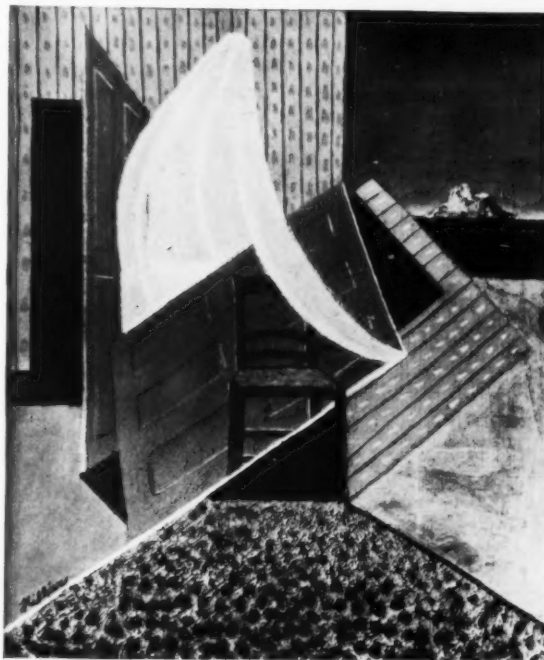
on being given 63, put down 36, or for 48 wrote 84, until a bright spark called out "seventy-seven—now try and monkey about with that!" In other words, there is too much "monkeying about" in this picture. In the "Paysage Marseillais," the "Banlieue de Marseille," the "Locomotif," and the less rectilinear "Sardines," he is seen at his best. In his picture "Femme," consisting mainly of the representation of a nude woman with manifest elephantiasis of the hips and abdomen, one would like to know why an artist who has so much sensibility for beautiful and intensely pleasing colour should go out of his way to associate it with disgusting form. There is a lack of logic here which only the artist's youth can possibly excuse.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

The last time I saw the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, Mr. Richard Sickert, the then president, had caused the exhibition to be hung on a principle of abstract justice, so absolute that his own work, in common with the rest, suffered from its "blindness." The general impression of the present exhibition came therefore as an agreeable surprise. The general effect of the show is pleasant; there is a new spirit here, more life. Mr. de Laszlo, the new president, has caused several improvements to be made, the greatest being the introduction of bays in the central gallery. These bays break up the long wall, create variety, and raise our innate curiosity or expectation. A long, unbroken wall is like a long, straight road, wearisome, however beautiful the things by the "roadside" may be. I would only venture to suggest another improvement. The R.B.A. now contains works of different and sometimes diametrically opposed tendencies. Would it not be better to group paintings of kindred conceptions together? The members seem to be divided roughly in three categories: the more old-fashioned sentimentalists, the more modern naturalists, and the quite up-to-date "abstractionists," if one may so label those painters whose first concern is the picture as such and not as an illusion of Nature. They are now, in accordance with the president's laudable catholicism, all part and parcel of the show, but mixed together they, nevertheless, seem somewhat quarrelsome neighbours.

Coming now to the works themselves, the president's contributions, notably the one oil-painting, a portrait of the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, is done with his customary efficiency and his usual bias towards making his sitters look even better than their best. (In parenthesis I hasten to add that I have never seen the sitter; my remarks refer to Mr. de Laszlo's suave technique.) Somewhat akin to his, though applied to very different subjects, is that of Mr. J. H. Amschwitz, whose "Fading Light," equally ably painted, has the same sentimental complexion. A little different, and not merely suggesting the same period when that kind of painting originated, but actually of it, is Mr. Hodgson Lobley's "The Wife of the Artist in 1907," which of its kind is admirable. Between this conception and Mr. R. R. Tomlinson's admirable "Colour"—a portrait of a coloured lady—there would at first sight seem no great difference. Mr. Tomlinson's "Colour" is naturalistic, there are no distortions, no abstractions; nevertheless, his pigments have a function apart from the "imitation of Nature," and so has his line.

There is less "tone," but more construction. Mr. R. O. Dunlop's "Mauve Dress" shows again a difference, although it, too, is naturalistic enough. Here, however, the pigments are full-bodied and symphonic, thus likewise constituting a value over and above the illusional elements. Incidentally, the "Mauve Dress" is more restrained and coherent than his portrait of "Jane Shephard." Everything depends on the artist's conception of the function of his craft; that seems obvious, but apparently it is not. At any rate, it seems difficult to understand how the artist of a bold summary design in watercolour—it is called "Cut Glass and Flowers"—could be identical with the painter of an academic, tight, and somewhat blatant picture in oils entitled "Portrait of Mrs. Raymond



INTERIOR

By Tristram Hillier

By permission of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.

Hartmann." Yet the catalogue gives the same name—Dorothea Selous, to wit. Equally difficult to understand is Miss Hilda Hechle's attitude towards art. Her "conversation piece" is an indifferently designed cat-subject of but the slightest type, whilst her mountain scenery, notably the "Jotunheim," has the grandeur of the subject and the interest in treatment that first made her name. Another woman painter, Miss Sylvia Gosse, distinguishes herself with a large painting, "The Rescue of Sergeant Evans," in which we are shown the salvage corps of the Fire Brigade at work. It is much larger than the usual size of her work and full of light and a sense of actuality; but the bold, deliberate design seems a little underweighted on the right, and the light seems too evenly white and stark all over. Nevertheless, it is a commendable venture contrasting favourably with much of the sentimental and would-be idyllic type of

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subject that still prevails here. Equally commendable for the same reason is Mr. Millard's composition, "Dies Irae." It is a figure composition, a little melodramatic perhaps, but by no means negligible in design. Much more purely decorative but equally successful as a figure design is Miss Madeline Wells's "Paris in an Orchard," treated like a tapestry, the frame forming, however, an integral part of the design.

Amongst the landscapes there are quite a number of outstanding interest and merit. There is, first of all, Mr. Padwick's classically composed "The Bay," with rather more colour and atmosphere than is usual with him; then, in quite a different technique, Mr. Adrian Hill's "Sibford Ferris," also the same artist's "Purfleet, Essex," again in a different manner; Mr. Stafford Leake's various contributions, such as the green monochrome painting, "Simplon Village," and the grey monochrome wash-and-ink drawing, "Avignon from Villeneuve," astonishingly clever in handling. Mr. Murray Urquhart's two "Concarneau" subjects, also watercolours, and Mr. Kirkland Jamieson's two oils, "Constable's Mill" and "Les Pins," rather Vlamincish in nature, are all examples of carefully analysed and synthesized impressions of natural scenery varying from the classical English to the modern French manner. Monsieur Lucien Simon's contributions, though not by any means of the modern Paris school, are full of spirit and un-English colour, whilst Mr. Robert Mackechnie, along with Mr. Jamieson, may be said to represent that school in this exhibition. He exhibits two "Portraits"; they are of their kind good, especially the one in the south-west gallery, with its nicely orchestrated sonorous colour values. Not far from the last-named picture is one of Miss Braida Stanley-Creek's amusing designs, "The Return of Persephone"; this, and especially another called "Summer Day," are also "modern," but in English manner, the manner of Ernest Procter; their only fault is that their rhythm is too staccato.

In conclusion, I have only space to mention the names of some artists whose contributions, in many different styles, are amongst the more interesting; these are Mr. George Drinkwater, Mr. Charles Ince, Mr. St. Clair Marston, Mr. Hugh de Poix, Mr. Otway McConnell, Miss Amy Joseph (the little "St. Ives"), Mr. P. F. Millard, Mr. Claud Flight ("Wind on the River"), Mr. S. S. Longley, Mr. David Wilson, Mr. Vernon Stokes, Mr. Cyril Power—all represented by watercolours and drawings. Amongst the oil-paintings, Miss Mabel Greenberg's "Nude" stands out as a remarkable performance of illusionary power; hung where it is the figure seems to be almost falling through the frame; its one fault is the lack of subtlety in colour. Miss Florence Asher's "Abstractions" are not really abstract.

Other interesting paintings are by Messrs. Hesketh Hubbard, Hely Smith, Silvester Blunt, Harold Botcherby, Denys Wells, Miss Dorothy Sharp, Messrs. Charles Ince, John Cole, H. G. Hoyland, Teng H. Chin, Miss Kathleen Shepherd ("Fondu," slight but very pleasant), Miss Higgins ("When Pamela dreamed that she entertained some heroes," amongst whom are Nelson, Charlie Chaplin, and Charles I!), and—at the opposite pole—Mr. Harold Owen, who may yet have something to say of which his "Lonely Negro" is only a promise.

SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS BY HENRY MOORE AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

Readers of *APOLLO* have, no doubt, already reflected on the "Ruminations on Sculpture and the Work of Henry Moore" by Mr. Wilenski in the December number of last year, and now Mr. Epstein, in the preface to Mr. Moore's exhibition, tells them what to think of this artist's sculpture. According to the former authority sculptors of Mr. Moore's calibre are concerned with the "creation of objects imbued with rhythmic relations which symbolize rhythmic relations divined or discovered by the artists in the organic world." Mr. Epstein speaks of this work as: "Bound by the severest æsthetic considerations this sculpture is yet filled with the spirit of research and experiment. It contains the austere logic of ancient sculpture."

Since it is my duty to refer to this exhibition I cannot very well "leave it at that." With the cry of people who object to Mr. Moore's work because it is not like Nature, or because it is grotesque and a travesty of it, I am in no way concerned. Nature is so often grotesque, so often appears as a travesty of herself, that this sort of criticism loses both its relevance and its sting. The principal objection to Mr. Moore's art seems to me to be the fact that it is too much like Nature; resembles too much what Mr. Wilenski calls "the organic world."

The "organic world" is "organized" in its rhythms by its special functions; and Mr. Moore, disregarding the functions, plays about with the rhythms, no doubt on the plea that the "functions" aforesaid have nothing to do with æsthetics. If that be so, why refer to them at all? Why make a foot or a thigh resemble a foot or a thigh, however clumsily? Or, again, if a youthful human breast have a lovely rhythm, namely, the rhythm of its destiny, why make them look like widowed stalagmites (as in the reclining figure 23), growing above the navel and along the ridge of the back, or, at any rate, in a place where they could not function if they were breasts. Of course, Mr. Moore will say: "but they are not breasts in any case, they are æsthetic rhythms." To which the answer, the only answer, is, I submit: then why on earth confuse the eye by associative rhythms which make them suspect of being what they are not? Let abstraction be abstract; Branusi has done it with conspicuous success. Mr. Moore's attempt in "Composition" (29) is, in my view, the best piece in the exhibition, but it is not very good. After this comes the "Reclining Woman" (16)—not because it is abstract entirely, but because its rhythms do not too wilfully distort its obvious associations—namely, with Nature as seen through, say, Aztec eyes.

As regards Mr. Epstein's contention that Mr. Moore's work contains the austere logic of ancient sculpture, one would like first to know which particular "ancient sculpture," for there were many different systems of logic, which sometimes clashed with horrible effects, as in Ptolemaic Egypt.

Mr. Moore's, like all experimental work, is interesting because it is the result of an inquiring mind which, moreover, in its carvings and drawings gives plentiful evidence of the artist's technical capacity and equipment. It fails, nevertheless, and must, in my opinion, necessarily do so because it is wrongheaded; it confuses the means with the meaning of art; it is full of associative matter in the wrong place.

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OLD MASTERS AT THE LEGER GALLERIES

The fine Florentine *tondo* representing the "Virgin, Child, and Saint John" which we reproduce below, by courtesy of Messrs. Leger and Son, was once in the collection of Prince Anatole Demidov de San Donato at Florence, and was sold in the San Donato sale in Paris in 1870.

It is ascribed by Signor Grassi to Michele di Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, also known as Tosini (1503-1577), who was a pupil of Ridolfo, son of Domenico Ghirlandaio. A "Holy Family" by the same painter is in the Pitti Palace.

THE "R.W.S."

Although the Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours has no jury, and every member the right to show whatever he chooses to send in, the standard of the exhibitions as they follow one another is astonishingly even. The Society does apparently not elect artists with very "modern" tendencies to membership, so that that section of the public which is interested in "movements" is not appealed to; but, on the other hand, the members are on the whole free from the taint of pure illustration; whilst the technique is, again with one or two exceptions, in the native tradition. All this means that lovers of this branch of art are peculiarly safe in making their choice; there is enough diversity, but there are few things that even the sternest critic would justly condemn. In fact, if it be a question of condemning, some of the cleverest work here is deserving of censure because the artists, knowing their technical ability, remain satisfied with superficialities. On the other hand, work like Mr. Hartrick's or Mr. Francis Dodd's displays no cleverness, but moves one precisely because one feels the genuineness of the emotion that prompted the work. I am thinking here of Mr. Hartrick's "Good Companions" and "The Week's Washing," and Mr. Dodd's "Spring at Eltham" and "Green Lane." The two latter are instinct with the peculiar sense of intimacy one experiences so often in front of this artist's simple views of London suburbs, whilst Mr. Hartrick's art is to the eye what listening to a friend's talk is to the ear. None of the other artists strike one as so intimate or so friendly. Dame Laura Knight, who is amongst the most individual members of the Society, tells us objectively of "facts" in her picture called "Sisters," whilst other artists with a pronounced style, such as Mr. Russell Flint, Mr. Henry Rushbury, Mr. Cecil Hunt, or Mr. Lamorna Birch, appeal mainly on their technique or their "picturesque" subject-matter. The number of specially attractive things is too great to be given; I can only select a few for special mention, namely, Sir D. Y. Cameron's "Loch Ard," Mr. Oliver Hall's "The Cross Roads" and "A Composition," Mr. W. W. Russell's "Evening on the River," Mr. A. Reginald Smith's "Linton in Craven," "Windermere," and "The Power Station," Mr. Cecil Hunt's "Near Mallaig," Mr. Robert Little's "Mount Ephraim," Mr. E. J. T. Holding's "The Snowdon Range," Mr. William

Wood's "South Woods, Arundel Park," Mr. Harry Morley's "Corfe, Dorset," and Miss Alice Swan's "Saint Geneviève," which reminds one of Edward Stott. All these watercolours show these well-known artists at their very best. Mr. Robert Austin, who along with Dame Laura Knight and Mr. Anning Bell prefers figure subjects, seems to me to run a grave risk of sacrificing meaning to design. In his "Mother and Child" the rim of the bath is the most striking element of the design, and in his "New Baby" the baby is precisely of no account, whilst the rest of the subject is most uninteresting, even as a design.



THE VIRGIN, CHILD, AND SAINT JOHN

Ascribed to Michele di Ridolfo Ghirlandaio

By courtesy of Messrs. Leger and Son

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATERCOLOURS

This Institute has had the most original idea of celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its existence by completely ignoring all except its present members. The only sign of the centenary is Mr. Reginald Grundy's interesting introduction to the catalogue. The Institute is further distinguished by a fact which the perusal of this introduction explains; the fact is that almost the only members who have made a reputation for themselves of more than parochial and ephemeral interest were not pre-eminently painters in watercolours; they were illustrators, such as Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane, Phil May, C. A. Shepperson, and E. A. Abbey (the latter's paintings were, like his pen-drawings, after all illustrations on a large scale). Other members of greater or lesser distinction were, or are, Lady Butler, Seymour Lucas, Sir George Clausen,

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Mark Fisher, Napier Henry, and the president, Sir David Murray, who, however, uses a medium that has nothing in common with the traditional medium of the British school.

It is no doubt the association with illustration that has given the R.I. its *penchant* towards watercolour paintings of that type and in which it still excels. To say so, however, also implies that it has hardly kept pace with the times, and although this exhibition is full of technically sound stuff, including such *tours de force* as Mr. Wynne Apperley's life-size portrait of a Spanish woman called "Torrera," one finds it difficult to discover amongst the exhibits many that can hold their own as works of art. The problems this statement involves are extremely intricate if one wishes to put them into words. Wherein exactly the difference exists between a clever technical performance and something that is more than that, though possibly less technically brilliant, is difficult to say in a few sentences. For examples of "art" versus "craftsmanship" one may cite exhibits here by the dozen; they are extremely competent and unexceptionable in their imitation of Nature; but Mr. Gordon Forsyth and Mr. B. Talbot Kelly, though also competent and far from abstract, are simpler in their technique; yet every time one encounters one of their contributions here one feels that they are in command of the situation, whilst in the other cases it is Nature. Nor does it make any difference whether the "slaves of Nature" take for their subject an actual person or scene, or whether they invent and compose a subject. After careful thought I have come to the conclusion that, at all events in this exhibition, Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Kelly seem to be almost the only ones of whom this is true. Sir William Orpen's "Statue in the Grass," on the one hand, and Miss Noel Nisbet's various pictures on the other, also illustrate the point, the former by reason of his superb gifts which make "expression" for him a merely subconscious effort, the latter because she subordinates her invention to a deliberate colour-scheme, in which local colour or truth to Nature plays only a subservient part. But if one accepts truth to Nature, with or without illustrative association, as the proper aim of art, as the majority of people unquestionably do, then there is plenty here to satisfy such simple tastes. Amongst the best of such pictures are Mr. Charles Simpson's sporting subjects, notably the "Grand National: the open ditch opposite the old distance post"; another good picture of the kind is Mr. Lionel Edwards's "There is a spirit in the chase"; then Miss Anna Airy's "Sunday," a village beauty titivating herself whilst her black-dressed mother stands impatiently waiting. Amongst the landscapes are necessarily a greater number of attractive works, such as, for example, Mr. John E. Aitkens's "Castletown I.O.M.," with sunlight and a fine sky; Mr. Haslehurst's deliberately damp and dismal "Margaret Roper's House, Well Hall"; Mr. George Graham's "Durdle Bay, Dorset," where, however, Nature has obligingly contributed much of the design; Mr. Egginton's "Moonlight on the Loch"; Mr. J. S. C. Alexander's "Between Arisaig and Morar"; Mr. Hebden's "The Shambles, York"; Mr. Martin Hardie's admirable "Boston, Lincs," giving a really impressive view of its famous "stoop."

There are subject pictures, such as Mr. J. R. K. Duff's inimitable "Sheep" pictures; interiors, such as "The Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth" by Frederick

S. Beaumont; or Miss Demain Hammond's "The Sun is sinking fast"; in addition, a large number of pretty girls and other attractive subjects, such as Mr. Webster's "Nocturne," or Mr. Brantingham Simpson's "Full Fathoms Five," the day of which one imagined had long since gone.

THE STROGANOFF SALE AT MESSRS. RUDOLPH LEPKE'S

The sumptuous catalogue of the Stroganoff Collection which Mr. Rudolph Lepke's Kunstauctions-Haus, as already mentioned in our April number, is selling on the 12th and 13th of this month, contains many items of importance. Amongst the pictures, for instance, there are four typical and admirable Bouchers; a very fine Poussin, "A Bacchanal" of this artist's middle period; Romney's double portrait of "the Countess Woronzoff and her daughter"; Rubens's "Garland of Roses"; two first-rate Ruysdaels, viz., a "View of Haarlem" and a "Coast Scene"; Van Dyck's portrait of Nicolas Rockox; and others. Furthermore, admirable examples of the minor Dutchmen. The outstanding pieces of sculpture are Houdon's busts of Voltaire and Diderot; a charming bust of a young woman by Foucou; several terra-cottas by Clodion and Falconet. The sale further includes French furniture and *objets d'art* of the eighteenth century, including many items of exceptional beauty.

SHORTER NOTICES

Herr H. de Buys Roessingh's oil paintings at the Independent Gallery are essentially impressionist sketches, done with bold, isolated touches. He has a nice sense of colour, but is none too strong in his sense of design, weakened as it is by occasional confusion, either of rhythmic line or of colour-value. The best thing here is No. 24, "Lobsters," in which the articulation of their bodies, together with the arrangement of colour, is entirely satisfying. The slightly Van Goghish "Interior" (much calmer than the Dutchman's), "Boats at Honfleur," and "Honfleur Harbour," are also pleasant, probably because in each a strong red note holds the composition together.

Under the direction of Messrs. Mensing & Fils (Frederik Muller & Cie.), Amsterdam; Paul Cassirer, Berlin; and Hugo Helbing, Munich, there will be sold at the Von Nemes Palace in Munich on June 16 to 19, the Von Nemes Collection. This famous collection includes about one hundred paintings by the old masters of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, French, English, and German schools; thirteenth- and fourteenth-century sculpture of the German, Netherlandish, French, and Italian schools; tapestries and embroideries of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries numbering 150 items; Persian carpets; Limoges and other enamels; German, Swedish, and other silverwork; Renaissance furniture, Italian, Netherlandish, and French, of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries; Persian faience; a fine illuminated manuscript of 1514; porcelain, Meissen and other make; and Italian faience. A catalogue with one hundred plates is in the press.

The exhibition of recent works by J. Jones at the French Gallery proclaims an artist of considerable originality and a particularly nice sense of colour; she



WALTER JONES AND MISS ELIZABETH PROBY

By Sir Anthony van Dyck, c. 1635

From the collection of Colonel Douglas James Proby at Malton, Kneller's Gallery



LADY CATHERINE PELHAM CLINTON VISCONTRESS FOLKESTONE

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

From the Earl of Radnor's collection at Messrs. Knoedler's Gallery



ASCOT RACES. Gloucester beating Rockingham and Samarcand.

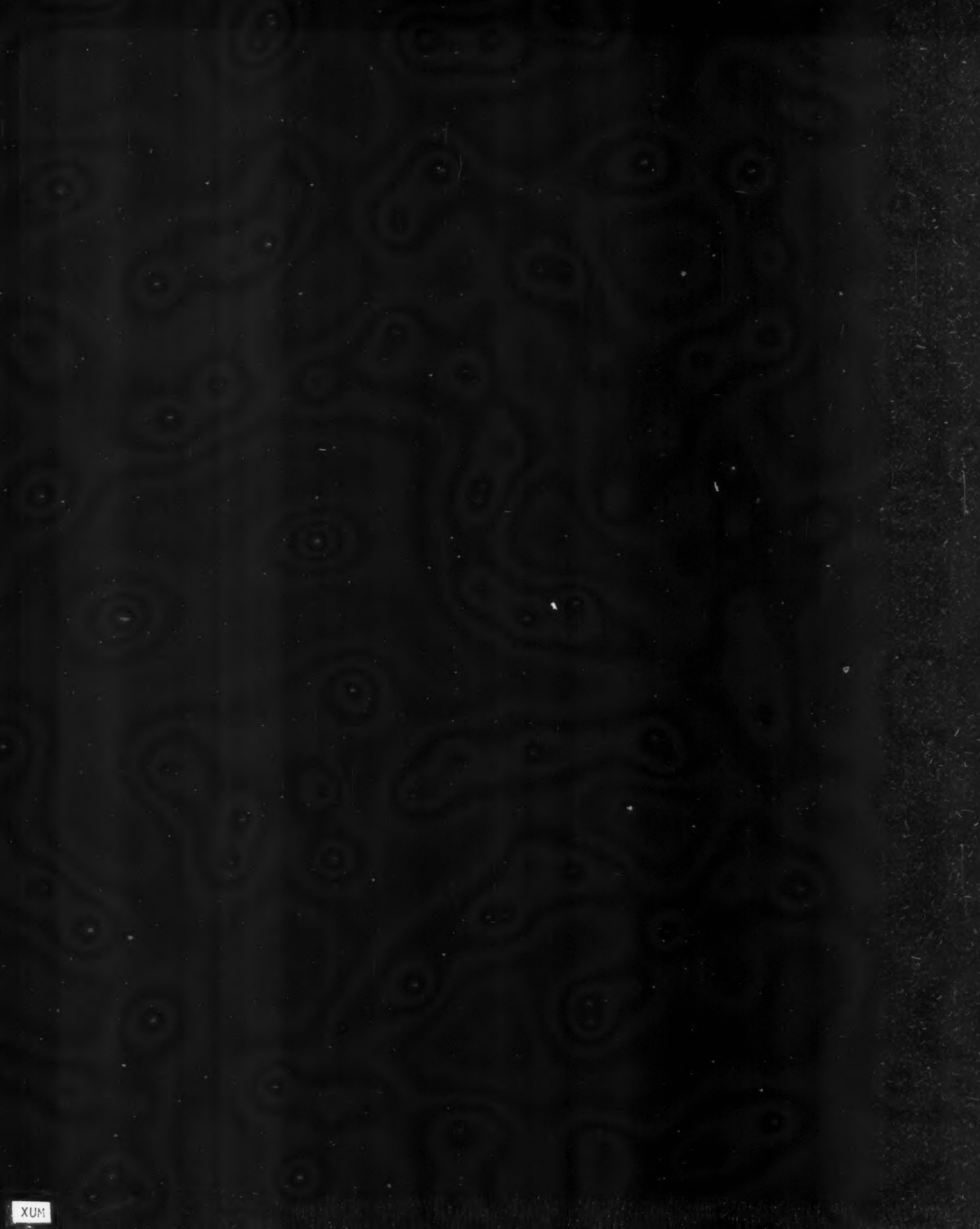
Engraved by E. P. Pull after J. Pollard.

By permission of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi.



THE HOWARD GRACE CUP

Known as the Thomas A. Baker Cup, the trophy of the Duke of Norfolk was sold at Christie's on May 12, 1901.



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can also draw and design when she wishes to do so. Nevertheless, the exhibition as a whole somehow suggests a fundamental uncertainty or lack of conviction. Probably the best thing all round is the still-life "Aubergine," a good design expressed in rhythmic form and a coherent colour-scheme. "The Portrait of Mrs. Phillips" comes near to being very good. It is life-size, in an excellent colour-scheme, based on mauve and black, and entertaining in pattern; but the sitter is deliberately "clumsified" by an unbecoming angle of vision and unnecessary exaggerations. "Susie," again, is a good piece of work with no particular meaning in its "relentless truthfulness." In "Conversation" and "Mannequin Rose"—both lay-figure subjects—good work seems wasted on unworthy conceptions. More pleasant and satisfying are, amongst the paintings, "Sleeping Model" and the landscape "Valère—Sion"; amongst the drawings, several Marionette subjects, a good "Model" and "Nude" (No. 1), and a strong landscape design, "Sion."

In Mr. Robert Austin's exhibition of drawings and etchings at *The Twenty-first Gallery* "His Majesty the Baby" takes precedence. In other words, many of the drawings deal with Baby's head, Baby's bath, Mother's child, Bedtime, Child in bed, and so forth. Mr. Austin's attitude towards art is one of quiet reticence; based rather on Old Masters but, nevertheless, stressing design, sometimes at variance with the point of the subject. The studies of babies' heads, notably I and III, are admirable in the grasp of infantile character. "The White Bath" and the "Tin Bath" are good intimate studies of more than personal relevance by reason of their design. The study of the nude called "The Pink Curtain" is one of the best amongst the other subjects. I found some of Mr. Austin's earlier etchings hitherto unpublished of very considerable interest, both by reason of their technique and the difference in subject-matter, notably "Rain and Smoke, Leverkusen," "Spring at Fulham," and "Station Cabs."

Mr. V. Pitchforth's exhibition at the *London Artists' Association's Gallery* shows that the artist is progressing. From landscape he has more decidedly gone to the painting of figure-subjects, with plenty of colour and remarkable for their solidity and lively closely-knit design. He will, however, need to take still another step forward. At present he is inclined to be over-emphatic. He has not yet learnt, so to speak, to moderate and modulate his voice, and tends to obscure his objective by using too many words. "Breakfast," really the portrait of a woman, and "Stone Buildings, Yorkshire," "Still-life with Horse," and "The Road to Shere," are amongst his best things in this show, either because the design is not overloaded, or because the colour-scheme is comparatively simple.

The *Exhibition of the Society of Women Artists* which closes its doors at the *Burlington Gallery* on May 14 was not yet opened at the time of going to press; a critical notice will therefore have to be postponed to the next number. Meantime, however, it is not without interest to note that this is the seventy-sixth exhibition of the society, of which Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Mary are patronesses, and Dame Laura Knight and Miss Dorothea Sharp president and vice-president respectively.

PORTRAIT OF COMM. E. MODIGLIANI

By the courtesy of Signor Giuseppe Bellesi we reproduce a portrait of Commendatore Ettore Modigliani (see plate between pp. 322 and 323), which Dr. Modigliani's many English friends will welcome. It was painted by G. Amisani, and is not only an excellent likeness but characterized by a sense of intimacy.

OUR FRONTISPIECE: THE BIRD TRAP, BY PIETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER

This colour plate will recall the Flemish and Belgian Exhibition at Burlington House, at which the picture was shown, and of the discussion which took place in regard to it. Another important exhibition of Flemish Art is announced to take place this spring at Copenhagen.

OBITUARY

W. L. Wyllie, R.A., who died on April 6, in his eightieth year, was a striking example of a popular artist whose fame is derived from the subject-matter of his paintings, but whose technique was, nevertheless, the result of theories, "modern" at the time. Wyllie was essentially an "impressionist." Even so long ago as 1868, when he won the Turner Gold Medal in landscape for the best painting of a coast scene, the title of the picture which brought him this honour indicated his impressionistic approach; it was "After a Storm: Time, Dawn," and the picture which made his reputation, "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide," is really an "impression" of the Pool of London. As a painter pure and simple he might have rested content with the recording of the million facets of Nature which cast their spell upon the impressionist and offer him enough "subject-matter" to last him more than a lifetime. But Wyllie was an enthusiastic "sailor"; sea and shipping in all their aspects interested him more than the objective study of light which the impressionist finds more than sufficient, and so he became a kind of "poet laureate," composing poem after poem in praise of "The King's Navy" and all that centres on it. Thus, in addition to the "Toil, Glitter" of 1883, the Tate Gallery possesses "The Battle of the Nile" of 1899, both bought out of the Chantrey Bequest fund. Other well-known pictures of his are "The Passing of a Great Queen," painted on the occasion of Queen Victoria's death, when her body was borne by the Royal yacht *Alberta* across the Solent, in 1901; and "The Review at Spithead," painted for the coronation of our King and Queen.

The most original sculptor in Italy, *Adolfo Wildt* of Milan, died of influenza on March 11. The art of marble-carving in Italy suffers in this a blow it can ill afford to sustain. An article on Wildt appeared in *APOLLO* in April last year.

Correction.—There appeared in our April issue a review of "Buckingham Palace" by H. Clifford Smith, and also a note on the Four Georges Exhibition at 24 Park Lane. By some mistake the illustrations on pages 248 and 259 became transposed, and we desire to express our regret to Mr. Clifford Smith; to the publishers, "Country Life"; and to Messrs. Frank Partridge & Sons, Ltd., that wrong descriptions appeared under the illustrations printed.

ART IN THE SALEROOM

By W. G. MENZIES



BRONZE FIGURE OF A PANTHER (Paduan)

School of Riccio

Early sixteenth century

Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10

BY the sale of one collection alone the present auction season is destined to be notable, for on June 10 and following day Christie's are to disperse the famous collection of Chinese porcelain, English and French decorative furniture, Italian bronzes and objects of art formed with such care, taste, and judgment by Mr. Henry Hirsch during the past thirty years.

Eminent connoisseurs have written of the merits of this collection; and one in particular, when writing of the English furniture, emphasized the fact that so high had been the standard of selection that its quality placed it above criticism.

The same high appreciation can be fairly claimed for the standard of quality that is to be found throughout the Chinese porcelain.

Mr. Hirsch apparently had only one object in view. He set himself, and most successfully too, to select only the finest examples from the later years of the Ming dynasty to the time of that great art patron the Emperor Kang-He; and his acquisitions, particularly of *famille verte*, combine the most vivid galaxy of colour with the most entrancing rarity of design.

Of outstanding merit are three magnificent examples of *famille noire*, a set of three figures of the God of Light; the set of eight Immortals; a set of five superb Ming vases and a pair of Ming beakers with *famille verte* decorations on the rare yellow ground. These last reach that grade of perfection beyond which not even the most fastidious collector can aspire.

The finest work of the eighteenth-century cabinet-maker's art is to be found amongst the English decorative furniture, and some of the most remarkable examples possess an added value through being decorated with contemporary coverings and panels in needlework.

A characteristically beautiful specimen of Chippendale's work in his middle period is a writing table superbly carved with strapwork and acanthus foliage; while of equal interest, though somewhat earlier in date, is a walnut writing chair decorated with ivory claws to the ball feet, a detail adopted by the great English designer on some of his choicest conceptions.

A delightful piece, too, is a small walnut bureau of about 1725 which Mr. Macquoid claims to be quite possibly the actual work of young Chippendale himself.

Chippendale's great contemporary, Robert Adam, is represented by a superb vase and pedestal, the latter boldly carved with goat's heads in high relief, while a pair of marqueterie commodes perfectly illustrate the manner of Thomas Sheraton.

These pieces will be familiar to visitors to the recent Loan Exhibition of Georgian art, Mr. Hirsch's generous loans having gone far towards making that exhibition the artistic success it undoubtedly was.

There are a few fine pieces of French furniture, amongst them being an important Louis XV writing table with Caffieri mounts, but a most cursory perusal of the catalogue indicates that Mr. Hirsch's chief interests were centred in the golden age of English furniture when Chippendale and his contemporaries were designing and producing their masterpieces.

Mention, too, must be made of the bronzes and objects of art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is the superb figure of a panther, Paduan early sixteenth-century work of the school of Riccio; a fine Italian statuette of Hercules; and three Riccio candlesticks, all of paramount importance and of a quality rarely seen in private collections today.

Mr. Hirsch's generosity in lending his fine possessions to public exhibitions has been mentioned, but only those



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who have had the privilege of visiting his residence in Park Lane will, as yet, have appreciated the unique quality of his collection in every sphere.

Notable dispersals of collections of arms and armour have been rare in English salerooms of recent years, but the most avid enthusiast should be satisfied when the collection formed by the Garter King of Arms, Sir Henry Farnham Burke, is sold at Christie's on May 5.



GOthic SUIT OF ARMOUR (Italian)
Circa 1440

To be sold at the Farnham Burke sale, Christie's, May 5

Of the several suits in the catalogue perhaps the most notable is an Italian Gothic suit dating about 1440. This superb example of the Milanese armourer's craft is of bright steel, assembled together by steel-headed rivets and is composed of a headpiece of the "Chapelle-de-Fer" type, mentonnière with falling buffe-plate. The breastplate is finely pierced with floral ornament while on the arm defences is impressed a crowned Lombardic "A," the mark of Arrigolo d'Arconate, an armourer working at Milan, 1428-46.

There is, too, a complete suit of fluted Maximilian armour probably made at Nuremburg about 1500; a Milanese sixteenth-century circular shield or Rondache from the famous Rossi collection, and a rare and extremely well preserved Brigantine of the same period.



THREE KANG-HE VASES

Black background enamelled with flowers in aubergine, green, and white

Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10

During the present century there have been many famous and historic cups sold at Christie's rooms, but it is doubtful if any of them equal in magnificence or rarity the famous Howard Grace Cup which they are selling for the Duke of Norfolk on May 12.

Formed of a font-shaped bowl of ivory it is richly mounted with silver gilt and studded with jewels. Round the rim in Lombardic letters is engraved the legend



(Left and Right) PAIR OF FIGURES OF HSI WANG MU AND HO HSIEN KU

Early Kang-He

(Centre) FIGURE OF LE TEE-KWAE

Late Ming or Early Kang-He

Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10



CARVED WOOD BUST OF A LADY
Spanish Sixteenth Century
Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10



GEORGE I WALNUT BUREAU
Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10



SHERATON MARQUETERIE COMMODE, probably
made for the Prince Regent for Carlton House
Ex Loan Exhibition Georgian Art
Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10



CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY TRIPOD
WINE TABLE
Hirsch Collection, Christie's, June 10

Art in the Saleroom

VINUM . TVVM . BIBE . CVM . GAVDIO, while on the cover which is surmounted by a small group of St. George and the Dragon are the letters TB, and the words FERARE GOD.

This cup is of course well known to collectors, having been frequently exhibited since the special loan exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, but even now its actual origin is a matter of conjecture.

It has always been known as the "Thomas à Becket Cup" or "Howard Grace Cup," the initials T. B. having been taken to be those of the great statesman and



RHODIAN BOWL

Height 6½ ins., diameter 14½ ins.

Sursock Collection, Sotheby's, May 4

archbishop murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in the year 1170. The mounts, however, bear the London hall-mark for 1525-6 which rather tends to dissipate its association with the ill-fated prelate.

Sir Charles Jackson in his great "History of English Plate" dismisses the Thomas à Becket story and goes so far as to state that the initials have no reference to any bishop but are probably those of a member of the Berkeley family.

How far does the evidence of the vessel itself lead us? It resembles in form the so-called *font-shaped* cups, existing examples of which date from about 1500; but whereas the latter are usually quite shallow this cup has a deep bowl.

According to Mr. W. W. Watts, formerly keeper of the Department of Metalwork, Victoria and Albert Museum, ivory must have been a rare substance for such vessels, as no record of this material for cups is found in wills. The mounts of silver gilt, with enrichment of precious stones, seem to prove that the cup was considered of outstanding importance and to suggest that it was rather for admiration and perhaps veneration than for use. Most similar cups of this period are simple and plain in comparison, notably the well-known Cressener Cup and Cover of 1503 in the possession of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, or the cup of 1500, formerly in the Swaythling collection and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

As to its ownership there is a general agreement that it was presented or bequeathed to Queen Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry VIII, by Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral, who perished in a naval battle in 1513. In his will appears the significant item, "To the Queen's Grace St. Thomas' Cup." Is it reasonable to suppose that, passing at that time as a precious relic of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Queen Catherine accepted it as such and enriched it befittingly

with silver-gilt and jewels so that in beauty and rich elaboration it far surpassed all similar vessels of her time?

This would seem to be the simplest explanation of the unusually sumptuous mounting.

Of its later history, according to Sir Charles Jackson, it was subsequently restored to the Howard family whence it passed with the Arundel collections into the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk, one of whom gave it to Mr. Philip Henry Howard of Corby from whom at the end of last century it again reverted to the late Duke of Norfolk.

Two important sales are to take place at Sotheby's rooms in the first week in May, one consisting of the collection of Madame Charles K. Sursock of Cairo, and the other of the well-known Alexander collection of Chinese porcelain, pottery, and stoneware.

The works of art in the Sursock collection cover many centuries and include Egyptian antiquities, bronzes, sculptures; ancient and Renaissance gems and cameos; ivory and bone carvings, and Arabic and Coptic textiles. Of outstanding importance is a bronze statuette of Jupiter Heliopolitanus, dating from the second century B.C.

This statuette is made up of five pieces found in the ruins of Heliopolis (Baalbek), and is the most important representation of this famous deity, who was identified with the Syrian god Hadad and worshipped in the most magnificent of the temples there. The god wears on his head a kalathos, symbolizing the Ether, on which are leaves and four ears of corn in relief resting on a border of uræi; the right hand, which is missing, grasped a thunderbolt; the left hand held ears of corn; on the breast is a winged solar disc, and below it are three pairs



RHODIAN DISH

In centre, saddled horse. Diameter 10½ ins.

Sursock Collection, Sotheby's, May 4

of busts of deities: Helios and Selene (Sun and Moon), Athena and Hermes, Zeus and Hera; and below these again a bust of Chronos, while just above the feet is a lion's head, that of the god Gennaïos.

It has been conjectured with great probability that into an aperture in the base were dropped the sealed questions which worshippers addressed to the oracle of the god; and this feature, with the deliberate damage by

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blows of an axe to which the figure has been subjected, shows that the statuette was no ordinary votive, but an instrument of the cult in the great temple itself, and as such open to the attacks of the Christians who found the cult at Baalbek a stubborn obstacle to the spread of their religion.

A full discussion of the statuette by Dussaud will be found in "Syria," vol. i, p. 3 ff.

Another interesting lot consists of a unique example of the ceremonial harness of a Greek horse, probably of the third century B.C. Made of silver, it includes a frontlet embossed with palmette design and inlaid with studs of lapis, turquoise, and onyx; a nosepiece embossed in a similar fashion with studs of blue and green paste; and two cheek-pieces also with palmette embossing and paste studs.

The edges of all the pieces are pierced for attachment

with polychrome designs and figures, the whole on a purple ground.

Finally, mention must be made of a Persian commentary on Ibn Hajib's treatise on Arabic syntax entitled "Al-Kāfiyat," written in Taliq in single column within gold and black rules with many gold underlinings on 157 leaves of white and brown paper, with illuminated sarlough, no scribe, but dated 931 A.H. = 1524 A.D., in a gold stamped and inlaid leather binding.

Of far greater general interest is the Alexander collection, ranging as it does from the primitive wares of the T'ang dynasty up to the great achievements of the Kang He dynasty.

Examples of the T'ang, Sung, Yuan, and Ming dynasties are included in the early Chinese pottery, an especially fine piece being a Tz'u Chou vase of the Sung dynasty made the subject of a plate in Hobson's

(Centre)
RHODIAN DISH
Diameter 12½ ins.



(Left and right)
TWO KUTAHIA CUPS
Height 2½ ins.,
diameter 3½ ins.
Sursock Collection,
Sotheby's, May 4

to woven material of some kind, or, less probably, to leather.

Amongst the Egyptian antiquities are an unusually large figure of Osiris, 18 in. high, seated, wearing the atef crown and holding crook and scourge, and a portrait group in grey granite representing a king or prince wearing a short wig with uræus and holding a handkerchief. His feet rest on a mat, and seated by his side is a female figure holding an ankh in one hand; the other is raised to her breast. On the upper face of the plinth is a long cartouche with titles reading: "Life to the good living god, son of the sun [? Sebek-em Saf] beloved of the Lady Mut in Asheru and the good Lady [? Maat]."

Amongst the pottery are several fine Rhodian pieces, chief of them perhaps being a fine hemispherical bowl on ring foot, the outside having panels formed of encircling fritillaries and tulips, with clusters of dianthus in the centres, inside a circular centre of dianthus springing from a vase and curving fritillaries.

There are, too, some interesting Coptic textiles from tombs dating from the second to the sixteenth century A.D., one particularly fine piece showing an embroidered figure of a bird, probably a dove, in red, orange, and blue with black outlines, while another consists of a piece of embroidery with a double orphrey with dancing figures outlined in black on a golden ground and six medallions

"Chinese Pottery and Porcelain." The collection, too, is rich in celadon pieces, while the Kuan Chün, Chün Yao, Soft Chün and allied types are also well represented, the outstanding piece in this section being a superb Kuan Chün plate suffused with brilliant purple splashes on a blue ground.

The catalogue also includes many types of decorations of the Ming dynasty, while it is also particularly strong in blue and white and powder blue pieces of the Ch'ing dynasty.

It is, however, the porcelain decorated with *famille verte*, *famille noire*, and *famille rose* enamels on glaze and biscuit which will make the strongest appeal, and it is in this section that the *pièce de résistance* of the whole collection is included. This is an extremely rare *famille noire* stand for a picture scroll. Of quatrefoil shape the top with a green black ground is decorated with ornaments taken from the Hundred antiques, enclosed by a narrow border of floral ornament with ju'i-shaped lappets at the corners.

Not for a long time has the lover of Oriental porcelain had such an excellent opportunity of adding to his cabinet, for though certain pieces, such as the stand just mentioned, will realize goodly sums, many other of the 350 pieces in the catalogue will go for sums commensurate with the purse of the average collector.





THE THREE DIFFERENT TYPES OF TITIAN'S SELF-PORTRAITS

By GEORGE MARTIN RICHTER



WOODCUT (reversed)

By

Giovanni Britto, 1550

British Museum

IT is impossible to give a definite date for the beginning or end of a period ; in fact, periods of artistic activity overlap and merge into each other. However, if we would choose one event of decisive importance, a milestone between the two epochs of the early Renaissance in Venice and the High Renaissance, we could perhaps find no better manifestation of the profound change in the spirit of the times than that which is evident in the frescoes painted by Giorgione and Titian on the walls of the Fondaco Dei Tedeschi, in Venice, during the years 1507-1508. These frescoes consisted of several figures with various attributes, some of them nude, and it appears that Giorgione and Titian

painted them chiefly because they were interested in new artistic problems. Vasari, the typical, matter-of-fact Florentine, complained when he saw the frescoes that neither he nor anyone else could fathom their meaning.* Here, then, we have arrived at a point in Italian art where the painter is no longer subject to the dictates of the Medieval Church or to some worldly patron, but follows uncurbed the inspiration of his genius. These frescoes are to be regarded as a declaration of the independence of the modern artist, and are, in fact, a pronunciamiento of the new spirit of liberty; in some ways we may consider them the first examples of "l'Art pour l'Art" movement.

* See G. Gronau, *Titian*, page 23.

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When Giorgione executed these paintings Titian was his assistant, and when he died, a few years later, Titian became the leading master and representative of the new movement. Titian's great and incomparable success as a painter is not only due to his superior craftsmanship, but, in my opinion, also to the fact that in his work he tried to carry out Giorgione's ideal of the absolute independence of the artist, combined with a general sense of human dignity.

This breaking away from the old paths of tradition is apparent in every picture which Titian painted, in his Madonnas, his compositions, and in his portraits; it is perhaps natural that in the latter, the awakening of this new spirit in art should find its most adequate expression.

Giorgione's "Portrait of a Young Man," in Berlin, is still typical of early Renaissance art, but a few years later he painted the "Maltese Knight," in the Uffizi, and this portrait is a clear example of High Renaissance.* Titian develops this new style of life-size half-figure portrait, and very soon advances to the three-quarter and full-length portrait.

The conscious and subconscious aim of Titian's art as a portrait painter is to portray his sitter in the surroundings of his everyday life or in the open air, thus producing the illusion that the human being whom he portrays is able to move and breathe in perfect freedom.

The new ideals of the High Renaissance are perhaps most clearly apparent in the self-portraits of the artist. During the earlier Renaissance the artist who wished to leave his likeness to posterity modestly confined himself to appearing as one of the minor figures in some great altarpiece, as Botticelli did, for example, in the "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi. Leonardo and Raphael seem to have been the first to paint deliberately portraits of themselves. Titian has painted several self-portraits, two of which have only recently come to light.

The earliest of Titian's self-portraits, in my opinion, is the portrait of himself and Francesco Zuccato, now in the collection of Mr. Frank T. Sabin.† We are fortunately able to trace the history of this picture back

to the time of Ridolfi, who saw it in the Ruzzini Palace, as he relates in his "Maraviglie dell'Arte." Ridolfi writes: "One can see the portrait of Titian painted by himself from a mirror in his old age, with Francesco dal Mosaico, who is showing him a drawing on a sheet of paper." Ridolfi also mentions a poem which Marino wrote in praise of this double portrait. He writes, in the rather flowery style of his age, as follows:—

I am Titian,
I died for fear
Nature might be vanquished through my Art
But by mine own hand I have
Made good the wrongs I wrought
And made myself immortal, ere my death.
Now I live, and, as I have ever done,
I paint,
But 'mongst eternal forms in Heaven,
Earthly phantoms I do hate and despise.

Count Vitturi, who began to make a collection of pictures in about the year 1740, bought the double portrait from the Ruzzini's.* We read in the Buchanan Memoirs that in 1774 there came to Venice, after long travels, a rich young Englishman, Thomas Moore Slade, the son of Sir Thomas Slade. Later, Mr. Slade told Buchanan the whole story of the acquisition of the picture: "It so happened, however, that instead of spending two or three weeks at Venice, according to my original intention, I became 'incatenato' and 'cavaliere servente' to a certain contessa of the first consideration, and I remained in that fascinating city for nearly two years." During his stay in Venice the Count Vitturi died, and his collection was offered for sale. Among the would-be purchasers were the Empress of Russia, Mr. Hope, of Amsterdam, and Mr. Jenkins, of Rome, but a certain Mr. Udney succeeded in acquiring the collection for himself and for Mr. Slade. When, however, the time came to settle up, it turned out that Udney could not pay his share. After much argument the two came to an agreement: Mr. Slade was to take the whole collection for himself, but in return was to purchase the office of consul at Leghorn for Mr. Udney.

Young Slade would perhaps have remained indefinitely in Venice: "I still remained fascinated with this fine city and its agremens"—but the American war broke out and he travelled back to England, where a war with France threatened. He sent his collection

* I know very well that many critics do not attribute this portrait to Giorgione, but I am still of the opinion that it is the work of this master.

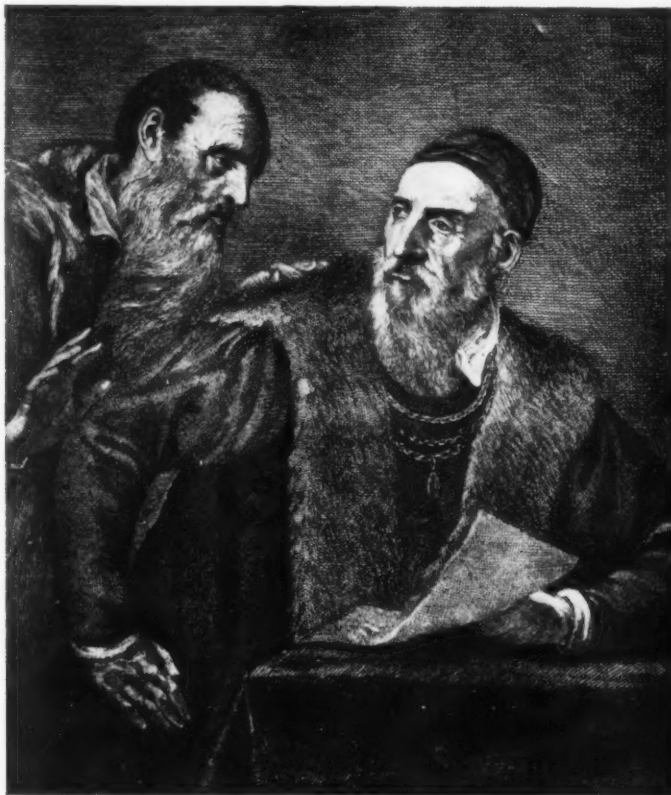
† See also my article on "Two Titian Self-portraits" which appeared in the *Burlington Magazine*, April 1931.

* Extract from *Burlington Magazine*, April 1931.

The Three Different Types of Titian's Self-portraits

from Italy under the name of Signor Cavalli, the appointed Venetian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The ship was captured by a French freebooter in the Mediterranean and carried off to a Spanish harbour. Ultimately, after much difficulty, Cavalli succeeded in getting back the chests with the pictures, so in the end the Vitturi collection reached England. In his house at Rochester, Mr. Slade built a

friendship. Titian is represented in his working attire and in the cap which he usually wore; perhaps Francesco had shown him a design for a mosaic and asked his advice. This little scene gives us an intimate view of Titian's everyday life; in fact it is an entirely new conception of the portrait-painter's art. I think there can be no doubt that Titian painted this double portrait just for himself



AN ENGRAVING
AFTER TITIAN'S
DOUBLE PORTRAIT

By an Unknown Engraver

British Museum

gallery which was the admiration of many contemporary connoisseurs. Later he took up with an industrial speculation which miscarried, lost all his fortune and sold his pictures. The most valuable he made over to his friends, the Earl of Darnley and Sir Philip Stephens. Since 1790 the double portrait has remained in the Earl of Darnley's collection, from whence it passed into the hands of the present owner.

Francesco Zuccato was a mosaicist (worker in mosaic), and the son of Sebastiano Zuccato, who had been Titian's first teacher. Francesco, it appears, was one of Titian's closest friends; the Darnley picture is a record of this

because the artistic problem interested him. The usual type of High Renaissance portrait tends to convey a general impression, but here the master has tried to capture a specific and fleeting moment. The picture is not finished, which is another proof that it was painted on the spur of the moment, and not intended for sale or to be given away as a gift. It may have been painted about the year 1540.

In the self-portrait in the Berlin Gallery, Titian appears in exactly the same pose as in the Darnley picture, and here again the hands are not finished, the master is also in different attire and looks a little older; it would be most interesting to compare these two pictures

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side by side, I believe one would come to the conclusion that the Darnley picture is certainly the earlier of the two, and that the Berlin picture must be classed as a later replica; I would also add that the brush work of the latter seems to be very different and is more impressionistic in style.

In a letter written in July, 1550, Pietro Aretino expresses his thanks to a German friend, Giovanni Britto, who had sent him a woodcut of another self-portrait by Titian. Apparently he was greatly impressed by it, for he, too, was inspired to write a poem, which commences with the lines:—

This is Titian, the marvel of the Century,
How he transformeth Nature into Art
Is manifest in all his Works . . .

So far as I can ascertain, three self-portraits exist which represent the composition of the woodcut, the background, however, in all three pictures appears to be a plain wall, with a Venus.

One of the three pictures cannot at present be traced; it was painted on cyprus wood, and is mentioned by Martinioni in his edition of Sansovino's "Venetia," which appeared in 1663; he states that this picture was then in the collection of the well-known painter Niccolo Renieri. In the nineteenth century it was in the possession of the Earl of Malmesbury, but it has since been lost sight of.* We are, therefore, only able to deal with the remaining two, one of which is in London and the other in America. The London picture, in the nineteenth century, was in Lord Ashburnham's collection, and is now in the possession of Mr. Frank Sabin. This, in my opinion, is the one which most closely resembles the woodcut, and also appears to be the best in quality. I believe this was the picture after

which Britto made his woodcut, and which inspired Aretino to write the poem.

If my surmise is correct, that the Ashburnham picture is identical with the one which Britto cut in wood, then we have at least one dated self-portrait, because Aretino's letter is dated July 1550, and we may very well assume that it was not executed much prior to this date.

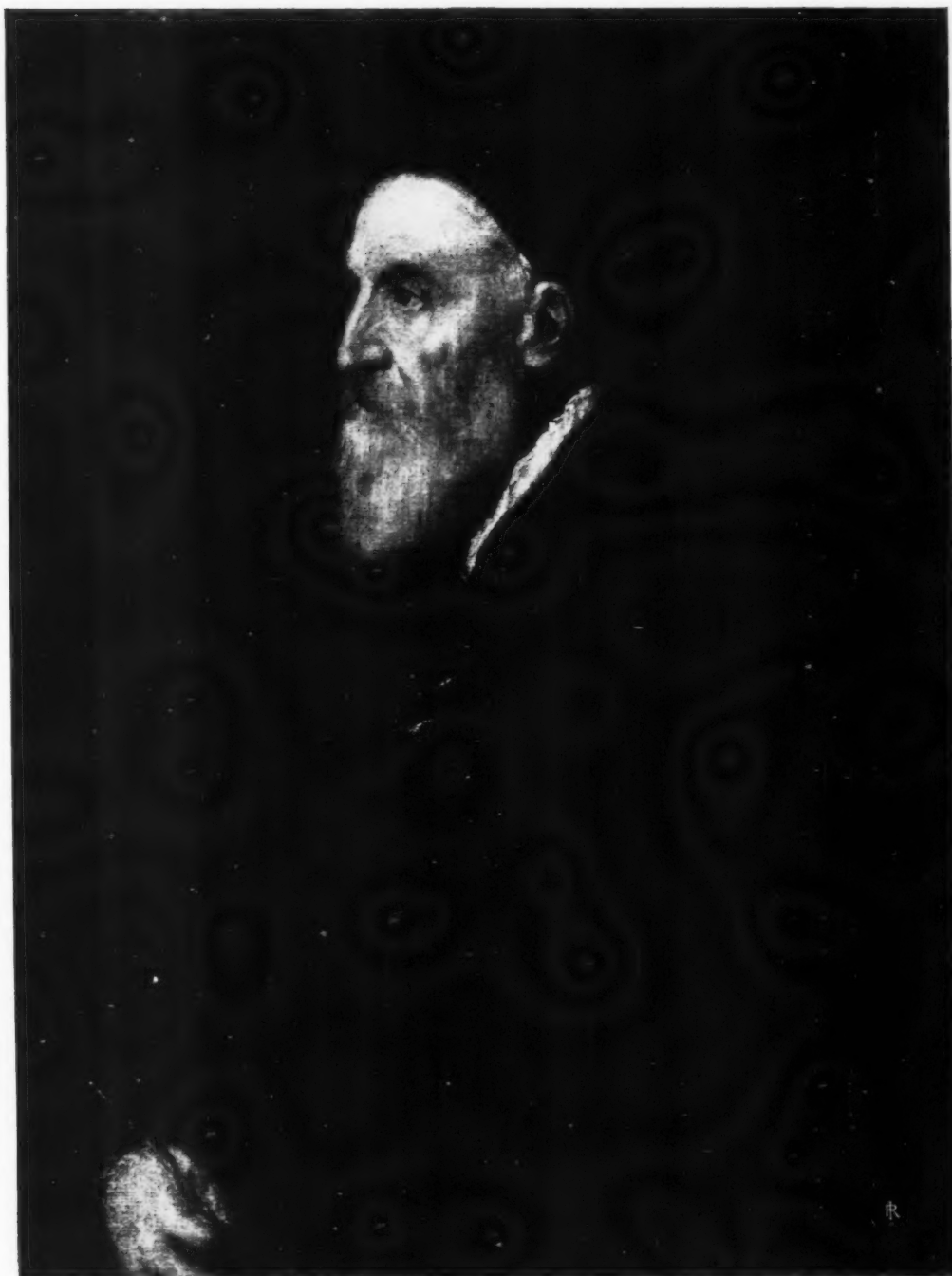
There is also sufficient ground for supposing this picture to be the one mentioned by Vasari in his biography, in which he states that Titian painted it to leave as a legacy to his children. It would be quite natural that he should wish to leave to posterity a portrait of himself in the act of painting.

The next self-portrait in date is probably the one in the Uffizi, but this example does not offer any new idea so far as the general composition is concerned, and cannot be considered as a fresh step in the development of the self-portrait. The latest self-portrait which is preserved to us is the very beautiful portrait in Madrid; here Titian painted himself in profile, and appears as a simple old man; indeed, the great charm of this fine work lies in its extreme simplicity. It is probable that it was painted at the special request of Philip II.

We must conclude, then, that so far as self-portraits are concerned, the master created three different types of composition: first, the double portrait, second, the self-portrait with a Venus, and third, the profile portrait in Madrid. (All other self-portraits which exist are either copies or derivations from one of these three types.) The first we may regard as a new type of extempore portrait, the second as a representative and ideal picture of the master at his work, and the third as a human document of great sincerity. All three are entirely new types compared with the achievements of the early Renaissance, and are, at the same time, almost ideal solutions of these three different problems. The self-portrait with a Venus is of special significance, it is a symbol of the independence of the modern artist, and of his spiritual emancipation. The contemplative attitude of the master, who is sitting before his canvas, is that of a god-like being in the act of creating something entirely new and hitherto undreamed of. All three portraits are decisive manifestations of the dawn of a new age.

* At the moment of this article going to press, I received a letter from Dr. Gronau informing me that the Renieri picture was in the Richard von Kaufmann Collection in Berlin at the beginning of this century, and that it was sold at the Kaufmann sale in 1917. Dr. Gronau mentions this picture in an article entitled "Venetianische Kunst Sammlungen des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts" which appeared in the *Jahrbuch fuer Kunst Sammler*, Vol. IV. In this article he tells us that the Renieri picture was originally in the possession of Gabriel Vendramin. Later I hope to discuss once more from a critical point of view, the problems offered by the three existing portraits of the Britto type. I cannot go into any details at the moment, but I should like just to state that since the picture appeared in the collection of the Marchese Brignole in Genoa it has always been considered to be a portrait of Titian by Sebastiano del Piombo. Dr. Bode, in his catalogue of the Kaufmann Collection, also attributed the picture to Sebastiano. It was sold for 22,000 marks.

The Three Different Types of Titian's Self-portraits



SELF-PORTRAIT

In the Prado Gallery, Madrid

By Titian

RICHARD SICKERT: ENGLISH ECHOES

By T. W. EARP



'48

After Francesco Sargent

THE visitor entering the Leicester Galleries last month, from a street where spring delayed, found himself in a new season and a transfigured world. Here was light, no longer hidden behind the clouds. From the canvases on the walls it flowed about the room in glowing, vigorous pulsation. A kaleidoscope of colour shone before the eye, stirring the spirit with delighted excitement. The pictures illustrated the glories of an age now past, yet the emotion which they conveyed was entirely contemporary, quickened, indeed, with the sense of a renaissance.

To examine them one by one after the first thrill of the general impression was only to enlarge the variety of their enjoyment. The colour, the radiance, was enough to be grateful for, but one was soon led on to appreciate a more intricate artistry. A previous exhibition had given a hint of this achievement. The canvases, or "translations," as their painter called them, signed themselves plainly enough, though the original text might be of whomsoever. And the name was that of Mr. Richard Sickert, A.R.A., triumphantly completing a new metamorphosis in his art.

There should now be little need to dwell

upon the technical merits of his work. The most recent pictures, grouped at the Leicester Galleries under the title of "English Echoes," show the flowering of that individual style, which bears so unmistakable an air. For all that has gone to its forming, it is the style of one man only, his calligraphy, his gesture. Though we may find in it the trace of Whistler or of Degas, in the end it is pure Sickert. The vivid, whirling line is the most rapid of notations, yet strong and resilient enough to guide and carry whatever volume may be imposed on it. And this volume, although the manner of its definition is impressionist, with all regard paid to intervening atmosphere and play of light, rises firmly in its own mass, and stands true and palpable. It does not dissolve loosely, like so much impressionism, into the space about it. Indicated without undue emphasis, but with admirably precise suggestion, it reaches perfect compromise with the influences by which direct vision is graduated. There is both an evanescence and a certainty about it, a sense, in the thing painted, of the moment as an aspect of eternity, and in the manner of the painting something which seems fortuitous, which yet carries the conviction of unswerving purpose.

Richard Sickert: *English Echoes*

In these terms Mr. Sickert has exhibited to us such places of his choice as London, Venice, Bath, and Dieppe. He has revealed the human comedy of Camden Town, and



VICINIQUE PECUS

After Kenny Meadows

given permanence to the perishable splendours of the English theatre and music-hall. With his latest work he achieves no less than the resuscitation of a century.

At the same time he pays homage to some artists of the past, now visited by unjust oblivion. The first form of "English Echoes" is to be found in the illustrations of various Victorian magazines—"The London Journal," "Punch," "Bow Bells," "Moonshine" or "Judy." They are chapter-headings for serials, drawings to jokes, political caricatures and woodcut portraits, and are often exquisite things in their way. The popular Victorian oil painting was only too frequently empty and placid; but these drawings are lively and extremely graceful. The line is nervous and delicate, the design closely-knit and quick, with dramatic interest. A generation which rushes to paint, with little regard to a basis of draughtsmanship, might be well-advised to inquire into these neglected predecessors.

Now that Mr. Sickert has brought them back to notice, their influence may be as salutary as was the discovery of the Japanese at the end of the last century. They could teach a great deal with regard to the figure and figure-grouping, which are weaknesses in much contemporary work. And the example of their industry is not to be disdained; for their amazing output led to something very near perfection in its category, to a wonderful ease in handling their material and obtaining their effect.

Mr. Sickert's "Sources" are "Georgie Bowers," Alfred Bryan, Adelaide Claxton, John Gilbert, Kenny Meadows, and Francesco Sargent. He makes most use of Gilbert, whose influence on this latest phase of his work is so considerable that it is not out of place to quote his catalogue note on him: "He was best known for his illustrations of Shakespeare. It is probable that he will be ultimately remembered by his smaller cuts in the 'London Journal' and other periodicals, where he was master of romantic and melodramatic subjects, and could move more freely on ground that had not been stereotyped by the theatre. His pencil shone with equal facility in low life, colonial subjects, and in the dazzling saloons of the aristocracy."



BROUGHAM

After a Woodcut

Apollo : A Journal of the Arts

One can claim for Gilbert a Balzacian quality, which is sadly missing in the stories that he illustrated. They are poor fustian, and the characters the merest lay figures. But the drawings are real life. Gilbert had a universal contemporary sense, and each picture tells a convincing story. It is easy to understand their appeal to Mr. Sickert, whose own figures are never puppets, but creatures instinct with humanity, and very often involved in a comic or tragic adventure. What could be a happier source of inspiration than one of these old steel-engravings, where the incident is already suggested, the poses of the protagonists and the scene of action ready-indicated? There is a world of colour and delight to be constructed on the meagre foundations of these fading black lines.

For Gilbert, or his fellow-Victorian, though he was there at the beginning, is wondrously transformed in Mr. Sickert's picture. Only the most cantankerous pedantry would quibble over considering the "English Echoes" as themselves originals. It might as well, in literature, deny originality to Rabelais and Shakespeare, or in art, to the one after the first, and onwards, who painted a Madonna and Child or a Crucifixion. There was originality enough in conceiving that the "Echoes" could be formed from their Victorian prototypes,

there was still more in the manner of their formation.

For these glittering harmonies of colour, with their lively story and keenness of characterization, are something new in contemporary painting, and the most successful of inventions. There is no necessity to enlarge upon the tedium of many exhibitions of the present day. Quite often they show a high level of technical ability, but it is divorced from human content.

The spectator wearies in the end of the continual display of intellectual exercise ceaselessly revolving upon itself. In most cases, too, where some success in the arrangement of form has been attained, it is at the expense of the picture as a whole, and of the saving grace of colour in especial. Mr. Sickert's "Echoes" display an admirable co-ordination of their pictorial elements; they will be especially memorable for pointing the way to a renaissance of colour.

And beyond technique they will be memorable for their gaiety, as an exhibition of the pleasures of painting. Indeed, in "An Expensive Half-sovereign" Mr. Sickert has even had the temerity to paint a joke, and most visitors after several years of penitential gallery-going will be extremely grateful to him. The picture happens also to be a very beautiful one, a dazzling winter scene. There is laughter in "Glencora" also, besides elegance, where



THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. SWEARS

Anon



GLENCORA

After John Gilbert

Richard Sickert: *English Echoes*

the splendours of a fashionable rout are the excuse for a rich variety of character. And in "The Private View of the R.A." and "The River," the throngs are again an exquisite mosaic of colour and a set of subtly distinct individuals, each stamped with his own "humour."

It is the bravery and the *panache* of the last mid-century which Mr. Sickert displays for the most part. There is a wealth of graceful gesture, a fine luxuriance of whisker, a majestic manœuvring of the crinoline.

But that irritating flippancy with which some of our moderns have casually patronized the period is absent. Mr. Sickert's reconstruction is a labour of love, accomplished, one

a sigh, while she herself might have breathed one over "Don Juan and Haidee." But sterner emotions are aroused by "'48," which at the same time evokes the year of Revolution and is one of Mr. Sickert's most imposing architectural pictures. Here, indeed, is saturation, in Henry James's sense of the word. And in others of the canvases, where the pleasure of historical recognition is less pronounced, there is sufficient occupation to appreciate the purely pictorial beauty infusing the theme.

"Brougham" is so complete a portrait, made out of so little. "Dublin, from Phoenix Park" is a fine panoramic landscape. The great arch of green crinoline in "She was the Belle of the Ball" is the boldest gesture, and



DUBLIN, FROM PHOENIX PARK

After Francesco Sargent

would guess, with reverence. We are shown the lost years full-blooded and magnificent in hue, and we bow as at some enchantment of a Golden Age. Here are no generalities of the historians to disturb, no barrier of theory to interpose between ourselves and the discovery of time past. We are in the middle of the thing itself, in the excitement of the actual hour of these decades ago, jostling elbows and too busy in it to spare a glance backward—or is it forward?—at the relativity of time.

Many of the pictures are a crystallization of some aspect of the period. "The G.O.M."—Mr. Gladstone about to pounce—presents the political background. "The Tichborne Claimant," with his enigmatic blend of obesity and refinement, conjures up a mystery and a country stirred with doubt. "The Poison Cup" hints at scandals in high life. "The beautiful Mrs. Swears" compels the tribute of

perhaps the most superb passage of painting, in the exhibition. And more democratic life shimmers in lovely browns and greys in "On Her Majesty's Service," "The Bart and the Buns," and "Hamlet." Of the two studies in dead-colour, "Walter Savage Landor" has the nobility of his own cadences, while "The First-class Carriage," with its reminiscence of Constantin Guys, is the essence of feminine delicacy.

Thus each picture shines with its own charm, both of evocation and actual accomplishment. It is painting into which all possible interest is gathered, where each element of pictorial appeal is exercised at its highest power. The result is splendidly tonic, putting to flight the spectres of pedantry and invading the spirit with clarity, colour and joy. Such painting without tears is the finest entertainment, and that is what it should be.

THE ENGLISH SILVER TEAPOT, 1670-1800

By C. C. OMAN



FIG. I. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1670

Victoria and Albert Museum

THOUGH tea was imported during the eighteenth century by most of the countries of Europe and obtained amongst some of them a higher social status than it holds today, nowhere did tea-drinking become so general as in England. The English teapot may be regarded, indeed, as a sort of touchstone by which we may test the artistic capacity of our silversmiths and compare it with that of other nations.

It is well known that a number of the most celebrated silversmiths who worked in

England in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century were Huguenots who had been forced to leave France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It has to be recognized that much of that felicity of form which is usually displayed by the commoner varieties of silverware in the Queen Anne period is not unrelated to that which is seen in so much of the silver of the "bourgeoisie" in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. French silver teapots throughout this period are extremely rare, and Dutch examples, though commoner, seem to have had no influence on those made

The English Silver Teapot, 1670-1800

in this country. The English teapot, therefore, is pre-eminently the work of English brains, and the beauty of so many of the forms in which it was wrought silences the accusation



FIG. II. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1672

Lent by L. A. Crichton, Esq., to the Victoria and Albert Museum

that our silversmiths were no more than clever imitators of the works of their Continental neighbours. Only from one direction can a foreign influence be traced in the forming of our teapots. The squat shape which most English teapots share with those of other nations is probably due to a desire to follow the Chinese convention. Imitation, however, ceased at this point for direct copies of Far-Eastern teapots are extremely uncommon.

References to tea by English writers begin very soon after the arrival of English ships in Far-Eastern waters, but for a long time it seems to have been regarded not as an ordinary beverage but rather as a curiosity and as a herbal drink with medicinal qualities. The importation of tea on a commercial basis seems only to have begun during the Commonwealth. A newspaper advertisement in 1658

tells of "That excellent and by all physitions approved China Drink called by the Chinese *Tcha* and by other nations *Tay*, alias *Tee*." Two years later, on September 28, 1660, Pepys records, "I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink) which I never had drank before," but unfortunately passes no verdict on his experiment. Dating from a few years later is a broadsheet entitled "An Exact Description of the Growth, Quality and Vertues of the Leaf Tee, alias *Tay*," and ending with, "These are to give notice that the said Thomas Garway hath Tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound," a reminder that the informative advertisement is not an invention of modern times.

The earliest known teapot of English manufacture has the London hall-mark for 1670-1 (Fig. I). It bears the inscription, "This Silver tea-Pott was presented to y^e Com^{te} of y^e East India Company by y^e Right Hon^{ble} George Lord Berkeley of Berkeley Castle. A member of that Honourable & worthy Society and A true Hearty Lover of them 1670." It was deposited at the Victoria and Albert Museum when the company was dissolved. It stands 13½ inches high, but little



FIG. III. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1718

Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. IV. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1748

In the collection of Arthur Hurst, Esq.

can be said in favour of the design except that it satisfies the canon of utility for teapots by pouring well. Its tall and tapering form has led to the suggestion that it was originally intended for coffee as well as for tea. This seems to be an excess of ingenuity as it leaves out of consideration the fact that coffee was

More worthy of remark is the unusually large size of this teapot, which is, of course, explained by the fact that it was a gift to the principal firm for the importation of tea. In early days the normal size of teapots was small as, owing to its high price, tea was used sparingly. Though tea became more popular



FIG. V. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1723

Victoria and Albert Museum



FIG. VI. YORK HALL-MARK FOR 1784

In the collection of Arthur Hurst, Esq.

also a newcomer to this country at this date.

No silver coffee-pot antedating the piece in question is known, so that it is anachronistic to imply that a vessel of this form must necessarily have been designed for coffee.

and less costly as time went on, the average size of teapots remained much the same until late in the eighteenth century. This was partly due to the fact that the practice of taking milk with tea did not become usual till well on in Georgian days and partly to use of

The English Silver Teapot, 1670-1800

tea-urns which from the middle of the century were commonly kept by households where the size of the company was wont to exceed the capacity of the teapot.

The next example (Fig. II) to be discussed is nearer the normal size (it is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches high)

but it is doubtful whether this can be substantiated as they resemble much more closely the wine-pots used in China several centuries earlier than the teapots of the seventeenth century.

The early period for the teapot ends with



FIG. VII. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1744

(From the Dunn Gardner Collection)

but is equally unusual in shape. It is of silver-gilt, with the matted surface commonly found on seventeenth-century silver, a thumb-piece in the form of a mermaid, and a hinged cover for the spout. It bears the mark of Sir Richard Hoare and the London hall-mark for 1672-3. A very similar example by Benjamin Pyne has been attributed to a slightly later date. At first sight the shapes of both these pots suggest Far-Eastern influence

the reign of William III for, with the early eighteenth century, we reach a period when it is necessary to concern ourselves more with types than with rare examples. Amongst the earliest types is the pear-shaped pot with domed lid, which began to appear in the reign of Queen Anne. It is found both with round and with octagonal body. The example illustrated (Fig. III) bearing the mark of Jonathan Lambe and Thomas Tearle and the

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London hall-mark for 1718-19 is typical of the wonderful sense of proportion which is so often displayed by the teapots of this pattern.

Visitors to the recent Scottish Exhibition will remember several teapots with short



FIG. VIII. DUBLIN HALL-MARK FOR 1796
Victoria and Albert Museum

straight spouts and completely spherical bodies on rather high, moulded feet. This type, which can be traced back at any rate to 1708, seems to have been particularly popular in Scotland though not confined to that country. Artistically the spherical body is usually not very satisfactory, but this does not apply to the example illustrated (Fig. IV) which differs considerably from the Scottish type and is chased with vine-sprays and surmounted by a squirrel. It was made by John Wirgman and has the London hall-mark for 1748-9.

The commonest modification of the spherical design was the sloping off of the lower part of the globe into the foot. An extremely attractive example (Fig. V) of this change, made by James Smith in 1723-4, has the unusual feature of a domed pull-off lid. More often the hinged lid and the upper part of the body of teapots of this type were flattened, as seen in the example (Fig. VI) by J. Hampton and J. Prince with the York hall-mark for 1784. The simplicity of the design is relieved by a narrow band of "bright-cut" engraving round.

Engraving remained the usual method of decorating teapots throughout the century. It

is remarkable that, although coffee-pots and tea-kettles embossed with rococo and chinoiserie designs are of common occurrence, teapots similarly decorated are not nearly so numerous.

The first example of this style is a rather spiritless English work (Fig. VII) of the year 1744 and is much less pleasing than the other (Fig. VIII) which was made in Ireland where this ornament remained popular for a considerable time after it had been superseded by the Adams style in this country. It is by George Wheatley and bears the Dublin hall-mark for 1796. It will be noticed that it is supported on four feet issuing from lion-masks exactly similar to those so commonly used on the Irish milk-jugs at this date.

The spread of the cult of Pompeian art at the end of the eighteenth century synchronized with the appearance of several new types of teapots. As a squat shape had by this time become to be considered an essential characteristic for teapots, it was found to be much more difficult to adapt these to classic shapes than other forms of silver-ware. The example (Fig. IX) by William Plummer with the London hall-mark for 1789-90 is an interesting attempt at a teapot in the form of a classical urn. The more characteristic teapots



FIG. IX. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1789
(Collection of Mrs. C. E. Allen, O.B.E.)

of the period show little sign of classical influence except that they are frequently engraved with laurel wreaths and acanthus ornament. The commonest shapes are oval or

The English Silver Teapot, 1670-1800

long-octagonal, with straight side and no foot.

They are often equipped with stands which sometimes bear a slightly later hall-mark. This is probably due to the fact that the wide expanse of the bottom was more than usually liable to damage the polished tea-tray or table so that it was found advisable to have a stand made to match. The example illustrated (Fig. X) is by Robert Hennell, and bears the London hall-mark for 1789-90; the stand,

however, by John Harris is seven years later.

If this study closes with the end of the eighteenth century this must not be held to imply that all the work after that period is unworthy of consideration. A decline in artistic inspiration undoubtedly set in, but the first quarter of the nineteenth century saw the manufacture of many good teapots and the creation of several designs of considerable merit.



FIG. X. LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1789 (stand 1796)

Victoria and Albert Museum

THE LATEST COLOUR-PRINTS OF ELYSE LORD

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN



MIAO SHAN

By Elyse Lord

Published by Messrs. W. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.

THE colour-prints of Miss Elyse Lord have in the last ten years won a unique and "charming little reputation," to borrow the modest phrase of the inimitable "Max." She conceives her pictorial designs with a lovely imagination inspired by old Eastern ideals, fables, and traditions, and uses a technique of her own devising for translating these from paintings on silk into prints. She draws her design expressively with the dry-point, varying the depth of line for the burr in coaxing effects of colour, and prints this sympathetically, whether rag-wiped or hand-wiped, in inks of suitable

tone, perhaps yellow ochre and bistre, perhaps umber, but never using black; then she cuts her colour-blocks to superimpose harmoniously upon the dry-point design, and is personally responsible for all the several printings, being satisfied only with the most sensitive results. In doing all this Miss Lord experiences the joy of the creative artist, for each motive involves a fresh adventure, and in no two prints are the methods exactly alike. Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son were early to perceive the peculiarly fragrant charm of her prints, with the beautiful originality of their colour-harmonies, and the subtly human significance



The Latest Colour-Prints of Elyse Lord

of their designs, Oriental in characteristics and expression, and to their credit is the publishing of many rarely distinguished prints. Only to name them is to recall exotic themes of compelling appeal, with strange and lovely hues



THE INVALID

By Elyse Lord

Published by Messrs. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.

and rhythms and lyric suggestions. Many of them positively sing from their frames; there is the exquisite "Dance" trio, the chromatically superb "Concert," "The Love Song," "Yang-Kuei-Fei," "My Dress," "The Meeting," "Prayer," "In the Palace of Pong-lai," the delightful trio "Spring-time at Loyang," "The White Goat," "The Rose Garden of Sa'di," and lastly "Musicians," a charmingly rhythmical group of girls of Mongolian type, playing string and wind instruments. I said "lastly," because Mr. Lefèvre's recent association with Mr. Alexander Reid has finished its term, and Mr. Walter Bull, who was formerly a popular partner in the Lefèvre firm, and one of Miss Lord's earliest appreciators, is now restored to health, and has started, with an old business colleague, the new firm of fine-art publishers, Walter Bull and Sanders, Ltd., and, like Mr. Edmund Blampied, Miss Lord has reverted to the old connection. She is signaling her change of publishers with seven new prints widely various in motive, in expression, in significance, and though their delightful fantasies may be written down as Chinese or Persian or vaguely Asiatic in feeling, they are

essentially Elyse Lord's whimsies personified in a world of Oriental fancy, intended to express the human emotions of laughter, joy, or sadness. They are thoroughly personal, and will appeal to her innumerable admirers.

There is "The Smiling Woman." In a charming design, with its swirling rhythms of ribbons floating and flowers falling, she, fluttering the full sleeves and long train of her golden dress, looks round upon a small boy, clad after the fashion of a Toba warrior, strutting extravagantly with a childish imagining of his grown-up glory, and smiles at him benignly, while two bright blue-green bats hover in the air suggesting happy auguries. Miss Lord weaves symbolism frequently with her decorative scheme, and here this note of blue-green is prettily repeated in the ribbons of the boy's dress, and the jewels in the woman's headgear, but her smile, which is the keynote of this delightful print, is not baffling like the smile of "Mona Lisa," but interpretative, like her rhythmic graces, of a joyous nature. In "The Wooing of Riza," we are confronted by one of Miss Lord's



FLOWERS FROM MULAY HAFID'S GARDEN

By Elyse Lord

Published by Messrs. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

pictorial fantasies charged with the significance of a fable or fairy-tale. We must take a clue from the title if we are to guess at its meaning. Young Riza, displaying himself in all the glory of his blue and yellow costume, with gay flowers in his turban, and carrying a hooded falcon rather as a private pet than



THE PORTRAIT

By Elyse Lord

Published by Messrs. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.

for sport, woos the admiration of a group of young women sitting among the peonies under the willow branches. But they look away from him, all save one; she alone regards the vain, self-conscious youth with adoring eyes, yet he turns bashfully from her. The moral of this fable among the flowers is to seek; perhaps it is elusive in the decorative charm of the colour-tones, blues and green, mauve, pink, red and yellow; perhaps it is suggestive in the quaint design, with its vaguely Persian feeling. But the allure of the print grows on one, though one may not guess what tale of Oriental romance may be here in embryo, or which century of Persian millinery is represented by the headgear and costumes of the damsels. Here, at any rate, the world is young without sophistication, and who shall deny youth the romantic fancies it chooses? "In the Park" is just a lovely little colour-print, quite different from any other of Miss Lord's conceptions, yet its significance is easily comprehended. One can imagine the artist to have dozed over some gentle tale of early Victorian days, and dreamed an Oriental vision of fine ladies at their daily

promenade in some green pleasaunce, their quaint costumes being evolved from the charming fantasies of her brain. Here is an elderly countess (shall I say?) bending down in tender solicitude to question the begging attitude of her self-conscious little pet poodle, while youth in the persons of a fair-haired princess, come straight out of a fairy-tale, in a flowered gown of three shades of pink and coquettish headgear, with her pretty but more modestly garbed attendant, looks on amused, and two staid middle-aged spinsters, in blue and mauve, shuffle past in haughty disdain of the trifling incident. "The Portrait" offers a beautifully harmonious colour-scheme, from a lovely rose-pink and a note of green, with a sudden interlude of white, to shades of purple, dull green, yellow, and pink. This is a domestic scene of subtly humorous significance, in some Far Cathay of the artist's own fancy. A surprise portrait is held up by, presumably, the elderly husband of the smug-looking young bride sitting on her haunches, whose rapturous and astonished gaze is fascinated by the obvious flattery of herself. Supporting the man in his successful effort to please his bride are his three curious sisters, watching the effect of the picture, though the youngest shows a little reluctance to fall in with her



THE WOOING OF RIZA

By Elyse Lord

Published by Messrs. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.



IN THE PARK

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. W. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.

By Elyse Lord

MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS
BOSTON

The Latest Colour-Prints of Elyse Lord

brother's uxorious mood, and chews the cud of her jealousy, unsuspected, apart. "Flowers from Mulay Hafid's Garden" is a pictorial interpretation of the artist's mood after being grudgingly permitted to visit the deserted

garden, where night scarcely falls from the starlit sky. On the edge of a still pool reflecting the crescent moon, stands a man dressed in red and gold, with hat and trousers of blue, carrying a dark-brown coat, who holds



THE SMILING WOMAN

By Elyse Lord

Published by Messrs. Bull and Sanders, Ltd.

house and weed-grown garden of this dead but haunting personality in Tangier. Some legend of fallen greatness attaches to the name of Mulay Hafid, but the print records merely a wistful mood of memories, symbolized by the human figures, the flowers, the moon and stars. A fragrant peaceful sadness reigns in the

pensively before him a portrait, which we may suppose to represent the presiding personality of the garden. High stems of mauve and white flowers rise behind him, at his feet is a bed of roses grown to seed, and drooping on the ground near him, in a gown of blue decorated with roses and gallants on white horses, sits a

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female figure with an unplayed lute, recalling ghostly echoes of love, laughter, and music that once were vivid in that forsaken garden.

Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

"The Invalid" introduces us to yet another garden where, in the sunshine, tall delphiniums are growing, and a pale, golden-haired girl, wearing a light-green and pink-flowered wrap, is taking the balmy air in her wheeled chair. A buxom damsel in blue, with red hair, is tending her, and stays the sick maid's progress sympathetically so that she shall enjoy the solace of gathering the blue blossoms. Another, perhaps a sister, in a red skirt and purple mantle, looks very near to tears, though she tries to repress them, for there is tender pathos in that sunny garden where the delphiniums grow so proudly.

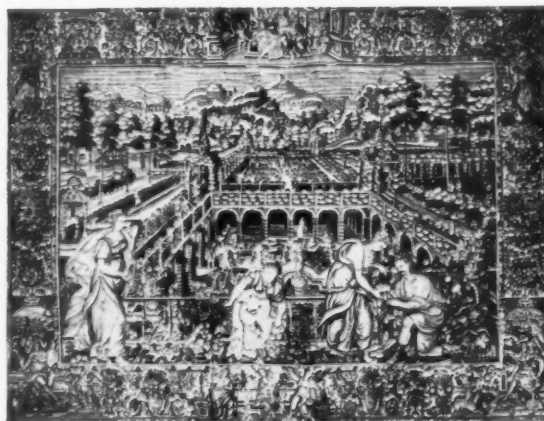
Now, here is another of Miss Lord's Oriental fantasies, from which she has evolved an attractive colour-print. "Miao Shan," in Chinese legend, personifies Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy. The keynote to her

earthly life was altruism, and in her constant efforts to serve others she was always helped by miracles. One of these saved her from a terrible fate, for the winds of Heaven intervened the moment before she was to be executed, and assuming the form of a tiger, carried her off to the Isles of the Blest, where she was canonized by the Pearly Emperor, and lived happily ever after as a Buddha. In the print, the tiger, conscious of his windy nature, but particular to remember the feline character he has been obliged to incarnate, plays the part to perfection, pads through moonlit space toward his beneficent destination, bearing proudly on his back the altruistic heroine, who displays to the moon the marvellous pearl that the sea had given her in requital of some self-sacrificing service. How well the form of the pleased tiger fills the print; with what a rhythmic sense of design the smaller circles and ovals lead up to the moon; and how harmoniously, under its white domination, the blues, greens, and reds take their places with the light browns! Miss Lord's inventive originality seems as inexhaustible as it is enchanting, and enchantment is the essential effect of her colour-prints.

ITALIAN GARDEN EXHIBITION, FLORENCE

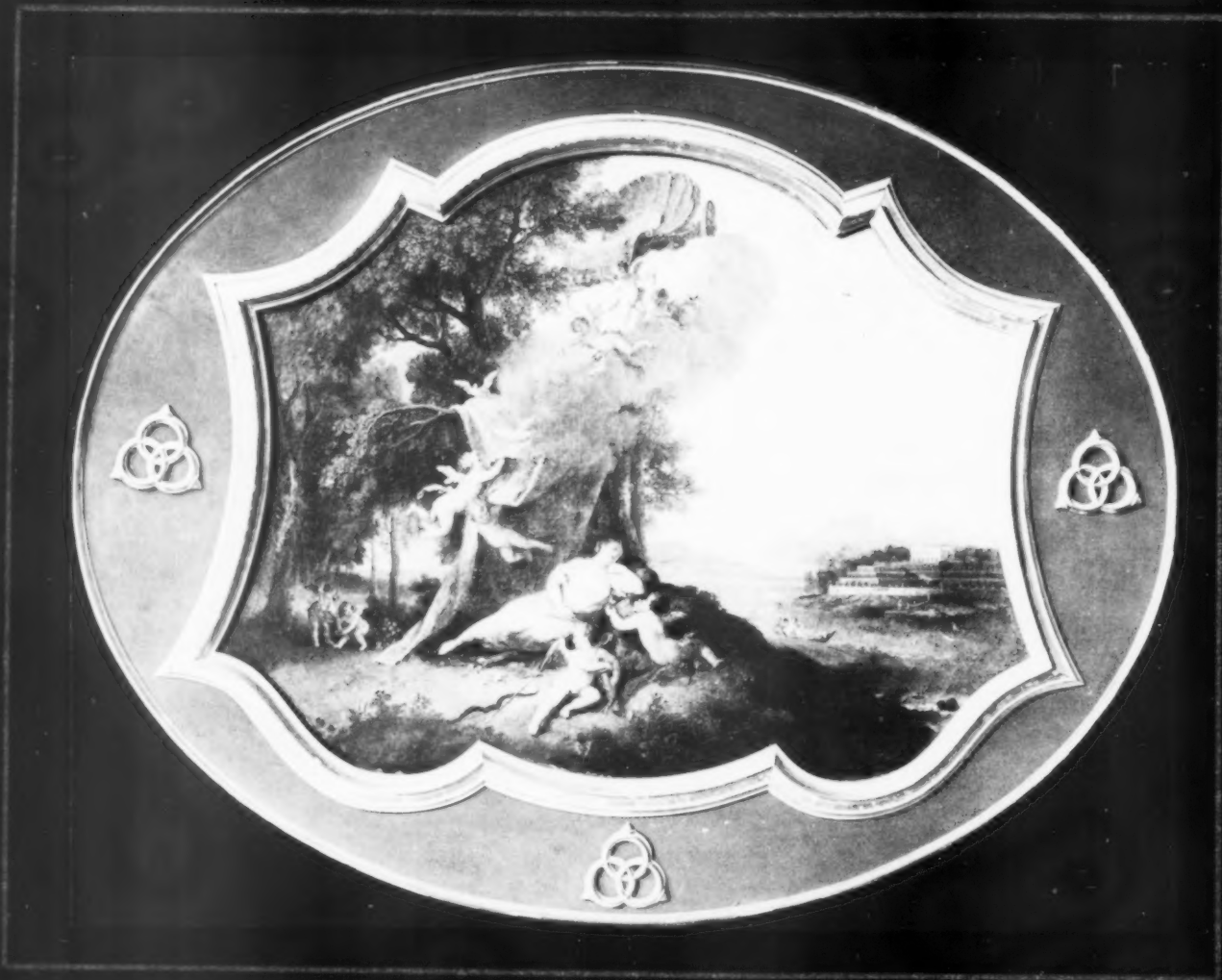
By YOI MARAINI

THE Italian Garden Exhibition, in Florence, is not the usual collection of flowers, trees, and shrubs, but a documentation of the Italian garden in every art form, from Roman times until the early days of the nineteenth century. In fifty rooms of Palazzo Vecchio pictures, prints, drawings, and tapestries, show the symmetry and architectural beauty that is the chief feature of a truly Italian garden. Twenty of these rooms are open, now, to the public for the first time. They were altered in the time of Vasari, when many ceilings, and even staircases, were bricked up. Comm. Lensi has restored these to their original and earlier state, leaving intact the bathroom designed by Vasari for Grand-duke Cosimo I, and other Vasarian details of value to students of art and architecture. After the exhibition is over, in



A FLEMISH TAPESTRY SHOWING THE SEASONS IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN

(Palazzo Bianco Gallery, Genoa)



GARDEN SCENE

By Zuccarelli

In the Italian Garden Exhibition, Florence

In the collection of Prince D'Armeny

Not before published

(See page 356)



Italian Garden Exhibition, Florence

these rooms will be placed the collection of old furniture left by the American collector, Carlo Loeser, to the town of Florence.

In the enormous *Sala dei Cinquecento* there are ten scenographic representations of famous Italian gardens designed by well-known architects. The garden described by

other rooms are hung paintings, and drawings, of gardens of every part of Italy, a truly wonderful collection that can never again be found in one place. The *Sala dei Gigli*, frescoed by Ghirlandajo, and the *Sala d'Udienza*, are reserved for an exhibition of every kind of artificial flower that is now made



LA VIGNA DELLA REGINA

In the collection of H.R.H. the Prince of Piedmont

Pliny; Boccaccio's garden; a Pompeian garden; a Genoese garden of the seventeenth century; a Piedmontese garden of the eighteenth century, etc., ending with a Romantic garden of the nineteenth century. The *Sala dei Duecento* is filled with pictures of Piedmontese villas, lent by the Prince of Piedmont, who has made a collection of these pictures. In

in Europe. Here one can also see the famous collection of wax flowers from the Specola Museum.

In connection with this unique exhibition there are special permits, with motor drives, to the famous villas near Florence, and also excursions to the more distant villas, such as Collodi, La Marlia, and Camigliano.

SEVENTEENTH- AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIRS

THEIR DESIGN AND QUALITY

By R. W. SYMONDS



FIG. I. A WALNUT CHAIR. English. Circa 1680
From the collection of Captain R. S. Hilton

THE artistic merit of old furniture lies in its design. To those who possess a natural understanding of design the truth of this axiom is conclusive. One can even go further and state that without good design old furniture cannot have any artistic significance.

Lacking that, its interest must be confined to the sentiment which is usually attached to anything antique, to the suspicion of rarity that arises from the fact of its antiquity, and to the antiquarian's curiosity which is aroused by anything that was used by a bygone generation. None of these factors, however, can make such an object completely beautiful, even though it may possess fine craftsmanship combined with material of the highest quality.

That good design is the one and only factor that can endow antique furniture with permanent artistic merit is by no means today generally recognized. In fact, it may be said that the reverse is more usually the case as by far the greater number of collectors, and those interested in furniture, pay but little heed to the design of a piece, since their appreciation of it is largely based upon the rarity of a certain type of article, whether it is made out of a certain wood, or whether it might be called the work of a famous cabinet-maker such as Chippendale or Hepplewhite, or whether it is a pleasing-looking piece because it has a superfluity of carved ornament, which in the eyes of such a critic proclaims it to be a desirable and important piece.

That this attitude towards antique furniture is so prevalent today is not surprising, because to the untrained mind design is an abstract and intangible thing. There is no hard and fast rule as to whether a thing is of good or bad design. Knowledge of the principles of design does not necessarily confer upon a person the ability to dogmatize with regard to it. That design should be so inexplicable to some people is all the more remarkable because to others it is like an open book. Some possess the sense whereby it becomes instantly apparent to them whether a form has proportion, whether a line possesses grace, and whether a design is endowed with unity. In fact, so sensitive is their feeling for design that they can detect the smallest defect and the slightest deviation from a principle instinctively. It is there, and its recognition is

Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century Chairs

spontaneous. Such a sensitive understanding of design cannot be obtained merely by education. A person must possess a natural aptitude or sensibility for understanding, a mental attitude which education may improve, instruct, and render more susceptible.

This neglect of the appreciation of good

them by the correctness of their design are neglected and overlooked because they have a commercial defect, such as straight instead of cabriole legs, or club feet instead of claw and ball feet, or are made of mahogany instead of walnut, facts which have no bearing at all on the real merit of the piece.

This question of the true assessment of design as regards furniture is especially important in its connection with chairs. A chair differs from a piece of furniture such as a bookcase, a table or a chest-with-drawers, as these pieces can be drawn in elevation on a drawing-board with a T and set-square, whereas a chair has no true elevation that can be designed in this manner. Its members have contours which vary in form at every angle from which they are viewed. It has not the same sense of symmetry in its form as a table or a bookcase. This peculiarity as regards a chair makes its design an entirely different proposition from that of any other piece of furniture, and it is undoubtedly for this reason that chair-making has always been a different craft to that of cabinet-making. Thomas Sheraton, in his "Cabinet Dictionary," which was published in 1803, is interesting on this point, when he writes: "Chair-making is a branch generally confined to itself; as those who professedly work at it seldom engage to make cabinet furniture. In the country manufactories it is otherwise; yet even these pay some regard to keeping their workmen constantly at the chair, or to the cabinet work. The two branches seem evidently to require different talents in workmen in order to become proficient. In the chair branch it requires a particular turn in the handling of shapes to make them agreeable and easy; and the only branch of drawing adapted to assist such is that of ornaments in general." As Sheraton points out, the chair-maker requires different talents from the cabinet-maker. The latter in making a bookcase or a chest-with-drawers has only to follow out the full-size working drawings which accurately show the rectangular form and measurements of the piece, the position of the mouldings and their sections. Nothing is left to his discretion of initiative. In the chair-maker's craft, however, a great deal is left to the trained eye and traditional upbringing of the craftsman. The full-size working drawings of a chair cannot convey the same amount of information as those of a



FIG. II. AN EBONIZED BEECH CHAIR. English.

Circa 1685

In the possession of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons

design has diminished the proper understanding of the beauty of old English furniture today. Pieces which lack any vestige of artistic truth have been lauded to the skies for their rarity or for some other quite inadequate reason, and pieces which essentially possess a unique beauty of their own bestowed upon

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piece of furniture. A chair cannot be shown on paper. This is borne out by Sheraton when writing about chairs. He says: "Drawing, in perspective, seems more proper for those who keep to the cabinet branch, which enables them more accurately to judge of a sketch given them to work by, and of the effect of the whole." This is due to the difficulty of showing on a flat elevation the correct contour of a curved member in three dimensions. In consequence the chair-maker has to rely on his own sense of form, "in the handling of shapes to make them agreeable and easy," as Sheraton writes.

The one outstanding fact that strikes a person who has a sensitive eye for design is the great part that traditional craftsmanship played in the making of English chairs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If it were not for this factor English chairs could not possess the grace and elegance of design that makes them the most beautiful examples belonging to these two centuries that the world has produced. They were made by skilled, but unimaginative, workmen, very little different, indeed, to the modern workman, except that the latter is better educated. The present-day craftsman is unable to produce a chair of beautiful form on original lines; in fact, he is unable to reproduce the beauty of an old example; he may succeed in copying the shape, but he will fail to capture the subtlety of the form that goes to make the beauty of the original. The reason for this is that his sense of form is not traditional. The eighteenth-century craftsman had no greater artistic instinct than the modern craftsman, but the former belonged to a tradition which was formed by generations of hand labour in producing designs in harmony with the material out of which they were made—designs which adequately fulfilled the wants and requirements of people who lived under certain conditions and were influenced by certain tastes. These designs followed a traditional course; there were no sharp changes, they merged one into the other.

Craftsmanship was equally faithful to tradition. The result of a craftsman practising his craft with a feeling for traditional design meant that his manner of execution was true to his sense of form, which sense stamped his work with the spirit of the period in which he lived. He was no more able to separate his

work from this characteristic than can the modern workman imbue his reproduction with the traditional feeling which belonged to the craftsman who made the original in the eighteenth century.

The fact that an eighteenth-century craftsman was influenced in the execution of his



FIG. III. A WALNUT CHAIR in the style of design of Daniel Marot. This chair is one of a set of six
In the collection of Lord Plender of Sundridge

work by his traditional sense does not imply that they were all highly skilled and that every one of them was able to endow his work with the quality of beauty.

Some craftsmen undoubtedly had a more sensitive eye for form than others, and this

Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century Chairs



FIG. IV. A WALNUT CHAIR of elegant proportions
English. Circa 1725
In the collection of Guy N. Charrington, Esq.

accordingly influenced their work. That this is so is vouched for by Sheraton when he writes: "It is very remarkable, the difference of some chairs of precisely the same pattern when executed by different chair-makers, arising chiefly in the want of taste concerning the beauty of an outline, of which we judge by the eye, more than the rigid rules of geometry." This fact accounts for the considerable variation in the merit of design of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century chairs. Some examples are endowed with grace and form giving them a unity of design, which is perfect in all respects, whilst others have a clumsy and heavy character entirely lacking in grace.

As a rule with regard to chairs, fine quality craftsmanship accompanies good design. This, however, is not invariable; a skilled craftsman possesses an eye and technique which enable him to give a graceful curve to the back or arm of a chair; but the presence of such a graceful contour does not necessarily mean that the

chair is one of good design. For example, mid-eighteenth-century chairs in the Gothic and Chinese taste are usually of fundamentally bad design, and excellence as regards craftsmanship in no way compensates for this defect.

Good craftsmanship assists good design, but it cannot redeem poor design. The character of the design must be fundamentally good, and when such a design is transcribed by a skilled craftsman it will result in a perfect example; when executed by inferior craftsmen it will lack the high standard owing to their "want of taste concerning the beauty of an outline."

A skilled chair-maker knew instinctively how to unite a claw and ball foot to a cabriole leg. He made it form a part of the leg, so as to give it an appearance of strength, functionally adequate to support the chair. In a



FIG. V. A RARE WALNUT CHAIR with back of unusual design. English. Circa 1735
In the collection of Captain R. S. Hilton

badly executed cabriole leg the foot will appear to have been stuck on and therefore will lack continuity with the cabriole, and the leg itself will have a bad contour and will appear either too heavy or too slender and so betray a lack of skill in its execution. For an example of a finely-modelled cabriole leg see below.

As carving plays an important part in the decoration of both seventeenth- and eighteenth-century chairs, familiarity with the varying degrees of quality should be acquired so that an example can be justly assessed.

The quality and character of carving vary according to the wood in which it is executed. Carving of the highest standard is usually associated with a hard, close-grained mahogany. This medium lends itself best to the carver's chisel, and permits him to execute accurately the smallest detail. In a softer wood such as walnut, the grain being more open, the same



FIG. VI. A detail showing A CABRIOLE LEG of elegant form



FIG. VII. A MAHOGANY CHAIR of unusual design
English. Circa 1750

In the possession of Messrs. Stuart and Turner

delicacy of execution is not so easily attainable. Oak is a hard wood with a coarse and open grain and is therefore not such a good medium for carving as either walnut or mahogany. Some varieties of oak, however, are of a milder and closer texture than others, and given skilled craftsmanship carving in oak such as this can be of the finest quality. Such fine quality carving, however, belongs to the sixteenth-century Continental schools and is but seldom found on English pieces.

To assess correctly the merits of the design of a chair it is necessary first to consider the general outline of its form. It is important, for example, to see whether the chair is well proportioned, and whether the height and width of the back are balanced with the seat and legs, and also whether the back and legs are in harmony and unite in one uniform design. These questions are equally pertinent when the question of the arms of a chair arises. One important point with regard to the arms

Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century Chairs

is whether they harmonize with the back or are merely an extraneous addition.

The resolution of this is most important where armchairs of the eighteenth century come under consideration. The design of walnut and

Having completed this general survey of the chair its individual members next call for criticism. The contour of the arms and their supports and their relation to each other, the curve of the cabriole leg, the stance of the back



FIG. VIII
A MAHOGANY
CHAIR with back
of trellis design

English

Circa 1760

In the
collection of Guy
N. Charrington,
Esq.

mahogany chairs of that period is frequently marred by the contour of the arm failing to be in harmony with the form of the back.

Sometimes this defect is due to the arms having been added to a single chair. In that case the uniformity of the design of the chair can be reclaimed by their removal.

legs, and the curve of the uprights to the back—which are a continuation of the back legs—are all details that call for a critical examination.

Perfect chairs as regards design are naturally in the minority, a fact that is only too plain to those with a critical faculty based on knowledge and experience of what is best.

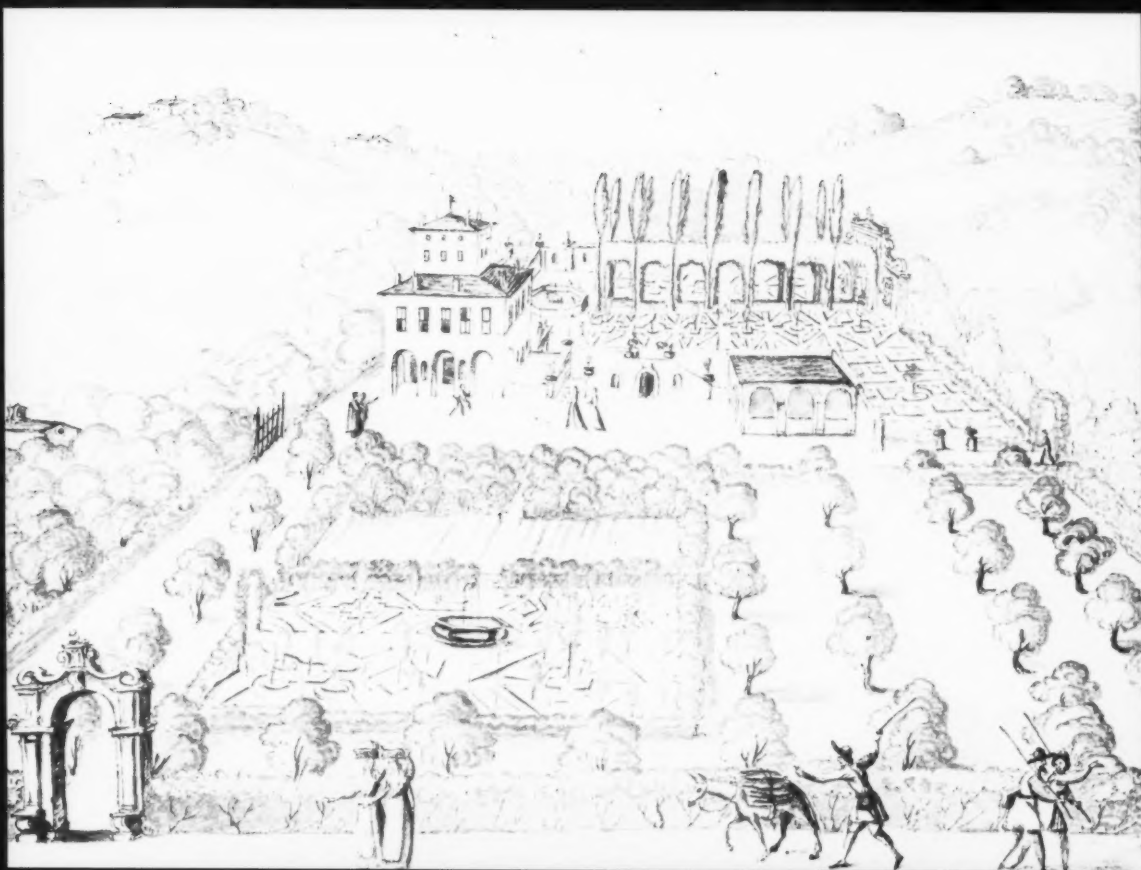


FIG. IX. A FINE MAHOGANY ARMCHAIR
of elaborate design. English. Circa 1735

In a private American collection

The chairs illustrated in this article have all been chosen from the point of view of their good design. In some cases where the design may appear faulty the fault is due to the difficulty

of photographing a chair which, owing to its form and the fact that the front legs are nearer the camera than the back, often gives an appearance of distortion which, in fact, does not exist.



A DRAWING IN THE VATICAN OF VILLA S. MARTINO, NEAR PESARO, WHICH
FORMERLY BELONGED TO MONSIGNORE RAGLIONI.

In the Italian Garden Exhibition, Florence.

(See page 358)

7

VINCENNES PORCELAIN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—II

By WILLIAM KING



FIG. I. TUREEN. Height 5 in.

IN my previous article in the issue of *APOLLO* for October 1930, I inadvertently described one of the pieces in the Franks Collection as the only known specimen signed by Taunay. My colleague, Mr. W. B. Honey, has kindly written to point out the existence in the Sèvres Museum of "a cup with sample strokes of many different colours" (*"Hannover,"* p. 274), signed by the same hand and dated 1748.

In the present article I intend to deal with the examples that have accrued to the museum since the acquisition of the Franks Collection. The first, illustrated in Figs. I and II, came to the museum in 1923 with the extensive collection of Continental porcelain and other wares presented by Lord Dillon in memory of his only son. It is a tureen with cover and stand, and the central portion has the eccentric attribute of a hole, apparently for a spoon, at either end. The piece is decorated with birds in gold against a background of the

beautiful pulsating *gros bleu*. This colour is first mentioned in 1752, the year in which the manufacture of this piece probably took place, since in the following year and onwards the royal cipher of interlaced L's that was the mark of the factory is usually supplemented by a letter of the alphabet to indicate the date. The mark on both tureen and stand is in blue enamel, and the painter of the former has taken advantage of a fire-crack running right across the base to indulge in a finely fantastic version of the crossed L's, topped by the fleur-de-lis, here reproduced (Fig. III), like the other marks, in actual size. Inside the tureen the fire-crack is masked by two birds in gold, a third being added for the sake of symmetry. Both pieces bear a workman's mark, incised.

The cup and saucer illustrated in Figs. IV and V were bought by the museum in 1926. They are decorated in pink monochrome with rustic landscapes and figures, while the handle in the form of a lizard is a charming example



FIG. III. MARK ON TUREEN (*Fig. I*)

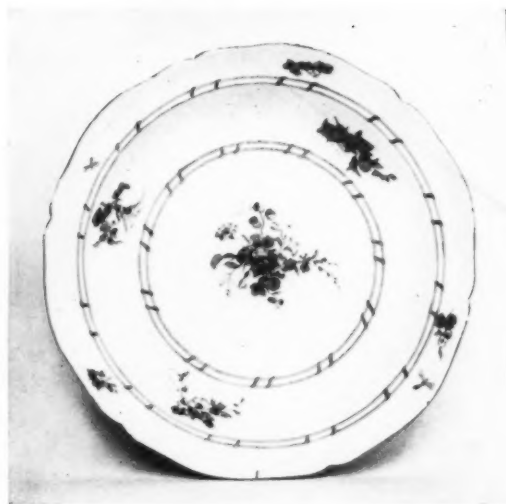


FIG. VI. PLATE. Diameter 7.7 in.



FIG. II. STAND FOR TUREEN (*Fig I*). Length 10.1 in.

Vincennes Porcelain in the British Museum—II



FIG V. CUP (Fig. IV), showing handle



FIG. IV. CUP AND SAUCER. Cup, height 3 in. ; saucer, diameter 5.3 in.



FIG. VII. CUP AND SAUCER

Cup, height 3 in. ; saucer, diameter 6 in.

of rococo taste. Both pieces have gold rims, and the lizard's skin is spangled with tiny specks of gold on the pink ground. The mark on both pieces is in blue enamel, and the saucer also bears a workman's mark resembling a cursive L, which is important, in that it reappears on the plate of Fig. VI, a piece otherwise unmarked. This plate, which both from material and style of decoration bears evidence of Vincennes manufacture, was bought by the museum in 1928; it is painted in colours with sprays of flowers and tiny butterflies, as well as with two double rings in blue wreathed with gold; further it has a gilt edge.

Fig. VII illustrates a cup and saucer purchased in 1929 with carved decoration outlined in crimson and gilt borders round the edge. The mark on both pieces is exceptional in being in crimson. This type of carved decoration suggesting the petals of a flower is of Chinese origin, but the happy idea of surrounding the petals with a note of brilliant colour is a Vincennes addition, which, incidentally, foreshadows the later Sèvres feature known as *feuille de chou*. Finally, we come to the enchanting little cup and saucer reproduced in Fig. VIII. These pieces were

purchased in 1930 and they are decorated in gold monochrome, the mark being in the usual blue enamel. The asymmetrical handles in the form of leafy branches are a peculiarly engaging feature. The scenes depicted belong to the faery realm of *chinoiserie*, so popular in the eighteenth century, where motives from every diverse corner of the East combine with others invented in Europe to form a glorious exotic country where it is always five o'clock.

I think it can be assumed with confidence that all the objects discussed in this article were made before the adoption of the system of date-letters in 1753; and, taken in conjunction with the series illustrated in the issue of October 1930, they furnish a striking testimony to the variety and originality of the porcelain factory of Vincennes. With the transference of the factory to Sèvres in 1756 a change set in. Sumptuousness and classicity became the order of the day, and although the results are of the highest magnificence—as witness the Wallace Collection at Hertford House and the Jones Collection at South Kensington—the earlier productions of Vincennes put up a powerful plea on behalf of the tricky spirit of rococo.

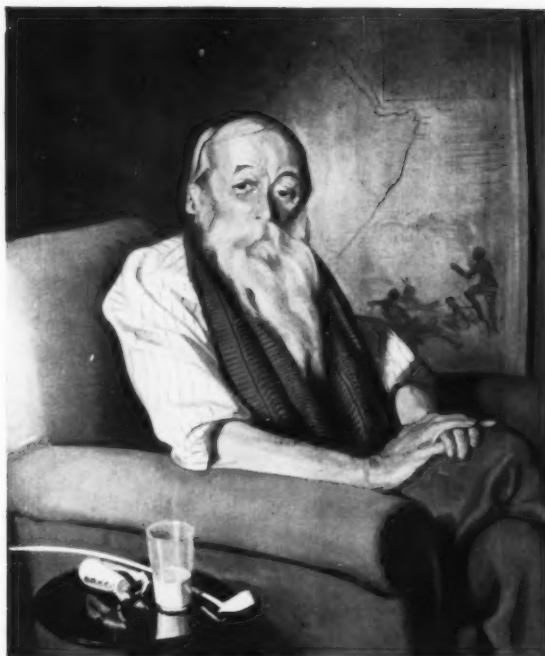


FIG. VIII. CUP AND SAUCER

Cup, height 1.9 in. ; saucer, diameter 4.7 in.

WILLIAM OLIPHANT HUTCHISON, PAINTER OF PORTRAITS

By H. GRANVILLE FELL



ALOYSIUS HORN

By W. O. Hutchison

AMONG portrait painters who have made rapid strides since the war, and whose youthful hopes and triumphs were so grievously intercepted by those fateful four years, Mr. W. O. Hutchison holds a highly deserved prominence. Having revolved, so to speak, in his earliest student days, in a more or less classical orbit, his work, technically considered, reflects, as every educated artist's must, a happy blend of the principles of the masters of the past with whom he finds himself most in sympathy; yet in his attitude to life and to the problems set by modern conditions he is refreshingly alert. To reject the heritage of a great tradition is a manifest absurdity, and Hutchison has not succumbed to the traps so alluringly baited for the seeker after cheaply-earned fame. His healthy and robust art has no room for exaggeration nor effrontery.

William Oliphant Hutchison was born in 1889 at Kirkcaldy in the county of Fife. His father, having destined him for a business career, sent him to Paris at the age of eighteen to acquire a knowledge of French. His artistic predilections and doubtless secret aspirations led him to the atelier Delecluse, which he attended in the afternoons. Here he worked under Lhermitte as well as under Delecluse himself, making the most of his time,

and after a year was recalled to Edinburgh. He was then placed with a firm of timber merchants at Middlesbrough, but remained at this uncongenial post only for a year, during which time he never ceased to practise his art in his spare moments; and, his progress being rapid, he decided to give up his job and adopt art as his profession. He returned to Edinburgh and entered the College of Art, where his masters were E. S. Lumsden, R.E., and Robert Burns.

In 1911 Hutchison painted the full-length portrait of his sister, exhibited as "Nancy" at the Royal Scottish Academy, at which, with the exception of two years of his war service, he has shown ever since.

This picture led to a meeting with the late E. S. Walton, R.S.A., who much admired it, and a firm friendship sprang up between the two artists. Being desirous of returning to Paris, Hutchison sought the advice of Walton, but was strongly dissuaded. "Take a studio here and start work at once," was the advice of the elder artist. Which he did; with the result that his second full-length portrait, "Miss Mylne," was hung at the International Society's exhibition the following year.

In spite of the interruptions of the war Hutchison sent a charming portrait of a beautiful sitter, Miss Hazel Armour, to the Royal Academy in 1915, a picture of

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admirable design and showing his maturing qualities as a painter, put together with a solid and firm mosaic of brushwork and distinguished by sensitive and scrupulous draughtsmanship.

After the armistice Hutchison married Walton's



ANDREW KIRKCALDY

By W. O. Hutchison

*The property of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club,
St. Andrews*

youngest daughter and resumed his practice in Edinburgh, being quickly inundated with commissions. Two years later he set out for London, deciding to make his headquarters in the Metropolis, and in 1922 exhibited his "Katriona" at the Royal Academy. This success was repeated at the R.S.A. of 1923, and the picture bought for the Paisley Art Gallery.

The reproductions here shown well exemplify the artist's ideas and intentions regarding the planning and designing of a portrait, but he has given me in his own words some rather emphatic views he holds upon the subject.

He regards it as an essential that "to be interesting, a portrait should be founded upon a well-thought-out and carefully planned design: that it should in itself have a decorative entity apart from its merits as a likeness. All its parts should be united in a harmony of line, mass, and colour, each related and interdependent. Upon the scaffolding of a satisfactory design may be imposed character, expression, and emotion. To catch a likeness is difficult enough, but a mere counterfeit presentment or cold-blooded reflection of the sitter palls quickly and

has no more existence as a work of art than a waxwork simulacrum."

With his own work Hutchison takes infinite pains. I have noticed that he often makes quite a number of drawings and studies for his subjects. These are trial pieces, often quite elaborate, from which he eliminates or suppresses certain details which might tend to overcrowd the picture. In one of a series of studies for a portrait of a well-known sculptor which he has commenced, may be seen disturbing features in the background which he has tried out and discarded in the final design.

The large group of the mother and two children, representing the artist's family, apart from its other qualities, is an instance of his skill in filling a given space with a perfectly reasoned and thought-out decorative scheme. Based upon a diagram roughly in the form of the letter H, one notes how cunningly the figures are tied together by the incident of the meeting hands in the middle of the picture. The base of the composition is carried along and emphasized by the extended right leg and foot of the principal figure in a slightly downward direction, and the parts of the group that lead out of the picture do so in exactly the right places, giving the impression that the scene takes place in a room and behind the frame. The light diagonal patterning of interest in two of the corners and the contrasting emptiness of the two opposite ones should be noticed. The whole composition is extremely ingenious.

Hutchison has a keen appreciation of humour and tells some amusing anecdotes of his sitters. One or two may be worth repeating, as they concern subjects here



H. J. GUNN

By W. O. Hutchison

William Oliphant Hutchison, Painter of Portraits

illustrated. Perhaps the heroes of the two best stories are Andrew Kirkcaldy, the golf professional, and Aloysius Horn. "Kirkcaldy," says the artist, "is a rich character, who can hardly open his mouth without saying something good and richly embroidered with language." He has



PORTRAIT OF MRS. T. B. YATES

By W. O. Hutchison

remarkable powers, both of observation and expression, and beguiled the painter's task with innumerable tales of the golfing world. He was so delighted with the way his portrait was shaping that one day he paid the artist the rare compliment of asking permission to bring his wife to see it, and on receiving it, remarked as he gazed upon his own likeness, "Mon, yon picture is so hellish natchural that when the wife sees it she'll hae a tear in her ee."

Horn, too, was a most entertaining sitter, perfectly unselfconscious and perfectly unembarrassed. The sittings began with Horn wearing a grey coat, and the picture was well in progress, when one day, feeling the room rather warm, without the least hesitation he removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. The artist in Hutchison seized upon the hint at once and made a drawing of Horn in his shirt-sleeves and showed it to James Pryde who emphatically confirmed the artist in his opinion that this was the only possible way to treat the old man's portrait, and so it was done. On one occasion Hutchison came in for a sitting and found Horn feeling a bit "under the weather." The artist suggested that a little drink wouldn't do him any harm. Horn acquiesced, but sorrowfully remarked that "she" (his daughter) "has got it all locked up." Hutchison: "But surely you can persuade her." Shaking his head gloomily Horn was sure that nothing could be done. After some

moments of silent pondering, suddenly he jumped up. "I've got it," he said, and disappeared into the next room, whence Hutchison distinctly heard him say: "Marie! The artist fellow wants some whisky; he wants it for the high lights!" So convincing was the old fellow that not only was the whisky forthcoming, but his daughter came in to find out in all seriousness how the whisky was used in painting. Later on, Hutchison having some difficulty with his sitter's hands which he could not keep still, tried that potent inducement, flattery. "What beautiful hands you have, Horn," said Hutchison; "they show your breeding." This pleased Horn immensely, and for the rest of the sitting he kept his hands perfectly still. His daughter coming in to see how things were going, Horn called out: "Marie! The artist fellow says I've got royal nails."

It is of interest to mention that the portrait of Lord Salvesen, here shown, was a presentation portrait originally entrusted to E. A. Walton, who died after having merely sketched in the head. Nothing else was shown on the canvas, and on the advice of Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A., and Sir Patrick Ford, M.P., the commission was passed on to Hutchison. Sir Patrick Ford, by the way, was one of Hutchison's earliest patrons, having purchased a self-portrait by the artist as long ago as 1910.

Hutchison's finely-handled essays in landscape and his studies of figures in the open air are neither few in number nor behind his other work in merit. They show the same qualities of rhythmic line and decorative spacing combined with a keen appreciation of atmospheric values and a delightful freshness of colour.



PONT NEUF

By W. O. Hutchison

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By HERBERT FURST



COWS IN THE RICK-YARD

(*Royal Academy*, 1931)

By James Bateman

THERE are four events, and only four, that annually and perennially excite the whole of the British public: Boat-race day, the Cup Tie Final, the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, and the Derby. The Royal Academy, in other than seasonal order, comes a bad fourth, but the wonder is that it should arrive at all. Why people who normally care little or nothing for rowing, football, horseflesh, and art should take an interest in these events is one of those mysteries that lie—as the newspapers would say—“deeply embedded in the national character.” The Royal Academy Show being the lamest horse has generally to be flogged with the whip of sensation. A postman or a potman has had the first picture he ever painted in his strenuous life hung on the line; a schoolgirl’s shining morning face is wreathed in smiles because she has painted “the picture of the year”; and so forth. This year has been no exception to the rule. Fortunately, we are here not concerned with such irrelevances—or unfortunately, because the serious writer’s task is not an easy one.

Were the Royal Academy more academic than it now is the matter would be much simpler. Academicism is founded upon a faith in an ultimate, absolute standard of art which it alone has in its keeping. I will not go so

far as to say that there is no standard in this year’s Academy, but I am not convinced that the Hanging Committee were themselves quite able to recognize it.

To take, of many instances, two which represent the difficulty in its most complicated aspect. The first concerns Monsieur Lucien Simon who is an Honorary Foreign Academician and Mr. Munnings who is not only an Academician but a member of this year’s Hanging Committee. One can hardly imagine a greater contrast between Monsieur Simon’s “Cheval Effrayé” and Mr. Munnings’s paintings of horses; the Honorary Foreign Academician’s frightened animal contradicts in conception and execution Mr. Munnings’s so well-groomed and so smartly painted mounts. It must, to say the least, have gone very much against Mr. Munnings’s grain to hang Monsieur Simon’s picture on the line. Again one imagines a similar difficulty must have arisen in the case of Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly when dealing with his fellow-academician Mr. Augustus John. One imagines that as a member of the Hanging Committee Mr. Kelly must have strongly disapproved of work so little “academic” and so contrary to his own as Mr. John’s portraiture. Is it logical for an academician to be so “broad-minded”? (The Hanging Committee has shown itself even more broad-minded than in these two cases.) Well, I suppose

The Royal Academy

it is, but only if we recognize that the Academy has definitely abandoned its academic character and must now be regarded as a sort of Grand National picture market, and why not? Even from that point of view the quality of its "goods" is infinitely above the average of those seen at the Paris Salon.

Were I convinced that my readers would take their

"thin" and cloyingly sweet. The "W. B. Yeats" he has seen is not as I have ever seen him, and of his "Viscount d'Abernon" one would like to say what Meredith's Mrs. Mountstuart remarked about Sir Willoughby Patterne: "You see he has a leg"! But whether impeachable or not, they have at any rate vitality. Mr. John has a voice; he sings with his paint. Curiously enough Mr. Maurice



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By W. Lee-Hankey

APOLLO number to Burlington House, as Americans take their "Baedekers" to the Uffizi or our National Gallery, I would present them with a list of asterisked titles and numbers of those pictures which, in my opinion, are most worth while. As that is not the case I must confine myself to the mention of only a very few out of a really considerable number of works—not counting sculpture and architecture with which I am not dealing—that are "above the average."

Mr. Augustus John's portraits make perhaps the strongest impression, not because they are unimpeachable; his painting of "Brenda, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Oliver St. J. Gogarty" is, in my view, horridly

Greiffenhagen's very different portraiture is almost equally admirable. Mr. Greiffenhagen also has a voice, but of quite another timbre and quality. I do not know which of his pictures to prefer. Perhaps "G. Stuart Ogilvie, Esq.," if only this gentleman's check trousers did not look as if they were made of paper; but the sculptural head of "J. H. Buxton, Esq." is sheer joy. Mr. Stanley A. Grimm, a less familiar name, has, I find, also something to say with his portrait of "Mrs. Dudley Rice"; so has Mr. Philip Connard with "The Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall of Chipstead, K.C.V.O.," although there is a certain lack of substance which makes his more ambitious designs, "The Arthur

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Chamberlains" and the "Viscount and Viscountess Esher and Family," mere shadows of themselves. Even so, they must rank as works of art a good deal above Mr. Harcourt's enormous "Family Group." We know, of course, that everything is a successive event,

Edwards, whose "Still-life," an arrangement of table china, is as naturalistic as anyone could possibly desire, but yet by reason of its design and subtlety of tone-values and relations perfect of its kind.

Again, the late George Lambert with his "Sonnet,"



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

By Augustus E. John, R.A.

(Royal Academy, 1931)

but also there is a "one-ness" even in Nature, and how much more so in art. Mr. Harcourt, taking the family strictly in turn, has drawn a frame round an addition sum of plain figures.

This question of imitating Nature and turning it by arrangement and unity into art is, of course, the great problem of art, and in this respect Mr. Harcourt and many others might learn a lesson from Mr. Cyril

the Marchioness of Queensberry, Mr. Harrington Mann's exceedingly gifted daughter with her three portraits, Mr. Brockhurst with his "Young Womanhood," Mr. James Bateman with his "Cows in the Rick-yard," have all furnished capital examples of the "unity" that makes a painting a work of art.

Mr. Brockhurst's and Mr. Bateman's now so "modern" seeming pictures resemble Lambert's now so



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

By Fra Angelico

In the Marzelli von Nemes Collection

To be sold at Munich on June 16, under the direction of Messrs. Messing & Fils (Friedr. Muller & Cie.),
Amsterdam: Paul Cassirer, Berlin: and Hugo Helbing, Munich

The Royal Academy

"old-fashioned" seeming painting in this, that they have all achieved their unity through indirect inspiration; that is to say, from other works of art, not from Nature; Cathleen Mann's "unity" seems to me more personal; but perhaps I cannot, for the moment, discover its ultimate sources. This problem of "unity" in art is a difficult one; "the ancient workman" (as Addison calls Time in the charming essay "A Dream of the Painter") often achieves it.

He certainly has helped Lambert, though it may be doubted whether he has done the late Sir James Guthrie's two fine portraits, "The Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour" and "Harriet, Lady Findlay," any good. The late Walter Greave's "Green Dress" has gained by his help, no doubt, but why it should have been bought for the nation I know not, unless it be a reward for the artist's patience in "quilting" a canvas with a brush. His similarly honoured "Old Battersea Bridge," improved by the "ancient workman," is a much worthier acquisition. "Unity" has been achieved by its neighbour, another Chantrey purchase, namely, Mr. Tonks's "Spring Days." For this unity the artist has to thank our English climate more immediately; nowhere else could one see such a spring haze in a room. Like most of this artist's paintings it is a problem picture, the problem being set by the artist to himself, and his "art" consisting in the cleverness of the solution. It is immensely clever; but does it not ultimately owe its existence to a "fashion," namely, that of the 'nineties, just as, no doubt, Mr. James Fitton's "Landscape: Kent," likewise very clever, owes its own to the fashion of the day, and which is diametrically opposed to Mr. Tonks's. Mr. Tonks sees atmosphere, Mr. Fitton sees "form"; both are "intrigued" with "foreshortening," and therefore choose unusual viewpoints, but whilst one "feels" for it under a veil of atmosphere, the other "goes" for it with callipers.

What a pleasant pastime this Royal Academy Show really is; an unending source of visual and mental entertainment. Take, as another example, Mr. Frederick W. Elwell's "The Squire." I don't call it a very good picture *qua* picture, it is not quite coherent in design, but what an admirable piece of history! It is, in fact, an historical document the value of which will rise with time. There are still, no doubt, a few prayer-reading, fox-slaughtering, servant-keeping squires in the land, but it will be—for all their weaknesses—a sadder England when they have finally disappeared and we are all well-cared-for cogs in the machinery of the State. Or take Mr. Keith Henderson's "The Word." Some people dislike it; I don't. I think it is one of those ever-rarer pictures in which the artist has endeavoured to represent not only an aspect of bodies, but also an aspect of minds. And after all, the old lady with her faith in the efficacy of the Book, and the youngsters with their very active knowledge of the efficacy of life, do represent a serious conflict. And Mr. Henderson has done very well, so well that the painting is no more lightly to be dismissed as an "illustration" as the subject is to be dismissed as flippant. Is Mr. Kynnersley Kirby's "Landlord of 'The Chequers'" also to be dismissed because of its flippancy, its obvious humour, its lack of technical refinement, or may we not rather chide Mr. Campbell Taylor for flippancy in the title he gives to the careful painting of an interior which he calls "The Hostess of 'The White Horse'"?

As a "hostess" she has much less significance than as a complementary colour; she is part of a pure still-life design and would be still more useful if she stood a little lower in the canvas.

One would like to dwell on the differences there may be in kindred subject-matter, differences so great as to make nonsense of academics; one would like to point out why, for example, Mr. Padwick's, skied, "The Storm" and Mr. William Wildman's "Oyster Dredger, Heybridge," hung on the line, have more kinship with one another than they have with Sir David Murray's "The Common gay with golden gorse o'errun," and why, though differing from each other so profoundly, they are both better than Sir David's, despite the fact that his is a good painting of its kind.

One of the things constantly overlooked in judging works of art, is that art is a kind of language, and that its beauty depends not merely on the use but on the appropriate use of "beautiful expressions." Many artists, and probably most laymen, seem to think more of "beautiful words" than of their appropriateness. One suspects, for example, that Mr. A. K. Lawrence hoped to produce a "beautiful" picture by borrowing some beautiful expressions from Titian, is it? or Poussin? or both? Rather as if I hoped to write a good article on my subject by purloining some of Mr. George Moore's and Mr. Roger Fry's phrases. But that sort of ratiocination was started by the eclectics of the sixteenth century, and still it goes on. It should not. For such reasons one prefers, for example, Mr. Charles Cundall's "Tobogganing at Hampstead," or Mr. Evan Walter's, albeit a letter "ungrammatical," "Whit Monday," to Mr. Lawrence's "Venus." They certainly have no "beautiful" expression in his sense, but they have something to say and the phrasing they use is governed by it. If one accepts Mr. Bateman's or Mr. Rickett's likewise archaistic language—Mr. Rickett's "Don Juan in Hell" has little enough of either, though much of Titian's Venice—it is because they are personal and consistently poetical.

The problem is of vital interest. So I would like to draw attention for various and, again, different reasons, to dozens of paintings, watercolours, etchings, such as Mr. Meredith Frampton's "Sir Henry Newbolt, C.H.," with the worst over-all effect and the best-painted hands in the whole Academy, or Sir William Orpen's "Palm Sunday," Mr. Wheatley's "The Darlings," Mr. Amisami's "Modigliani," Mr. Fergus Graham's "Houses in Kensington," Mr. Bliss's "Things that go bump," Lambert's "Portrait of a Lady," Mr. Charles Gere's "The Lake of Iseo," a fine little tempera, Mr. Kenneth McQueen's "Bunja Mountains," Mr. Charles Cheston's "By the Wear," Mr. Muirhead Bone's first appearance in the Royal Academy with "The Golden Horn," a chalk drawing; Mr. Simpson's line-engraving of "A Market Garden" and Mr. Robert Osmond's "Book-plate," a line-engraving of an interior; Mr. Harry Morley's line-engraving "Coursers," Mr. Stanley Anderson's line-engraving "Between Tides," Mr. E. J. Sullivan's "Brazier"—and many others.

However—this must suffice; and I may note in conclusion that altogether this Academy Show is more entertaining than its predecessors.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By KINETON PARKES

THESE is a distinct baroque intimation in the sculpture of the Central Hall. Huge figures project themselves from the walls; figures that seemed to portend much but mean little. They are so arranged around the walls that they convey less than they will when placed in the unhappy site for which they are destined. The placement of the baroque saints, however, has never meant a great deal; they protrude from Gothic pillars and hover over Renaissance pulpits in a thoroughly jolly way, although they are by no means intrinsically jolly. There is "Integrity" by C. L. J. Doman, for the decoration of a new city bank, as it is said in the catalogue. Whatever does a new city bank want a baroque saint for? There is also "Prosperity" by the same artist for the same destination. They are good things in themselves, but bad as modern context. There are other figures in this somewhat horrible chamber just as incongruous, but there are some fine things too. McMillan's "Hugh Oldham" will be a most valuable addition to Manchester's not too distinguished statuary; Sir Rabindranath Tagore's bust by Marguerite Milward would distinguish any situation, so characteristic is it. Reid Dick's somewhat obvious "Welcome" for Nottingham Town Hall is good modelling, and so is C. W. Dyson-Smith's "Modern Grace," and something more, for it brings into Burlington House a breath of the Berlin secession. It is well named, a svelte figure utterly disconnected from clothes, and deriving from the literalism of the Swiss sculptor, Hermann Haller, and ranging with such German sculptors as Bernhard Hoetger and Edmund Moeller. Dyson-Smith is certainly on the side of the modern angels.

Another definite feature of the sculpture is the linking up of the British School with the definitely modern work of Scandinavia. In this, too, there is a baroque touch, but quite a different handling from the work in the Central Hall. This baroque is that of Carl Milles, of Stockholm, as seen in the green bronze fountain in Gallery VI by C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson of Edinburgh. In this there is a distinct feeling after design and a certain action which is admirably applied as to the dynamism of the purpose. It has shapes and forms and an idea. Idea of a deeper character of thought, however, is possessed by William McMillan's "Birth of Venus," a three-quarter length carving in Portland stone. This is an important piece of modern sculpture, baroque in feeling, and in parts in design, but its baroque is of the kind which saves the style from ridicule and places it unequivocally among the great styles. The work is important from the glyptic point of view and marks a further step that its author is making in this virtuous direction. It is satisfactory to note that there is a considerable extension of carved work in this year's exhibition, for there is no doubt that true sculpture is, by aid of the chisel and mallet, coming at a long last into its



THE SUNFLOWER (Portland stone)

By Gilbert Ledward

(Royal Academy, 1931)

own. Charles Wheeler's impressive seated figure of his wife, in red sandstone, is admirably carved, and it must be noted that this conscientious artist sends to the

Sculpture at the Royal Academy



SUFFOLK PUNCH STALLION (cire perdue bronze head)
By Herbert Haseltine. (Royal Academy, 1931)



SERGEANT MURPHY (cire perdue bronze of the famous steeplechaser). By Herbert Haseltine. (Royal Academy, 1931)



ANNA AIRY
By T. Mewburn Crook
(Royal Academy, 1931)



PUELLA (bronze bust)
By R. J. Emerson
(Royal Academy, 1931)

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Academy works in which the idea and the emotion of a true artist are stated, rather than a sketch or replica of some architectural piece which he may be contributing to a new building. Such architectural pieces are by no means to be discounted of their value, but true idea and form are best expressed in works in which such expression is the main object. A bust, a statue, or a relief are all available, and in Wheeler's "Artist's Wife" a most agreeable result has been achieved.

In another way form and idea have been pursued by Francis Sargent with "The Net" as a subject convenient to the carving sculptor inasmuch as it provides a suitably large surface of material for manipulation. The material is lovely veined yellow marble, and the male figure with the net is about a quarter life-size. The technique is achieved by the polishing of the graceful figure, and the tooling of the rest which forms a background and support from which a leg protrudes at the back. The composition is truly glyptic, for only one small interstice is pierced, the rest being completely homogeneous, though less massive than Wheeler's red sandstone figure. Happily this form of composition is found in most of the carved pieces, the basic lesson of glyptic sculpture apparently having been well learned and remembered. There are pieces which have no holes at all in them: "The Flower" by Harold Brownsword, in Roman stone, and in the same material "Icarus," a statuette by G. W. Meldrum; "The Protector," in red Woolton stone by Winifred Leveritt; "The Torch," a marble group by A. J. J. Ayres. There is but the minimum amount of through cutting in Richard Garbe's "Caprice," in marble, and in Gilbert Ledward's "Sunflower" group in Portland stone. It is the shape of the original block which has impelled Ledward to cut away the matrix above the head and below the sunflower blooms. It cannot be said that this part of the design is the most successful, for the top dwarfs the very charming woman's figure, pressing it down upon itself and making its upper part too heavy for the drapery below. Among the more conventional pieces in marble and other carvable material are the "Aphrodite" of Molly Le Bas, the eloquent bust of "Anna Airy" by Mewburn Crook, bright and debonair as is its subject, "The Man Child" by William Wagstaff, and "Sunny" by Arthur Walker.

Wood sculptures are not numerous this year, but there is one important and impressive piece in Gallery IX in oak by C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson, called "The Last Journey," and representing the carrying of Livingstone's body to the coast by his native servants. Dorothy Loveday's "Negro's Head," Leonard Jennings' "Miss Ella Rosling," "Artemis" by Alec Miller, Harold Youngman's somewhat fussy "St. Christopher," and Dora Clarke's "East African Woman" are also all examples of worth.

The art of modelling is always with us, but its value and charm can never fail in the hands of its masters. The skill of Sir W. Goscombe John is once more displayed in "Folk Song," a colossal figure for a memorial at Pontypridd. Here and there in these galleries are delightful things, but they are undoubtedly monotonous—the long series of busts and statuettes. Modelling has become so facile that it is in danger of becoming stereotyped. It is claimed for it that bronze takes a

beautiful surface, but for surface could anything be more beautiful than the polished black marble of "Black Cavalry" by Jacobine Jones, or the "African Antelope" of Bessie Callender? But there is a pleasant variety of patina treatment in bronze of which full benefit has been taken in many of the smaller pieces; there are no very large pieces actually cast, and this is one of the disabilities under which modelling labours; it is so often



THE SCULPTOR'S WIFE (in red sandstone)

By Charles Wheeler

(Royal Academy, 1931)

prematurely exhibited in the form of the plaster cast, and a new plaster cast is an abomination. Even big reliefs like the "Friezes for the Savile Theatre" by Gilbert Bayes do not impress because of their starkness. William McMillan's half-figure, "Ophelia," in bronze, is a significant work; perhaps somewhat derivative; anyhow, not so smooth as to surface finish as is usual with his work. Herbert Haseltine's statuettes, "Suffolk Punch" and "Harboro' Nulli Secundus" and "Sergeant Murphy," are good portraits and admirably cast and finished as bronzes, and Reid Dick's "Study for Shire Horse" for a large architectural group is good plastic.





EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH AND BELGIAN ART, COPENHAGEN

By PAUL LAMBOTTE

AN exhibition of such magnitude is obviously prepared with two clearly different objectives. It is easily seen that in the materialistic point of view, and in order to attain a practical success, one has wished to attract the public by the presence of celebrated works popularized by reproduction and praised by travellers.

On the other hand, much care has been taken to secure to the few *chosen*—historians, critics, and savants—matter for comparison and study. The appearance of works, even of second rate, not having yet been started by the specialists nor reproduced in art magazines, is always a good windfall for connoisseurs.

The exhibition at Copenhagen realizes a very vast chronological programme. It starts with the works of the fifteenth century and ends—after the almost complete hiatus of the eighteenth century—with the painting of the nineteenth and of our time in its most original manifestations.

Unfortunately, the catalogue contains only but a brief enumeration of the exhibited works without any explanation or reference. This is in conformity with Danish customs, but one can regret that the notices concerning ancient works, edited by Belgian organizers, have not been translated and printed. For the benefit of the public, anxious to contemplate masterpieces consecrated by general admiration, the famous diptych of Martin van Nieuwenhoven of Hans Memlinc, lent by the Musée de l'Hôpital St. Jean at Bruges, the delicious "Vierge à la Fontaine" of Jean van Eyck (Musée Royal des Beaux Arts, Antwerp), the "St. Madeleine" of Quinten Matsys from the same museum, the study of "Têtes de Nègres" by Rubens, and the portrait of the sculptor Duquesnoy by Van Dyck, two jewels from the Royal Museum at Brussels, have been specially selected. From the collection of M. E. Renders, at Bruges, come four chosen primitives: four Madonnas with the Infant Jesus, by Roger van der Weyden, Hans Memlinc, Jean Provost, and Quinten Matsys. The town of Bruges, at the initiative of Chevalier van de Walle, understanding the necessity of a propaganda for the tourists, has grouped in a special hall a collection of paintings, sculptures, tapestries, Gothic furniture, brass, leather, and other art treasures lent by its various museums (Gruuthuuse, St. John's Hospital, Hospices de la Poterie, de la Noble Confrérie du St. Sang, etc.), and by various private collectors. Such a precious *echantillonage*, in a picturesque setting, could not fail in its aim.

One sees among others the delicious little statue of St. Ursula shielding her companions under her cloak (Hôpital St. Jean), by which the anonymous painter of the Convent des Sœurs Noires (the Master of the Legend of St. Ursula) and Hans Memlinc, a little later, were inspired for the final composition of their cycle. Many works of merit, besides those from Bruges, traversing three centuries of Flemish and Walloon painting, the names of the principal masters and the attributions

given to many anonymous and interesting examples, follow one another in the catalogue.

Some works coming from Danish collections, happily mingled with those coming from Belgium, London, Paris, Holland, offer opportunities for very appreciable comparison.

The Quinten Matsys, from the Renders collection, was discovered and identified only in 1928. This is the first time it has appeared in an exhibition. It is a Virgin, holding the Child, seated on a throne surrounded by four angels: work of the master's youth, comparable with the picture in the collection of Mr. W. Dyson Perrins, London. The Brussels Museum possesses another version of this composition, different in size and painted with matter less pure, less brilliant. From the public collections of Copenhagen have been lent an interesting little "Adoration of the Magi," under the name of Hans Memlinc, and a "Vierge à l'Enfant," intermediary between Van der Weyden's style and that of Dirk Bouts. The similarity of these two paintings with those coming from Belgium is decisive.

A Jan Mostaert, "Le Christ devant Pilate"; a curious Hieronymus Bosch (collection Maurice Magnus in Paris), "Le Christ aux Outrages," with its types so characteristic, its frank and smooth coloration; an important work of P. Brueghel the elder (collection Van Valkenberg at Laren), fragment cut out of a composition with numerous figures of which certain parts seem to have been destroyed through a cleaning process; a large full-length portrait of "Octave Farnèse" by Antonio Moro (Messrs. Knoedler of London), are among the lesser-known works which call especially for attention.

One cannot pretend to review the art of Rubens, so diverse and complex, by a few works assembled in an exhibition. The many aspects of this formidable genius could not be understood or appreciated without visiting numerous museums and churches, collections, and monuments.

But it is very important to exhibit paintings by Rubens as yet unknown, or nearly so, and from this point of view the exhibition at Copenhagen affords some surprises.

"Pan et Lynx," lent by M. J. Schmit (Paris), identified by the most competent experts (Drs. Gluck, Friedländer, Bredius, etc.) is unquestionably the picture with figures by Rubens, in a landscape by Jean Wildens, which is in the inventory of the estate of the son of Wildens. It is a work extremely free, of rapid and fluid touch, mother-of-pearl effect, which dates without any doubt from the last period in the career of the master, after his marriage with Helen Fourment. The canvas composed of studies in *putti* made for the ceilings of Whitehall (collection from the Château de Gaunoe, Danemark) is a delicious mastery of suppleness (illustration facing page 381). The sketch of "Two Slaves" (Comte Wedell, Copenhagen) is of a most majestic technique. Concluding the contributions from Antwerp

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and Brussels is a portrait of "Philippe IV of Spain" (Mr. Gerald Agnew, London) recalling another phase of this versatile talent.

Van Dyck, thanks to the Belgian museums and Messrs. Colnaghi (London) is represented by three superb portraits. Neither Jordaens, nor David Teniers, Ad. Brouwer, J. Siberichts, J. Fyt, Fr. Snyders, Corneille de Vos—without mentioning others from their contemporaries—fail to make their appeal.

After the brilliant Flemish seventeenth century, the eighteenth century offers nothing wonderful, but from 1830 Belgian art reflowerishes. This beautiful school, still too little known abroad, in which Louis Gallait,

Alfred Stevens, Henry Leys, Constantin Meunier have gained a universal reputation, is admirably condensed in fifty paintings which are a real revelation for the Danish collectors; Wiertz and Navez, Henri de Brackeleer, Hippolyte Boulanger, Agneesseus, Joseph Stevens, Charles Degrony, Eugène Smits, L. de Winne Artan, are only a few names among the most remarkable.

A large collection of sculpture enlivens the galleries. In conclusion, it is the best, that is to say the most original, among the living Belgians, or recently dead, of which there are more than one hundred works which have been collected in the magnificent building of the Glyptothèque.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON



THE OLD CITADEL

By Prince Eugen of Sweden
At the Rosenberg Gallery

THERE is, after all, a little more than mere fashion and rhythm belonging to each season. I must mention again this month several important shows of ancient art, the modern art of yesterday, of this absolute classic art which it is so difficult to imagine as "living art" in the far-gone days.

There is the first exhibition of masterpieces of the French of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at the Musée de l'Orangerie, and the very successful exhibition of masterpieces from the Provincial Galleries, an exhibition which must be renewed, as, indeed, all the masterpieces from the provinces have not been shown to us.

Besides, one would be mistaken in thinking that it was a question of showing us examples of provincial genius. The great men of the provinces are not always well represented in their own museums. It is rarely that they be so as magnificently as Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec in the museum of Albi. It must be admitted that an extreme element of hazard in the donations to the departmental museums has influenced their constitution. Nevertheless, it is rarely that each museum does not possess some marvels. How many tourists, more sensible

than well informed, get discouraged in looking for these treasures after their disappointment in going through the first galleries full of rubbish bequeathed to his native city by some bourgeois, good citizen, but indifferent connoisseur.

A fortune would be made with a *guide* for the use of the art-loving tourists making a severe critical selection among our departmental collections. Who would suspect that the little town of Castres, away from the beaten track of railways, possesses two of the most powerful portraits painted by Goya, and the canvas, unfinished it is true, but so striking in its essential parts, of the "Junte des Phillippines." This is why, in principle, the provisional, but regular transfer to Paris of masterpieces from the museums in the provinces is excellent. Whilst we endeavoured to draw from the depth of the country so many examples of French art, such as the Watteaux from Valenciennes, which were the success of the exhibition, Paris was no more adverse than usual to foreign exhibitions, whether it be of works signed by foreign artists incorporated in the Ecole de Paris and living among us, or, on the contrary, of artists

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coming expressly from their own countries to exhibit to us the study of characteristic signs of a national expression.

In this last category I shall mention the two most significant examples in the exhibition of the paintings of H.R.H. Prince Eugen of Sweden at Paul Rosenberg, and the exhibition of paintings and watercolours by the fine English artist Ernest G. Beach at Durand-Ruel. It is not the first time that Prince Eugen of Sweden has exhibited some of his work to Parisian connoisseurs, yet never before has he attempted an exhibition on so large a scale.

Has the Prince, who was the great protector of modern French art in Sweden and who often stays in Paris, escaped from French influence? It would be poor praise to pretend he has. The art which he practises owes its ways and means to the Impressionist Revolution, which is French. But it is an absolute fact that impressionism was deeply understood and felt in the Scandinavian countries, where it found, as in England, possibilities of rebirth. It is that way that, formed by impressionism, such masters as Fritz Thaulow, Edward Diricks, and Christian Krohg (father of the young modern master Per Krohg), all three Norwegians, were able to settle in Paris, where they produced works of an incontestable originality.

It is possible that Sweden expected more. Prince Eugen is almost alone in his country practising large impressionism capable of indefinite developments. Apart from him, we see Swedish art illustrated especially by artists of the following generation, those who were the Parisian pupils of Henri-Matisse, at the dawn of Fauvism, as example, Nils de Dardel and Isaac Grunwald, who has just held a triumphant exhibition.

Prince Eugen, without being radically indifferent to the aspects of our climate, proceeds exactly like the Norwegians Thaulow or Diricks. He follows the methods of Pissarro and especially of Sisley, nearer to his own nature, but he applies them to the translation of Scandinavian atmosphere. He does it with such a rare art of nuances that to say "atmosphère scandinave" is not sufficient. It is important that I should make this quite clear. If others made us formerly bear the violent rendering of the land of rugged and bare fjords, whipped by storms and veiled with fogs, Prince Eugen brings to us today the Swedish gentleness—the gentleness of a country of less arid aspect and where the most forsaken and wildest Nature always seems to offer itself to the aristocratic ingenuity of those who drew so many royal gardens.

Land of lakes and winding rivers; land of hills whose crests catch on their snows the fires of rising and setting suns to such a degree that, the discretion of the light touch of the artist helping, more than one Swedish landscape by Prince Eugen offers to the eye something Japanese.

One must be careful to notice here that it is only a pure coincidence of climatic conditions, Nature offering everywhere surprising accords under the appearance of the most formal oppositions, and not a fluid Japanism inherited from the impressionists. Indeed, it is in this that Prince Eugen, who paints broadly, least resembles Sisley, whose notes he happily recalls in what musicians describe as "bridges of harmony."

Never does Prince Eugen choose a subject because

it is already prepared for him. Impressionist in that also, he seems to see in the landscape first a palette. It is by the choice of a decorative object which he firmly places, without giving it the centre of the picture, that he knows how to triumph over what one has reproached as inconsistent in the sweetest part of impressionistic art. Also in the deliberate use of a principal tone (as one used to say "ton local") he raises the landscape above these charms of the moment, the abuse of which wrecked the exquisite art of the masters of 1874, in the interesting vagueness which could not be conceived according to these luminous circumstances, which are the very just preoccupation of this princely painter.

A lady, very interested in art matters, asked me: "How does Prince Eugen sign his canvases?" He signs them very modestly, at the bottom of the canvas on the left side, generally with two E's coupled back to back, above the date. It is little. It is enough if the manner be sufficiently full of personality.

It is well that Prince Eugen has exhibited at Paul Rosenberg, manager of an artist so boldly revolutionary as Picasso. Has not the Prince always protected out of France our pictorial manifestations—a protection which their sincerity justified?

It is at the Galerie Durand-Ruel, that haven of Impressionistic Art, that, very logically, Mr. Ernest G. Beach is exhibiting. He might quite as reasonably have chosen for the place of his exhibition the Galerie Duret, where one rediscovers all those who were more or less dependants of the impressionists or started criticizing them. Mr. Ernest G. Beach is a perfect type of the artist of the early years of the twentieth century. I may say the artist who, no longer satisfied with a merely academic *credo*, calls for liberty of a new order; the artist of that critical hour—the last for long years—in which art was going to cease being amiable and immediately seductive, all being sacrificed to doctrine and laboratory experiments.

Mr. Ernest G. Beach has not resigned himself to failure. One of a generation liberated by impressionism, did he not possess in himself, in spite of his remarkable appetite for realistic translation, something that might be defined as the last legitimate academism, and which, besides, was specifically English pre-Raphaelism? Certainly, but not in the most formal way, but enough that his eyes full of a certain graceful image, he cannot resign himself to destroy it completely, even for the benefit of new truths.

It is important to say that Mr. Ernest G. Beach, so truly English, is led before Nature and directed in his selections by national examples, going from Bonington to Turner. If he reaches certain plastic moments more particularly Continental, it is Boudin who could have inspired him.

I find it a happy coincidence that there is hanging near the door opening on this exhibition one of the tenderest seascapes of Boudin. Mr. Ernest G. Beach excels in the choice of propitious climates and he goes from British scenery to that of Andelys—these Andelys which classical Poussin expected to find in the Roman Campagna, by an operation of the mind so distant from the leanings of realism of the twentieth century.

He is as lucky at "Amiens," whose cathedral, beloved by Ruskin, is shown in the second plane amidst fairy blues, while his busy brush finds, above everything,

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values by precision without backward precocity, the tender humility of a popular faubourg. Among the very numerous landscapes, without doubt well known to the English public, I point out those which not only have particularly pleased me—that would not be sufficient—but have gained unanimously the votes of connoisseurs and my colleagues: the "Forêt," "Amiens," and the "Saules," two trees in a grey sky traversed by scales delicately melted, with, in the second plane, a shepherd with his flock; the "Marais," good pendant to the latter, with its sky, also grey, sustained by an indication of heavier clouds, and in the second plane the rapid rendering of a scene of labour.

Among the figure-subjects there are "La Fille du Peintre," excellent piece of painting, full of feeling; the



PAYSAGE D'HIVER Gouache by Prince Eugen of Sweden
At the Rosenberg Gallery

"Jeune Fille Irlandaise," which, personally, I prefer to the "Femme nue assise," one of the successes of the exhibition; and, finally, the "Fleuristes," with its two large feminine figures, work which justifies my choice by a curious alliance of poetry, à la Burne-Jones and Rossetti, with the hardest realism.

No English artist of quality could fail to delight us with his watercolours, since this charming art has always found in England interpreters of merit. The watercolours of Mr. Ernest G. Beach are generally of a tone above his paintings. In the "Saules" and the "Marais" it is the content green of the herbs and ferns which predominate, the many greys in the sky constituting an accompaniment. In the watercolours it is the grey which deliciously surrounds the whole. Truly it seems that the artist, painting with water, has understood the legitimacy of a special poetry. It is most favourable to him in washes such as "L'Estuaire de la Somme par mauvais temps" and the "Digue de St. Valéry" with its figures discreetly placed on the cloudy bank.

One wishes that Mr. Ernest G. Beach would show us his works oftener, at least those done among us in the course of his holidays in Normandy or Picardy.

Now, what are we to say about the Salon? The Salon officiel, which, in spite of its two entrances, is for ever the middle of the Artistes Français and the Société Nationale?

Defender of the most advanced art, I have, in principle, no grudge against the Salon officiel, only I wish

it were better; and, thinking so, for once I find myself in perfect accord with the critics refusing their approbation to artists *dits de gauche* whom I have upheld.

I have often said that these expressions borrowed from a political jargon were an abuse, that there ought not to exist a painting *de droit et de gauche*, but that one should have only to recognize good painting from bad.

One might accept two Salons—and it would be quite enough with the multiple exhibitions held during the year—the Salon des Indépendants reserved to the spirit of research, the restless, and all presumed arts, and the Salon officiel, where only matured artists, having achieved their aim, would have cause to exhibit. It is that way that I would gladly see Henri Matisse at the Artistes Français with André Derain, in the style of his last exhibition of the "Onze Paysages" at Paul Guillaume. They would certainly be accepted and classified *hors concours*. But they are in no greater hurry to present themselves than accepting a drawing class in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Without doubt, this is very regrettable.

The Salon suffers from its inability to present the works of really known masters in France and out of France. An effort is necessary to remember the glory which crowned a Rochegrosse about thirty years ago.

The Salon is the place where the public, the real public, and not a mere handful of chosen *amateurs*, goes to render homage to that talent which for him is the whole art. It is the public who will admire such or such work because it seems to him or her *bien faite*. It is a question of the art of imitation; it is also the art of pleasing and of feeling. The Salon public wishes to be moved—touched. There the subject counts as much as the technique. It is quite certain that the public had good reason to adore Bouguereau and to approve his friends, who left Cézanne at the door, who was determined to enter. Cézanne was right to insist. Who knows if, Cézanne admitted in the Salon, painting . . . one must be resigned to describe as *de gauche* would not have been spared certain excesses? At the Salon of the art of imitation and pleasure the subject dominates. Do we not see, "on the left," and even through the intervention of surrealism, a return to the subject, as I have already pointed out?

In short, it is possible that the officials and the Indépendants have much to forgive one another and many exchanges to bring about. If each one would examine his conscience! It is ridiculous for this young artist, twenty-five years of age, to call himself academic and official. But what are we to think of that too old Indépendant and of the eternal grey-haired juvenile?

Let me add that my wish has already been realized by some unexpected exhibits. It is always the act of a foreign artist who, painting *à gauche*, simply for the love of it, goes and exhibits *à droite* in the Salon because the Salon still keeps some prestige in his native land. The jury accepts it without any discussion. Therefore the Salon might be . . . what it will be when ambitious non-conformist societies will, through secession after secession, have disappeared for ever in general indifference.

It is rare now to find at the Grand Palais what was called formerly *le clou* of the Salon: vast composition on a topical or historical theme. Such was "Le Radeau de la Méduse" of a Géricault revered today by the

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revolutionary artists; also, later, the cold compositions, the ambitious illustrations of Jean Paul Laurens. I am not certain that in 1931 it was "La Fée aux Phoques" of Paul Chabas, or that mysterious composition inspired to Rochegrosse by the "Messe de Bach." It might be rather the large decoration of old Henri Martin.

But what meditations they all bring! And not all of them favourable to the writer. Henri Martin, contemporary of the pointillists (in their flight disdained by the officials), had found in this procedure elements for a popular decoration with which a great many State buildings, Parisian town halls, found themselves decorated.

Henri Martin, therefore, drew out, rather rapidly, from a doctrinal art, all that could constitute an art for popular delectation. But the pointillism of Martin has for its start the glorious achievements of Georges Seurat engaged in breaking up the light of Delacroix, and the only one, out of all the Impressionist generation, that one sees anxious for large construction.

Seurat died at thirty, leaving his work incomplete, his bow only half drawn! What was then most important? To popularize his art, as Martin did and consequently succeeded in influencing the Academics resisting the art of Puvis de Chavannes, or, in a doctrinal intransigence, to pursue the solving of the problems left by Seurat?

It is a question which would not even be asked were it not that about 1880—fatal date which saw an art called Independent oppose itself to an art stiffly Academic—Seurat was able to exhibit at the Salon "de Bouguereau" (as said the rejected Cézanne) his "Parade," his "Baignade à la Grande Jatte," works above all plastic, according to the good doctrine, and capable, nevertheless, of seducing the crowd, thanks to the subject, familiar and raised to the height of greatness by a transfiguration so easy, so supple, that the more ignorant could have applauded it as some good "imitation."

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By FERDINAND ECKHARDT



CONCERT OF ANGELS

By El Greco

In the Nemes collection to be sold by Messrs. Cassirer, Helbing, and Muller

AFTER a more monotonous and uneventful winter than any in recent years in the domain of art, all the forces have now been once more reassembled, just before the end of the season, and representative exhibitions have been arranged in the three great Exhibition Galleries in Berlin. The regular Spring exhibition is open in the Academy in the Pariserplatz, the great Berlin art exhibition is in the Schloss Bellevue, and is to remain open all the summer,

and the Spring exhibition of the Secession, which is also an annual event, has this time adopted the device, "Artists among themselves." It is remarkable that the dividing lines which used generally to distinguish these three exhibitions have been almost obliterated. We find not only the principal representatives of the three associations, but even the younger artists, who used to exhibit at one or other of the shows, now figuring in all three. The result is not only a loss of character, due to

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compromise, but also an effect of decentralization. For example, several artists have one or two pictures at each of the exhibitions, whereas it would have been much better to find them well represented in one place only. It is quite extraordinary how the sharp lines dividing the opposite camps into which German painting had separated, the old academicians, the Impressionists, Expressionists, and all the later tendencies, have vanished during the last years. The older men have taken part in the revolution of the young, somewhat late in the day (for example, it is interesting to see how the old landscape painter Dettmann, is painting war pictures now, ten

more abstract. But even his colours have lost a great deal in freshness and force, though formerly he used to be the clearest and most luminous of all the Expressionists. But above all his pictures no longer show the clear composition which used to distinguish them, in fact there is hardly a trace of it in the sixteen pictures in the Academy. The actual pillars of the Academy, Franck, Hübner and the rest, do not distinguish themselves this time in any of their works. Willy Jaeckel, the painter of women, shocks us again with his nine over-life-size female portraits and nudes, in which there is nothing but a very unsympathetic vitality, fortunately common



FABIUS MAXIMUS

By Rembrandt

*In the Nemes collection
to be sold by Messrs.
Cassirer, Helbing, and
Muller*

years after the war, a parallel to the endeavour of the young man which attained its highest point in Remarque's book) and the radical young and moderate men have reached a remarkable repose and clarity in their compositions and colours, which strikes us sometimes as dull and flat, or as an academic tendency among those, who a few years ago seemed to represent the very reverse of what we used to designate by that name.

After what has been said, it is obviously necessary to consider the three exhibitions together. The eighty-four year old Liebermann, who has generally delighted us with a few freshly coloured landscapes is only represented by three portraits this time, and these must have been produced a good many years ago. Slevogt, who stood among the innovators twenty years ago, particularly in the matter of colour, his colour being cleaner and lighter than that of the other German impressionists, has now suddenly become matt and dirty—we may almost speak of a greenish brown tone in the landscapes and portraits with which he has filled a whole room in the Academy. The only exception to the general level is to be found in Beckmann who (like Hofer whose one-man show at Flechtheim's we noticed recently), has in comparison to his early works, become still more radical, that is to say

only to a very small proportion of the female sex. But the pictorial qualities of his pictures are getting worse from year to year.

The worst thing about all three exhibitions is the number of moderate painters, who showed good promise years ago, and have not performed what was expected of them. Since they are not able to attract attention by their ability they try to do so by their loud bearing and above all by taking the organization of the most important art societies into their hands. It was against a number of these "artists" that the accusation made by Alfred Döblin, one of the best known writers in Berlin, who had been invited to make the opening speech at the Secession, was directed, when he said clearly enough that painting can no longer have any cultural significance, which naturally produced a great deal of bad blood among the artists. Among the painters who distinguished themselves during the last years, chiefly by their loud policy, Bruno Krauskopf is the most prominent; outwardly he has more or less adopted the style of Kokoschka, though very crudely, and thinks he can replace with temperament what he lacks in ability. Secondly, there is Pechstein, who some years ago was really regarded as one of the leaders of Expressionism, and has since shown such lack



THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT D'ABERNON

By Augustus E. John, R.A.

(Royal Academy, 1931)

Letter from Berlin

of elasticity that he has lately had to resort to effects not far removed from trash. To these may be added Wolf Röhrich, whose elegant drawing-room style attracts a great many of those "art lovers" who still have money for "art."

These painters, who still have enough strength in their elbows to make their way at the cost of others, are pushing back a number of good artists, who think less of outward things than of the inner life of their pictures. For example, there is Magnus Zeller, with a family group

represented, though the good impression we receive from this or that picture is mitigated, particularly in the Academy, by the fact that we only see one work of each of the moderns. There is Hans Meyboden, who was recently awarded the State prize, and whose two winter landscapes of Switzerland are a little reminiscent of Kokoschka; Werner Laves, whose colour looks rather French; Hermann Teuber, also showing fine colour in his still-life; Georg Netzband, brutal and inconsiderate in the individual types of his "Confectioner's Shop," though



LIMOGES ENAMEL

By Leonhard Lemousin
1535-6

*In the Nemes collection to be
sold by Messrs. Cassirer, Helbing,
and Muller*

in which a certain fluid, a metaphysical connection, seems to exist between the different persons, and at the same time the picture is far from being poor in pictorial qualities, which have been attained by painting very thinly over a transparent canvas; or Franz Radziwill, who uses quite a peculiar pointillist method, placing a number of small dots of often brilliant colour side by side or over one another, on a black background, producing an incredibly ghost-like landscape which distantly recalls some of Utrillo's best works, though the latter always produces a mood by impressionistic means, as, for example, by representing a thunder-laden atmosphere, while Radziwill attains the transcendental by the fluctuating arrangement of colours on the objects themselves. Gert Wollheim, with whom we do not always agree, shows in his enormous Academy picture, "The Strangers"—three brothers and sisters entirely different in their expression and character, so that they appear like strangers and look past one another—a family group full of strong expression.

Another satisfactory thing to be noticed in all three exhibitions is that the youngest generation is very strongly

something may develop out of this temperament; Felix Nussbaum has made a caricature of the Academy and its representatives in a large picture.

Sculpture maintains a fair average in these exhibitions without showing a single example of outstanding merit. Hermann Haller has as much right to his good name as Ernesto del Fiori. If only the latter would not paint! But we seek in vain in his pictures those qualities which we are accustomed to find in his sculptures. But even these lose by a constant repetition of a certain, not very attractive, type of woman. Rudolf Belling, who by his emphasis on the compositional elements seems fitted for some great commission for a monument, has not given in his "Miner" quite what might have been expected of him in this line. Joachim Karsch shows in his portrait, "Bepp," a work full of inner life, and fortunately far surpassing his usual type. It is curious that Käthe Kollwitz, the engraver, should be exhibiting two impressive figures for a soldiers' cemetery in Belgium.

Besides the organizations described above we are particularly interested in an exhibition of Edward Munch in the Flechtheim Gallery, consisting of a number of

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early works, some recent productions and above all a complete set of his engravings. However often we may see Munch, we can never fail to admire his art, but it is in his graphic work that we see him at his best; in painting he has certainly been surpassed by others. And in this respect it is chiefly in wood-engraving that he has led the way, beginning with his early work in colour-printing, followed by a period in which he aimed at flat compositions, while in recent years he seems to have found a more linear technique, investing his figures with a remarkably transcendental atmosphere, through a maze of lines, each line having a wonderful luminosity, almost the glow of an electric wire, if we may use such a simile.

The Viennese artist, Max Oppenheimer, better known as Mopp, is showing his entire graphic work and some pastels at Bruno Cassirer's. As an engraver, or rather as an etcher, he has long been recognized, not only because of his life-like representation of a number of celebrities, as, for example, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Richard Strauss and others, but above all on account of his fine technique, often somewhat capricious, but always showing great ability.

The art-dealer, Victor Hartberg, is showing the works of two artists, the sculptor, Richard Scheibe, who need not detain us further, and the painter, Alfred Partikel, whose often cultured and very outspoken landscapes are undoubtedly attractive, and possess something more than this purely outward quality.

The Casper Gallery, the praiseworthy patroness of

the young and the unknown, is now showing the works of a young Swiss artist, Will Sohl, who still has to prove in the next years whether the large pictures he now paints are really the beginning of sound wall-decoration, which we need so badly today; and an amusing draughtswoman, Emy Frensdorf, who has invented a new technique in her embroideries, "needle-pastels," as she calls them, half craftwork and half painting and has already produced a number of dainty and amusing works in this material.

In the German provinces we must mention the exhibition of Tilman Riemenschneider, organized in the Provinzialmuseum at Hanover to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the death of this great German sculptor of the late Gothic period. A large number of museums and private collections, both in Germany and abroad, have contributed to the exhibition, which is particularly rich in early works, though including also some mature and late productions of the master.

For the German art market, the auction of the Nemes Collection to be held in Munich on the 16th to 19th of June constitutes not only the most important event of the future, but of the whole year. After the events in the salerooms during recent months, when not even the fine old engravings reached the high prices that had become customary, there is a great deal of tension and uncertainty whether the best and absolutely unique pieces in this collection will fetch an adequate price, for the whole art trade of the immediate future will depend upon the result.

BOOK REVIEWS



THE CORNFIELD

By Evelyn Cheston

EVELYN CHESTON, Member of the New English Art Club, 1908-1929, by CHARLES CHESTON, A.R.W.S., Member of the New English Art Club. (London: Faber and Faber.) 30s. net.

In June we shall be able to realize better what Evelyn Cheston, a member of the New English Art Club, who died two years ago, really meant as an artist, for this

month there is to be a memorial exhibition of her work at the R.W.S. Gallery. Evelyn Cheston, a friend of Wilson Steer, D. S. MacColl, W. W. Russell, and other "New English" artists, was the wife of Charles Cheston, a watercolour painter of equal distinction. Mr. Cheston has, in spite of his "one fear lest this record may suffer from my inexperience of writing," produced a biography

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that deserves to be read not only as a tribute to a good wife, and an admirable artist, but as a truly delightful piece of literature. He brings out the heroism with which this frail woman and vigorous painter battled against ill-health and was beaten only by that greatest of all afflictions that can strike down an artist—blindness.

The biography is accompanied by forty-eight full-page plates in collotype, and despite the fact that they do not, of course, render colour, a mere glance at such plates as—at random—"Waterside Trees, Britford" (29), "Sedgemoor" (24), "Swinbrook" (41), and many others, shows that she must rank with the best landscapists of the English school. Of the picture illustrated on p. 388, the husband writes: "The Cornfield" stands out among several landscapes of that year as a singularly beautiful rendering of light on English landscape, deep and perfect. This, too, was really painted in one day."

"Evelyn Cheston, by Charles Cheston," has the rare distinction of combining artistic interest with the purely human, so that it deserves to be read as much for its matter as for its manner.

MODERN FRENCH MASTERS, by EDWIN FOGG, with a Preface by SIR CHARLES HOLMES, K.C.V.O. (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.) 5s. net.

This "Introduction and Complete Handbook to the Modern Foreign Work in the National Collection" covers both more and less ground than by its general title it might lead one to suppose. "More" because it includes foreign works, other than French, and less because a "complete" handbook ought to give more exhaustive biographical and iconographical information. Mr. Fogg's idea, however, probably was to keep it within the format of a pocket book, and regarded as a series of printed lectures on its subject it serves its purpose well. His chapters deal with "Tradition and David"; "Classicist and Romanticist"; "Barbizon and Landscape"; "Courbet and Realism"; "Impressionism—Manet and Monet"; "Fantin-Latour, Renoir, Degas and Forain"; "Post-impressionism—Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin; Puvis de Charannes, Seuret Braque, and a few contemporary painters"; and "Spanish, Dutch, Italian, and other Masters." The chapter headings indicate the manner in which the various phenomena of "modern" art have been strung together, and as the author's taste may, on the whole, be called "impeccable," his little book is well worth reading.

DRAWING AND DESIGN: A School Course in Composition by SAMUEL CLEGG. Second edition, revised and enlarged. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 16s. net.

The second revised and enlarged edition of the late Samuel Clegg's "Drawing and Design" is accompanied by a "foreword" by Sir William Rothenstein, a "preface to the second edition" by Sir Michael Sadler, and contains "a complete fourth-year course not before published."

Samuel Clegg was, as Sir Michael Sadler testifies, "one of those great headmasters who helped in widening and colouring the ideals and practice of the new secondary schools in England during the critical years 1902-29." That he was an enthusiast carried away by a fervent belief in the educative and even moral value of the

teaching of drawing and design to school children shows on every page of his book; but as Sir Michael also says, and as is, indeed, evident from the selection and design of the illustrations, "some of Clegg's views already 'date,' as do the opinions of all men who express the ardour of their time."

One may doubt, therefore, whether the course he suggests was or would be as useful as he hoped and believed, but to qualify one's doubt would require more space than is possible in a review. One thing, however, is certain; the book should be carefully studied and considered on account of the author's experience and the many stimulating observations he makes.

THE TECHNIQUE OF OIL PAINTING, by LEONARD RICHMOND, R.O.I., R.B.A. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 21s. net.

As usual with Mr. Leonard Richmond's guides to the painter's craft, his new volume, "The Technique of Oil Painting," is very practical. He discusses, with the aid of coloured diagrams and examples of his own work, every stage of using pigments from the "Materials" and the "Handling of the Medium" to the "Combined Technique of Gesso, Tempera, and Oil Colours." He explains all the "dodges" of glazing, scumbling, palette-knife painting and the rest. In fact, in so far as a man explaining his own methods can do so, he seems to have made it not only useful but almost "fool-proof." It must, however, be observed that there is this limitation to the work, it only deals with this painter's own methods, and artists anxious to find out what Holbein's or, for that matter, Cézanne's "Technique of Oil Painting" was, would hardly obtain satisfaction here.

THE ART SPIRIT, by ROBERT HENRI, compiled by MARGERY RYERSON, with an Introduction by FORBES WATSON. New Issue. Octavo, pp. xii + 292 + plates 16. Cloth. (London: J. B. Lippincott.) 12s. 6d.

This book was brought out first in 1923; in 1929 Robert Henri died. His artistic creed was art and humanity. He had no use for art for art. He was a teacher who had a large following of pupils who desired to become painters, of whom some few succeeded. Henri's system was a wholesome one, and Margery Ryerson has done a good work in reproducing maxims and advice of a homely character uttered by the artist throughout the years during which she was acquainted with him. Forbes Watson has passed Henri through the sieve of modern æsthetic and found him not wanting in æsthetic appreciation, but always from the humanistic viewpoint. Henri told his students about the great Impressionists, but did not advise them to go and do likewise, but rather, as he himself did, to find out the truths of light and pigment and nature for themselves. Of the fact that he was thoroughly competent to do this the reproductions of his figure-subjects and his landscapes leave no doubt. It is the presence of these in this new issue of the book that gives it an additional value. Maxims and advice are admirable, but the proof of their truth by example is more admirable. This book is practical and valuable and a potent antidote to much of the vague nonsense that is so often set out before the student instead of a good honest meal. It is a good honest meal.

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MARINERS OF BRITTANY, written and illustrated by PETER F. ANSON. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Anson, as his name indicates, has the sea in his blood—the sea of fighters and fishermen, that is—and whether he deals with the “Fisherfolk on the East Coast of Scotland,” as he did in a book published a year ago, or with the “Mariners of Brittany,” as he does in the one just published, he is equally delightful, exhaustive, human, and accurate. He knows his subject in a way given to few. He mixes with the fisherfolk and is accepted by them as a friend because he has trained himself for that very purpose; at the same time, however, he is an artist, a statistician; he has the spirit of a missionary and of a “folklorist,” as well as that of a scientific observer, he is not afraid to use plain words when necessary, and last, but not least, he understands the average man or woman. As a result his “Mariners of Brittany” contains things that will interest many different types of readers. He has a happy way of discussing unfamiliar and seemingly remote matters so that they appear to be of vital if hitherto ignored importance.

Thus we learn all about the Breton boats and other craft; about cod, sardine, and tunny fisheries; about the *marine de guerre*; but also about the life, the customs, the costumes, the houses, the dress, the superstitions, and the political views (very interesting these) of the Breton fishermen and their wives and children.

The simple outline illustrations by the author's hand are symbolic of his mind and manner which *curat de minimis* without confusion or boredom.

To sum up, “Mariners of Brittany” is full of interest from cover to cover.

PEASANT COSTUME IN EUROPE, by KATHLEEN MANN, with notes by J. A. CORBIN. (London: A. and C. Black.) 12s. 6d. net.

On looking through this charming little book of national costumes as still worn by some of the European peasants, but fast falling into disuse, except as a form of political propaganda, one cannot help wondering when the “present” fashions originated. The Russian peasant's lapots or birch-bark shoes and strap-bound trousers no doubt go back to the remotest antiquity, when similar garments were worn by the Bactrians and Scythians, but the women's blouses and bodices seem to belong to the sixteenth century, whilst the skirts and aprons worn by women all over Europe seem variations of a single theme, also of the same date. The Bavarian and Bohemian man's coat, waistcoat and trousers are manifestly of late seventeenth- or early eighteenth-century design, whilst the Swiss “Appenzell” man's garments suggest an origin even earlier than the sixteenth century. The Spanish mantilla, we are told, is a variation of the Eastern veil, and the patterns embroidered by peasant women throughout the length and breadth of Europe are certainly much older than the costume designs, and all most probably of Eastern origin.

These ruminations, suggested by the very clear and pleasant drawings, are, nevertheless, outside the scope of the present volume, which is manifestly intended to serve costume designers. At all events, it can be thoroughly recommended to all who are either theoretically or practically concerned with its subject. The text is as pleasant and illuminating as the drawings; but what

have Wales, Scotland, and Ireland done to be left out of “Europe.” They still have traces, at least, of a “national costume,” though England seems to have definitely lost its last vestiges when the last “oldest inhabitant” gave up his “smock” with his ghost.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE, by GORDON HOME. (London: John Lane.) 31s. 6d. net.

If Richard Thomson, the Librarian of the London Institution who wrote in 1827 a small octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages and not far from two hundred thousand words on the history of London Bridge, came to the conclusion that “he who next writes the history of London Bridge will have some difficulty in finding new materials for it,” the “next writer,” Mr. Gordon Home, might perhaps justly claim to have said the last word on the subject. He does not, however, himself make such a claim, though we cannot imagine any fuller, better, or more attractive work on the same theme. The picture of the evolution of the bridge which stood for over 600 years and was only destroyed exactly a hundred years ago is, indeed, complete both as regards words and pictures; there are nearly one hundred illustrations, plans, sections, views, and portraits of personages connected with its history. Much of the material, both as regards the text and the illustrations, is new, and some of the latter of great æsthetical as well as historical interest. The book further contains an appendix of “Tradesmen's Cards and Tokens of Old London Bridge” from the collection of Mr. Ambrose Heal; not to mention other appendices dealing with the Roman coins and medallions found in the river on the line of the bridge; a geological analysis of the stone employed in its building; a list of the names of residents of Old London Bridge; a catalogue of “Pictorial Records of the Bridge”; an exhaustive subject-index; and others. In short, Mr. Gordon Home, who adds this new volume to his other works on Roman and Medieval London, and the London of our grandfathers, has produced a work that can hardly be surpassed both as regards exhaustiveness and accuracy.

The publishers, too, are to be congratulated on the general production of the volume in respect of printing and illustrations.

GREEK CITIES IN ITALY AND SICILY, by DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER. 8vo, pp. xii + 226 + plates, maps, and plans 27. Cloth. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.) 1931. 12s. 6d.

It is worth while to go to Sicily merely for the purpose of hearing the name Syracuse pronounced by the natives, and to sit on one of the benches of the quay to be joined there by a couple of young men who will sing to you to the accompaniment of their special form of guitar. To visit the museum is a revelation; to visit the Greek theatres, the catacombs and other architectural monuments is a wonder. There is actuality in Syracuse; the Greek still survives there; moreover, it is a living place where the handicrafts in wood and metal are practised in shops open to the clean streets; exercised with due deliberation and watched by inhabitants of the town who are in no hurry; who engender in the visitor their own sense of the value of *dolce far niente*, regardless of the passing of time. Much time has passed since the

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Greeks firmly settled themselves in Syracuse and the other places—Cumae, Paestum, Hipponion, Tarentum, and the rest. Nearly a thousand years before our era and nearly two of our era are indicated, and yet Dr. MacIver claims that Syracuse might almost be said never to have grown up. The same thing happens in other cases, but Syracuse is a flourishing town so the wonder is all the greater; the beauty of it none the less. So that this beauty may be understood, Dr. MacIver has drawn in detail the history of the place, derived from the authorities, and added to by personal prolonged observation. The æsthetic effectiveness of these cities is largely the result of the inherent faculty of the Greek to combine beauty with use; his instinct for choosing none but a worthy natural site for the display of his architecture and concomitant arts; for the exercise of his flair for the fitting things in life. Nature, art and life were the things for which the pioneer from Greece and the islands exercised his spirit of adventure combined with a sturdy business sense, to which he constrained conquest. It was all for the good of civilization, immensely for its good for business and art and conquest (not necessarily of the bloody order). For civilization is a force which educates those in whom its activities are vested as well as those upon whom it is thrust. Syracuse and the rest of the Italian and Sicilian towns of which this valuable book tells the history knew that the art of life comprised all the arts, and so life was lived beautifully in fine surroundings. This is difficult in an age of mechanization, and the visitor to Syracuse, as the inhabitants softly say, knows it the moment he sets foot upon the little quay. The author of this charming book has lived in these enchanting places and is possessed now of their spirit, reproducing it in his pages for the delectation of all who care for beauty. In addition, the book is historical, archæological, and topographical.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING, PERSPECTIVE, AND RENDERING: A Handbook for Students and Draughtsmen, by CYRIL A. FAREY, A.R.I.B.A., and A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. (London: Batsford.) 16s. net.

Most of those having the onus or the privilege of appointing an architect for the building of a house, of whatever kind, would be guided in their decision by the architectural drawings submitted, and we should probably be swayed much more by what the eighteenth century used to call an "elegant" design than by the strictly professional plans, elevations and sections. In other words, when the architect addresses himself to the layman he must use a language that a layman can understand, and that language is pictorial rather than architectural.

But the architect, even when he addresses himself to his fellows, will have to use a language that will differ from that of the notes he makes for himself and his own particular use. Again, the business firm wishing to introduce its own enterprise to the general public will need—in so far as this enterprise concerns architecture—the services of a draughtsman who knows how to treat architecture as a means of commercial publicity.

And, finally, the architect on holiday desiring to draw for the sake of drawing—that is to say, purely for recreation—will produce work that will have both the architectural qualities of his own and the pictorial qualities of the painter's profession.

It will be seen that there are many kinds of "Architectural Drawing," and the authors of this new book have set themselves the task of discussing all the aspects of their subject as practised by their contemporaries. As a result they have produced a work that is not only of indispensable value to the student, the draughtsman, and the architect, but that must appeal to anyone interested in architecture for whatever reasons. This appeal is the stronger because an exceptionally readable text is supported by a large number of plates and illustrations, both in colour and in black-and-white.

The practical value of the book is further enhanced by an appendix which "provides a practical example of a method of setting up a perspective drawing in its several steps," and by a "Brief Bibliography of Works on Architectural Drawing and Allied Subjects." H. F.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET, 1921-1929, by W. A. PROPERT, with a Preface by J. E. BLANCHE. (John Lane.) 30s. net.

Serge Diaghileff—one remembers him still as he appears in the frontispiece of this finely produced and printed volume, his quick, piercing eyes looking out from heavy Slav features as night after night, a dandified figure, he watched his ballets from the front of the house. They were truly his, although he kept himself out of the public eye and disliked even to have his photograph in the papers. There may have been, as M. Lifar says, two Diaghileffs—the autocrat of the theatre, always searching out new modes of expression in the wonderful synthesis of the arts which the Russian Ballet came to stand for, and the friend *tendre, plaisant, faible et toujours gai*. It is clear that there must also have been a third Diaghileff, a man of affairs, able to keep his costly and cumbersome craft afloat in rough weather. How often one heard that it would be shipwrecked on the financial rocks always lurking in the expensive and uncharted seas that he navigated with such confidence. London offered him many, but by no means sure, harbours. He went on with consummate skill and courage, however, and in the last year of his life produced one of his greatest masterpieces, "The Prodigal Son," a fitting epilogue to a career which included "Petrouchka" amongst its earlier triumphs, and the "Three Cornered Hat" in the more memorable ballets of his middle period. And then after his death that unique company, the like of whose dancers the world had never before seen, whose spirit had been able to inspire composers and artists of all countries, came to an end without anyone having the energy even to attempt to keep it alive. Unquestionably Serge Diaghileff was a genius apart from whom Fokine and Massine and Balanchin, last and in some respects greatest of all his choreographers, would never have been able to write a new and fascinating chapter in the history of the oldest and most august of the arts.

This is no place in which to balance the strength and the weakness of Diaghileff's æstheticism, to consider how far in his unending search for the expression of contemporary thought in terms of art he allowed himself to become the victim of an intellectual snobbery. Some of his ballets certainly succeeded in crossing the stream Rubicon which divides sense from nonsense. Mr. Propert is candid—unlike the young æsthetes of the 'twenties who strained at none of the absurdities in "The Ball" or "The Blue Train"—and allows that

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Diaghileff did not always succeed. But the solid achievement is there, and the whole string of beautiful and lovely and significant things which he created. Or, rather, should one say that with Diaghileff has died his work? "The ballets," Mr. Propert writes, "are only a memory, already legendary; a few drawings in the museums, a little of their music in rare concert programmes, and that is all: the scattered dancers vainly invoking the spirit of their dead Master, his executors vainly offering the scenery and the series of wonderful curtains to a world that cannot use them." Was it inevitable? Was the movement bound to die? Mr. Propert thinks so. "Diaghileff worked by no formula, had no method in his inspired intuition. His ear was familiar with all music, his eye trained to all beauty of form and colour. . . . When he died everything that was his died with him."

The book, as I have said, is admirably produced. It is not so much a history of the Russian Ballet—which ceased to be Russian after the war—as a tribute to its creator. Perhaps rather an undue prominence has been given to the work of M. Lifar, too great a dancer to wish, one would hope, to sin against Diaghileff's own canons on the "star" system. There are a few misprints, and the Oxford Dictionary gives no support for spelling choreography without the second "o." Geography will be the next word to suffer from this unhandsome treatment of a hardworking vowel.

H. E. WORTHAM.

FINE ART, 1931. An Annual for Art Lover and Collector. Special Spring Number of "The Studio," London. Wrappers, 7s. 6d.; cloth, 10s. 6d. net. William Edwin Rudge, New York.

This is the first of a new series of annuals which is "planned to form a world survey of collecting." It is of the usual handy format of "The Studio" extras and as admirably produced. There are seven supplementary full-page plates, five of them in colour, one in wood-engraving by H. G. Webb, after James Pryde's "Mean Street," and a facsimile in monochrome after Zucarelli. The subject-matter dealt with is largely a record of last year's principal events in the art world, though it contains also an article by Professor Tancred Borenius on "Venetian Eighteenth-century Painters in England." The later phase of Italian art as a whole has come into the general sphere of interest very much more prominently since the war and the foundation of the Magnasco Society. The illustrations accompanying this are chiefly taken from the wall-paintings and other decorations at Castle Howard, by G. A. Pellegrini, with a few by Marco Ricci and Canaletto.

M. Y. A. Godard analyses with judgment and knowledge "Characteristics of Persian Painting," giving among other illustrations a fine sixteenth-century miniature in colour of the Safavia School, from his own collection in Paris.

Mr. Konody writes on "Modern British Painting," which none studies nor follows more sympathetically than he, and of which he is an assiduous champion, though his enthusiasm is in some cases difficult to justify. His opposite number, Mr. Wilenski, deals with equal gusto with the "Modern French School." The latter contributor has also compiled a useful list of one hundred and one characteristic works by James Pryde and has been able to trace the whereabouts of most of them.

The most pregnant article as regards information to the collector and to those concerned in the welfare of the arts appears under the heading, "Events of the Year," which is a review of the fluctuations and the financial aspect of the art market prevailing in Europe and America at the present date. With reports of depression in every country it is sufficiently remarkable that the year 1930 is able to record the passing of the Gustave Dreyfus collection in Paris into the hands of Sir Joseph Duveen for no less a sum than a million pounds sterling. Other articles relate to the recent Van Gogh exhibition at Amsterdam, and to "British Sporting Art" (by H. A. Bryden), and here at least market prices have shown a continuous upward appreciation that shows no sign of diminution.

GRANVILLE FELL

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

By KINETON PARKES

BERNHARD HOETGER, BILDHAUER, von GEORGE BIEMANN, KASIMIR EDSCHMID, MAX OSBORN, LUDWIG ROSELIUS, ALBERT THEILE and LOUIS VAUXCELLES. Quarto, pp. 30 + plates 40. Linen. (Bremen: Angelsachsen-Verlag.) 1931. M. 18.

The plates are very fine and the criticisms very short and a good representation of one of the most potent of the art-spirits of Germany is made in this well-produced volume. Bernhard Hoetger was born at Horde in 1874 and served an apprenticeship as a carver in a cabinet-maker's workshop from which he escaped to Paris. There he suffered much privation, but lived strenuously with other young artists who were going through the mill, chief among them being Carl Milles. Realizing that he needed some training he went to Düsseldorf and then back to Paris. Later he returned to Germany to teach at Darmstadt, and then settled at Worpsmede, near Bremen, and became the leader of the very advanced school of plastic sculptors there. Having studied architecture, he built himself a weird house of timber; most of the structural features—doors, beams, and other elements—he carved himself, and himself made the furniture. He is in the best sense of the phrase an artist-craftsman, but apart from craftsmanship he is a thinking artist, whose expressionism is as forcible as that of any artist in Germany, the more so as all his work is based on the forms provided by nature. As is the way with the expressionists, he resorts to exaggeration, and while he has modelled and carved some very beautiful pieces with the traditional ideal of beauty strongly pronounced, he by no means despises the ugly. One example is his remarkable bronze head of "The Blind Man." This is not an organic exposition of type; it does not suggest the pity that is engendered by the contemplation of a blind person, and therefore it is not subjective. It does not express any spiritual emotion, but only the crude insensibility, inward and outward, of the utterly lost poor creature, and in this it is highly successful. There is a recent "Sailor," which is all expressionism to the point of incoherence, and a "Breton Woman" in which nature seems to have been carefully avoided in order that

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expressionistic form may have its say, which it undoubtedly does.

There is no doubt but that Hoetger, carver as he has been, has allowed himself to be seduced by the inevitable plasticity of clay and its accompanying tactile properties. The carving sculptor accepts the dictation of his marble or stone, and he analyses it. Hoetger allows the plastic of the clay to dictate an amorphous syntheticism, which only his genius turns to an undoubtedly high form-expression. He even carries it so far as to give to the very surface markings of his bronzes and other forms of casting—no details as to materials are furnished—a significance which is at least as important as the structure itself.

It is certain that Hoetger has little use for the classical idea of form in these later works with which this volume is almost wholly concerned. Inspiration—direct, uncalculated, and incalculable—suggests itself. The intuition carries through subconsciously without much regard to normal natural form, allowing the purely plastic process its head. This does not make for ideal form-expression, only for emotional expression of a different degree, order and character, and some of it is so ugly that it may not be out of place to utter a word of warning as to its further development. There are four examples among these illustrations of a very exceptional talent which are reminders of the artist's earlier form-research, when Maillol showed him things he did not then realize for himself, but which he speedily began to develop in a series of torsos and busts. To compare these four pieces and the early ones is to see plainly that there is in them more than mere form-research; there is thought. It is necessary for Bernhard Hoetger to pause in order to think.

DER BILDHAUER HERMANN HALLER, von ALFRED KUHN. Octavo, pp. 23 + illus. 62 + plates 8. Sewn. (Zurich: Orell Füssli Verlag.) F. 14.

Hermann Haller is one of the most conspicuous and conscientious modelling sculptors of Central Europe. He was born at Berne in 1880 and studied at Stuttgart, Rome, and Paris, and lives at Zurich. His reputation is high and well secured, for he has shown at all the important international and local exhibitions. His work is distinguished, and this account of it by Alfred Kuhn is very welcome. The text consists of a prologue, a short life, and a dialogue between the sculptor and the art-lover, in which important aspects of plastic sculpture are discussed. Haller is a modeller pure and simple, and although many of his pieces are very mannered, the manner is so significant as to predicate a style. He is indubitably a stylist both in form and finish. His studies are very largely of the female nude; almost without exception they are dynamic. For classical repose Haller has very little use; he does not, as does Hoetger, turn aside to the placidity of a Greek figure for pause or refreshment, but passes on from pose to pose, poses that are not named specifically, but which on all occasions and on every opportunity are made to express a vivid vision as seen by the artist, or evoked by an intuition of a pose which may be of vital importance. In Haller's figures there is a generalization which is very understandable because so complete, and even in his series of portrait busts his technique so compels him that there is generalization also. Of these busts there is a striking

series, an example of which is the attractive one of Marie Laurencin, seconded by that of Carnia Ari; that of Alfred Flechtheim is a very characteristic portrait, and is notable, too, as illustrating the somewhat extreme plastic touch of its surface complement. Haller is not always like this as to finish, for in most of his full figures he produces a smoother surface which for patination purposes is more useful than the thumb and spatula technique. Unlike Hoetger, Haller finds himself in research after form rather than idea.

HERMANN HALLER, by GIOVANNI SCHEIWILLER. Small 8vo, pp. 18 + plates 28. Sewn. (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.) 1931. L. 10.

This brochure of few pages supplies certain details which supplement the previous publications on Hermann Haller. The illustrations include those works done only a year ago, and the series here represented dates from 1906, though, of course, not very abundantly. The essay by Giovanni Scheiwiller is interesting, and the biographical and bibliographical notes are useful. The little book is the first issue of a new series uniform with the same publisher's "Arte Moderna Italiana," and is called "Modern Foreign Art." It is to be cordially welcomed.

LA SCULPTURE CHINOISE, par H. D'ARDENNE DE TIZAC. 8vo, pp. 52 + plates lxiv. Sewn. (Paris: G. van Oest.) F. 36. 1931.

It cannot be said that Chinese life is short although Chinese art is long. Chinese civilization is long and astonishingly persistent. It practically requires two millenniums to compass it. With variable periods of rise and fall it still has its way; a precisely conservative and consistent way, both in painting and sculpture. In the latter the consistency is astonishing. With one great upheaval, that of the intrusion of Buddhism, Chinese sculpture has remained true to its devotion to nature in both form and colour for more than a thousand years. For Chinese sculpture—both carved and modelled, stone, marble, wood, clay, ceramic—has never despised colour. Chinese graphic may have suffered annihilation in its most ancient forms, but the probability is that it included colour. Chinese sculpture included not only colour, but graphic, and it is an interesting feature of this book that a good portion of it is devoted to "sculpture ciselée," a term which can hardly be beaten in English; cut sculpture in very low relief, scarcely more than chasing; that form of sculpture which we can only call incised, which is sometimes practised today in the medium of slate. Some of the liveliest sculpture of this kind is also the oldest, persisting throughout the three last centuries before and the three after the birth of Jesus Christ. In feeling and pictorialism they come close to the Greek vases, and they are equally vivid in presentation. Mostly in stone and as carved panels they are documents in which certain vital aspects of the life of their centuries are depicted with great and vigorous skill. This "sculpture ciselée" has little that can be compared with it, for its scale is too small to place it alongside the wall-sculptures of Assyria; it can only be compared with the embossed work of the Renaissance bronze workers, but it differs from this in being devoid of landscape or architectural background; it is purely a matter of figure-expression with some admixture of abstract figure-design. The work was

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described by Chavannes, and examples are to be seen in the Musée Cernuschi in Paris, of which the author of this book is the conservateur. Later centuries produced relief work of great interest in the forms of the votive stele, tomb, and temple decorative panels from the sixth to the tenth century, as illustrated here, but the relief is more plastic although cut in stone, while yet the panel form and the pictorialism are still maintained. Of Chinese figure-sculpture many books have treated in profuse and reiterated detail, but its realization of the importance of the lower relief forms gives this volume a distinct place among the books devoted to popular descriptions of Chinese art.

LA LÉGENDE DE SAINTE URSULE, par GUY DE Tervarent. Quarto. Vol I, pp. 8 + 134; Vol. II, pp. 4 + plates 147. Sewn. (Paris: G. van Oest.) 1931. F. 225.

A Saint of Britain, Ursula was more honoured outside her own country. The legend extends from England and Brittany, and has its cycles in Spain, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Norway. Guy de Tervarent has thoroughly examined the documents, and they are many, and the pictures which are plentiful and important. The book deals separately with the literary and pictorial aspects, and is equally scholarly in both. The subjects of the life of St. Ursula are varied and stimulating, for they include the travels as far as Rome, the martyrdom, and the 11,000 virgins. Such a story in its passage through several different countries was bound to become more and more attractive in its details, and as it persisted for more than a thousand years it lost nothing by the passage of time. The origination and development of the legend and its exceptionally generous migration provide the matter for the first half of the text, and it is treated carefully and interestingly. The second half deals with the immense attraction which the legend occasioned the artists who were preoccupied with it throughout many centuries. As there were several cycles of the legend there are several schools of painting connected with it, and the somewhat extraordinary condition emerges that the pictorial narration of events in most cases assumes a serial form, particularly in the earlier representations. An epitome of the legend appears engraved on the Cup of St. Ursula in the Municipal Museum of Aix-la-Chapelle. The birth, baptism, and later scenes appear in the anonymous series at the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Cologne, of which there are twenty-three illustrations. At Cologne, too, in the church named after the saint, these are exceeded to the number of thirty by the artists J. and G. van Scheiven. Other painters are "The Master of the Legend of St. Ursula," whose work extending to seventeen known paintings is distributed. Bartel Bruyn, Hinrik Funhof, Hans Burgmair, Thomas de Modène, Victor Carpaccio, Jean Rexach, "The Bruges Master of the Legend," and Hans Memlinc. There are many frescoes by unknown men in various churches and separate

pieces in isolated collections from Spain to Rome and Scandinavia. The total number enumerated here and illustrated is 147, and they are far above the general level of primitive painting, finally attaining to the excellence of the half-dozen by Hans Memlinc in the Museum of the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. Among the more accomplished works the same subjects have dictated a certain similarity of treatment. In the case of some of the anonymous works there is more variety, if greater crudity, but just as the legend itself grew so did its pictorial representation, both acquiring added interest and anecdotal. Some of the figure-painting is excellent. The landscape and architectural backgrounds are interesting, especially chronologically, while the many maritime scenes are notable, not only for their intrinsic merit, but for their rarity. The book is beautifully printed on a generous paper, and the reproductions are very well done.

HOLBEIN, par RAYMOND COGNAT. Small 8vo, pp. 24 + plates 64. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.) F. 20.

This is the initial volume of the latest series of art books issued by the Paris publishers. Messrs. G. Crès have more than one of these series, and their new venture is worthy of its predecessors. The series known as "Le Musée Ancien" is edited by George Besson and Jean Alazard, which guarantees its standard. Raymond Cognat has written a brief, but comprehensive, account of the life and work of Holbein in the few pages allotted to him, and the selection of painted and drawn portraits is good, and their reproduction very good indeed.

GOYA, par FRANÇOIS FOSCA. Small 8vo, pp. 24 + plates 64. Sewn. (Paris: G. Crès.) F. 20.

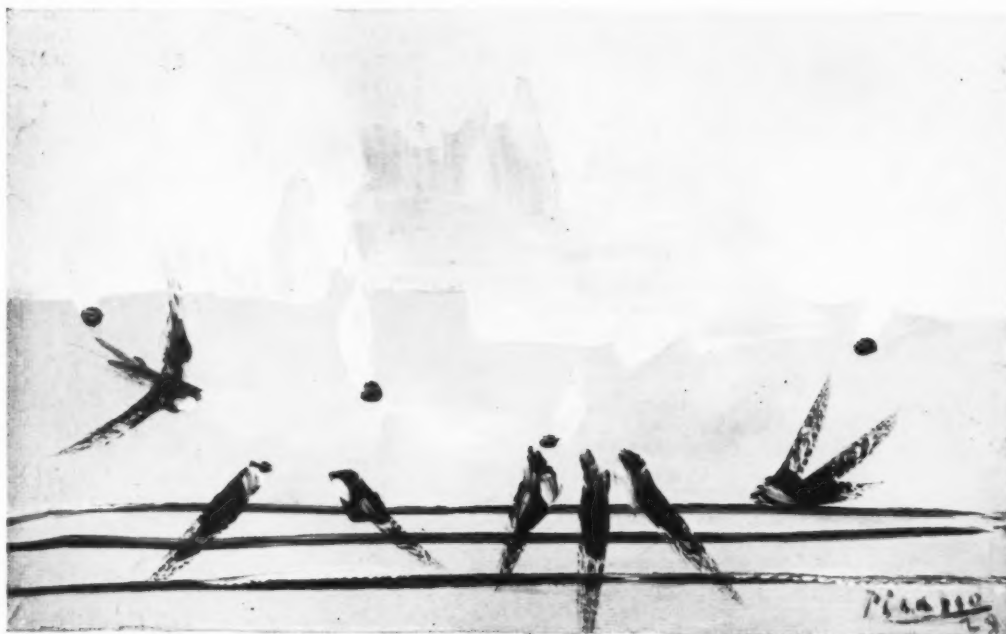
The second issue of "Le Musée Ancien" is no less admirable than the preceding volume. The introduction is a little longer; the standard works are enumerated; the drawings, etchings, portraits, and subject-pictures are equally well reproduced; and the two little books are introductions to their respective subjects as good as could possibly be required.

DAS SCHÖNE WANDBILD. Introduction by BERNHARD DÖRRIES. Quarto, pp. 54, illus. 30 + 106. Linen. (Munich: F. Bruckmann.) 1930. M. 10.

The scope of this work is wide; it extends from the frescoes of Pompeii to Renoir and Marées, by way of the masters of the Renaissance, Rembrandt, Poussin, and Ingres. Among the 160 paintings illustrated are many fine works, and many more of the greatest particular interest as wall decorations. The "Pompeian Girl with Flowers" in the Naples Museum is reproduced in colours. The text is fragmentary, and consists of little papers on some few of the artists whose work is included, but does not embrace the major number. The book is not intended to be a history, but its purpose as a gift to art-lovers is admirably carried out.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST



THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS

By Pablo Picasso

By permission of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.

THE PICASSO EXHIBITION AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES

Said the Editor to me: "Do you feel up to it?" The "it" concerned a notice of the Picasso Exhibition, forthcoming at the time of writing, but now on view—both notice and exhibition. Courage being as desirable in the front line of art criticism, so called, as it is in more sanguinary trenches, I felt it incumbent upon me to answer with a fortitudinous affirmative, but it was only Dutch courage. Nevertheless, I consoled myself with the thought that the photographs which were then before me might not be very good and that I should feel better when I had seen the actual paintings. I have seen the actual paintings. My first inclination is to surrender resignedly; most of them "beat me." But a good critic like a good Britisher does not know when he is beaten and proceeds to attack. Picasso, with the serried ranks of the vanguard of critique behind him—"Picasso's attitude to art—the only possible attitude to life itself"—is regarded as the leader of the modern movement. I doubt it not, but I am equally convinced that he is fast leading it into a cul-de-sac. He is admittedly an "experimenter," but, like a scientist, he tries only to rely on his brain and to leave his heart out. That, no doubt, is good science, but it is not good art. And Picasso's efforts to do so are the more pitiful when one considers his latest so-called abstractions. Who cares whether he breaks a guitar or tears up a piece of music, as he does, for example,

in his flat "Nature Morte à la Guitare" or composition "Vert et Noir"? The experiments are interesting as "patterns," though why they should be painted on a large scale in oils and framed as if they were pictures by a flamboyant master of the Renaissance is not clear. Even his earlier cubistic dissections of human beings had in their sombre unrealism a certain—probably in the long run insignificant—fascination. But his new "abstractions" have a different aspect. Such a one as "Abstraction—fond jaune" simulates solidity, such as that of wood; "Abstraction—fond de ciel bleu nuageux" is a live painting not only with the illusion of space and solidity but also with the right "quality" of paint. And the "abstraction" has manifestly been made from human elements. The admirable design, the pleasant colour, the effective handling of pigment, the suggestion even of a sky, not to say a heaven, in this painting make the *disjecta membra* of this supposedly "architectural" painting distressingly "romantic," even uncanny. In the painting called "Allegory" the human elements have been synthesized in such a manner as to suggest parts composed of wooden stakes, of a Dutch doll, of half a potato, and other irrelevancies; yet one knows what these things stand for; namely, legs, arms, two breasts, a neck, a head, and a body with presumably a navel, though what the lateral protuberance signifies I know not. This "Allegory," but still more the "Abstraction blanc et noir—fond gris foncé," which is less ridiculous but also

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emptier not only of meaning but also of rhythm—the *pentimenti* are quite unnecessary in such geometrical exercises, which could be started afresh on another canvas, for they cannot be any trouble to paint—such things convince me that Monsieur Picasso has taken the wrong turning. One can only hope that he will retrace his steps before it is too late and seek once more that heart of his which he lost somewhere after his “blue” period.

therefore find many excellent “bits” rather than many satisfying *ensembles*. That, too, is doubtless the reason why in this exhibition, which ranges over forty years, we can see no definite evolution. Some of the professor’s best pictures are unfortunately not here, but there can be little doubt that of those present the portrait of “Harold Jones,” in which the head is modelled with a virility that reminds one of the wrongfully neglected Frank Holl, is completely satisfying. Another undoubted success,



“FEMME BLEUE”

Pastel by
Pablo Picasso

By permission of
Messrs. Alex. Reid
and Lefèvre, Ltd.
(see p. 395)

OIL PAINTINGS, GOUACHES, AND PORTRAIT DRAWINGS BY SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY

Sir William Rothenstein’s exhibition bears out his reputation as a professor. There is nothing of “careless rapture,” of “fine frenzy,” about his work which is, and always has been, serious and studiously considered. It leaves the impression of a mind determined to capture by sheer application of thought what others achieve knowing not nor caring how. Thinking so much about the “how” he inclines to underestimate the value of the “why” of art. Thus drawing and painting become to him—as is evident in this exhibition—professional problems, and we

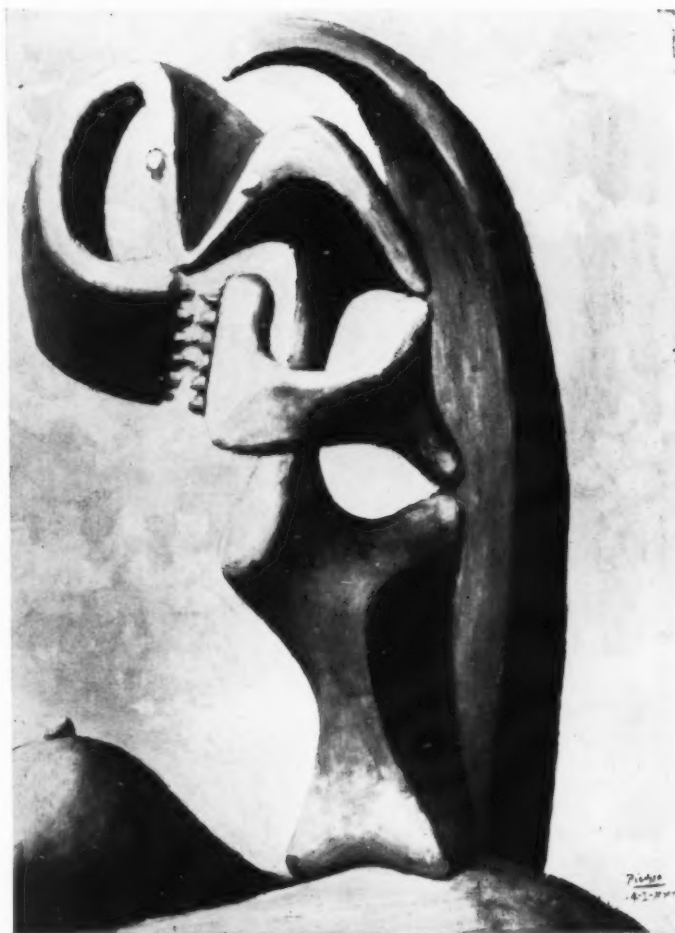
but for the slightly strained look, is the artist’s own portrait of 1931, in which the accessories are built up nicely into a fine design. Another picture that would please is “Young Woman at her Toilet,” also of this year, were it not for the disturbing prodigality of impasto. Were it only a question of being satisfied with splendidly managed parts one could single out many, such as the walls in “The Little Boy Lost” of 1913, “The Norman Barn” of 1905, “The Barn in Burgundy” of 1909 although it has yellowed with time, the figure of the man in the “Loggia” of 1930, and so on. One point in which he always excels is the “quality” of his paint.

Amongst the drawings, especially those of portrait

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heads, one is more conscious of complete successes, such as the Rabindranath Tagore, Sir Arthur S. Eddington, Sidney Schiff, Sir Herbert Samuel, and particularly Walter de la Mare. Quite charming, too, are two drawings, many years apart, namely, the pastel of "Miss Alice Kingsley" and "Rachel." Furthermore, the sanguine of "Brabazon" of 1894, and the quite early "Students at Julians" are admirable. Amongst the other drawings, "Preparations for German Prisoners,

Mr. George Belcher's, for example, are generally regarded as humorous drawings; he himself in his exhibition at the Wertheim Gallery calls them "jokes," but if we look at their drawing we could not possibly call them such. Mr. Blampied, at his show in the new galleries of Messrs. Bull and Sanders, 23 Cork Street, is so conscious of the inherent difficulties that he not only calls his exhibition "Blampied's Nonsense Show," with the sub-title "An Adventure in Flippancy," but actually signs each exhibit



ABSTRACTION (in
oil and charcoal)
By Pablo Picasso

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Messrs. Alex. Reid
and Lefèvre, Ltd.
(see p. 395)

1917," stands out as an æsthetical design which is more satisfying than many of the more elaborate paintings in this respect.

TWO HUMORISTS: MR. GEORGE BELCHER AT THE WERTHEIM GALLERY AND MR. BLAMPIED AT THE GALLERIES OF MESSRS. WALTER BULL AND SANDERS, LTD.

Sometimes language makes it quite extraordinarily difficult to express a very simple and, indeed, obvious thing—namely, the difference between humorous drawing and a humorous drawing. Obvious as it is, many people are apparently unable to make the distinction.

"Nonsense Drawing." It cannot be that Mr. Blampied is so fundamentally lacking in humour, it must be that he knows his British public. Mr. Belcher's drawing is definitely always serious; he could use his *method* equally well for "In memoriam" cards. Mr. Blampied's drawing is frequently, but by no means always, "nonsense." Such being the case, one might seem to argue that Mr. Belcher is not a humorist and that his "jokes" are not funny. That would be quite wrong. They are very funny, sometimes exuberantly funny, and do not lose because their *drawing*, as such, is serious. I have myself argued the contrary. I withdraw. When a man has so obviously studied human nature that he makes us see

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how funny "Nature" really can be, he is quite manifestly a humorist as well as an artist of more than ordinary merit. So whilst some of the "jokes" are, as such, of varying funniness the standard of the drawings is uniformly high and, in fact, truly excellent.

Mr. Blampied's "Nonsense" is, as I have said, not always consistently "nonsensical." There are drawings here that have the merits of full-dress works of art; No. 51, "My dear, the great thing in life is to keep on breathing," for instance, might be a serious etching so far as method goes; just as No. 33, "Sans Dire," is unquestionably a serious drawing with a comic content; that is equally true of No. 5, "Still-life," and quite a number of others. On the other hand, however, such things as No. 20, "Giving advice to a drowning man"; No. 18, "Colonels and Sparrows"; No. 19, "The morning gargle"; No. 44, "Sons of Guns"; No. 4, "Tails I lose," and so on, are truly "comic" drawings, because the drawing itself—the *verb*, the action of the draughtsman's hand, as it were—makes you laugh. Many of them, too, are excessively funny by reason of the idea, the funniest, perhaps, being No. 41, "Luscious"—a clerical man having his very stubbly chin and throat licked by a dog. As a matter of fact, however, the whole show is excessively amusing.

SEVENTEEN ARTISTS: SECOND EXHIBITION AT THE ZWEMMER GALLERY

On the whole, this second exhibition of the Seventeen Artists is an improvement on the first. The members of this group have nearly all something to say that is more or less worth while. Whilst their adherence to the appearances of Nature varies in degree they all get something out of her, something that proves their capacity for æsthetic digestion. Of the seventeen I think that Miss Sine McKinnon has been the most consistently successful, for I find every one of her five contributions marked by me. She understands how to give her Paris the *genius loci*. Altogether it is the ladies that carry off the palms—or is it bays?—of victory. Mrs. Fitton, whose "Geranium" one admired in the Royal Academy, has made a good picture out of "Cactus and Accordion," good both in design and in colour. Miss Vivien Lawson once more amuses with her satires, but the "Sick Child" is a little uncanny in its cruelty. Miss Gwen Connor's "Interior" sparkles deeply like old lacquer, and Miss Edna Ginesi's "View of St. Ives" is as interesting as her picture of "Tourists" is amusing. Of the men's work, Mr. James Fitton's "Drawing" is capital, and the painting of "Cinéraria" admirable; but nothing like as important as his Academy picture. Mr. William Coldstream's "Harbour Scene" and Mr. Clarke Hutton's "Beech Wood" also deserve special mention. Miss Hepworth's sculpture and Mr. Staite Murray's pottery I have no space to notice.

GLADSTONE PORTRAITS AND OTHER WORKS BY JOHN McLURE HAMILTON AT BARBIZON HOUSE

The veteran Mr. McLure Hamilton's exhibition of portrait studies is mainly interesting on account of the glimpses he gives of the now almost legendary G.O.M. Gladstone was a statesman the like of which could only have existed in the nineteenth century, for he represented its most significant character: the mixture of financial genius and religious devotion. Mr. Hamilton evidently

knew his subject, since the records he has made are convincing, sometimes even striking. This is notably true of one study representing Gladstone writing, which has on its margin a smaller head of him looking up. Combined, these two portraits give one the vivid impression that the statesman was immersed in some profound study and bore the interruption with impatience. Mr. Hamilton's technique, even in his oil paintings, suggests pastel which he practises with such consummate "rightness"; in fact, only the portraits of Cardinal Manning and of Mr. Asquith are done in the true oil technique. One of the artist's best qualities is his careful treatment of the hands; in the "Gladstone writing" just mentioned, they are obviously characteristic; the same is true of the Asquith portrait, and of a portrait of Lord Armistead. His weakest quality is the unevenness of the result. His "Mr. Arthur Balfour," for instance, and his "Bismarck," are poor likenesses as well as indifferent in technique. "The King's Cream Ponies and Coach," in pastel, is hardly a masterpiece, whilst the studies of horses belonging to it are admirable. Admirable, too, is the pastel study of two juvenile backs called "Sisters."

THE SEVENTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS AT THE NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES

On the whole this seventy-sixth exhibition of the Society of Women Artists makes a rather better and livelier impression than its immediate predecessors. The new galleries have no doubt something to do with it—but not all. There are quite a number of good paintings here; good, that is, without the usual reservation one makes in women's shows. Mrs. Margaret Fisher Prout with an admirable "Portrait of a Lady"; Dame Laura Knight with an, albeit, old landscape, "Spring"; Miss Dorothea Sharp with an airy "Babies and Springtime"; Miss Sylvia Gosse with a humorous—or is it satirical?—subject picture "Situations Vacant," are all distinguished—may I say "past-mistresses" of their profession? A new discovery is for me the reticent and refined work of Miss Constance E. Brown, whose water-colour "A Cotswold Farm," almost monochrome, holds its own amongst the oil paintings in the large gallery. Her other watercolours, "In Val-Bregaglia" and "The Mill—Cley-next-the-Sea," are no less excellent. Mrs. Stuart Weir has several of her well-designed still-lives which one always welcomes, the one called "Silver Lustre" being especially attractive, as are also flower-pieces by Miss L. Hogarth, notably "Morning," and by Miss Ellen Warrington, "The Cineraria." Pictures seen in interesting perspective are Miss Doris Taylor's "Saturday Afternoon" and Miss Lucy Revel's "The Corner of Gibson Street"; but the same artist has also two landscapes, of which "Strathfillan" is particularly good in colour. "Cathleen Mann" painting "Atropos" is also notable, though her exhibits in the Royal Academy outshine her works here. As to the sculpture, Mrs. Phyllis Clay's "Daughters of Zeus," Miss Dora Clark's heads of African women, and Miss Ann Acheson's "The Leveret" (all of which, I think, have been seen before) represent three different conceptions of design—classical, realistic, and romantic—and equally efficient.

So much for the contents of the large gallery. Distributed in other rooms are a number of interesting

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things; for example, Miss Hilda Hechle's "From the Theodule Pass." This artist is much more successful when she paints mountains than with her figure subjects. Other works that deserve on various grounds special praise, in my opinion, are Miss Nancy J. Burton's "Wee Botochan," Miss Betty Hoad's "A Tree," Miss Nancy Burton's "Sleeping Hound," Miss Peggy Rutherford's "The Purple Magnolia," Miss Beth Amore's "After Rain, Newport," Miss G. D. Walton's "Gossip," Miss Bridget Keir's "Golden Sunset, Luxor," Miss Gladys Rees's "Sunshine in March."

As regards the crafts, a mere man is somewhat hampered when it comes to needlework, but Mrs. Barkley's *petit point* "Still-life" deserves, it seems, a better fate than to act the part of a fire-screen; it is practically a painting; and whatever the technical name for the stitch, Miss Constable's interpretation of Holbein's "Lady Berkeley" is admirable. The Dunsmore Tile manufacturers continue to puzzle by their mixture of good and bad. Their panel of 6 in. by 6 in. Fish Tiles is excellent in taste, whereas their other panels vary very greatly in merit.

I find I have outrun my space. This must suffice.

"SPAIN"—SECOND EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S GALLERIES

Mr. Muirhead Bone's second exhibition of "Spain" continues the triumphs of the first. Again one notices his versatility in the technique of drawing which varies from the comparatively full use of colour washes or the broad dashes of a charcoal pencil to the finest pen-and-ink work. Again one is almost overwhelmed by the wealth of detail he occasionally puts into his work. One hardly knows what to admire more: the skill with which he can suggest living action—say people dancing or goats grazing—on a scale of an eighth of an inch, or that which enables him to draw the innumerable variations of planes on a rock or on the bricks of a building with unflinching analytic patience and synthetic justness. Equally admirable is his power of suggesting the different planes of a view—whether it be a level pavement, a descending roadway, an ascending path, or a declivity of the mountain side—often with only a few lines, at other times with a wealth of detail that would throw the perspective of lesser men out.

Where there are so many remarkable things it is difficult to single out any for special praise, the more so as the nature of their interest varies. "In a Motor-Bus—Estremadura," for example, it is the human; incidentally, it is the only figure-subject with the exception of "The Penitents" (54) and, perhaps, "The Church, San Feliu" (62), though in the former the figures are only sinister shapes, and in the latter the sculptured and lamplit crucifix takes the greater share. Occasionally a drawing will be distinctly gay, such as "The Corpus Christi Procession at Barcelona—the Giants" (41), which reminds one in its treatment of his very early Glasgow Exhibition subjects. More frequently he tends to the gloomy, as in the very broadly handled "Guadeloupe: View from the Monastery" (24), and other night scenes, in the very impressive "Autumn Fires in the Estuary" (68), or the curiously "folded" "Walls and Prison, Leon" (29). Less gloomy than enveloped in shade, from which it ascends into light, is the "Apostle's Pillar, Gloria Portal, Santiago Cathedral" (39). This is not only a beautiful drawing, but also intensely interesting

both as architecture and sculpture. Should Mr. Bone ever make an etching of this, one hopes he will lighten the base a little so as to keep the top and bottom of the design a little more together. "The Aqueduct, Segovia—Easter" (27) is amazing. I know no living draughtsman who could have drawn this infinite succession of ancient arches with similar precision. "Toyshop, Gerona"—a view of arcades displaying, apart from the toys, a row of old umbrellas incongruously suspended below an arch with the inscription "Effectos militares"—amazes one equally by the orderliness of its workmanship.



ABSTRACTION EN BLANC ET NOIR, FOND GRIS
FONCÉ

By Pablo Picasso

By permission of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd. (see p. 395)

THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF THREE CENTURIES OF ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES, DIPLOMAS, AND HON. FREEDOM SCROLLS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

The Society of Scribes and Illuminators are to be congratulated not only for arranging, with the help of the authorities, this very interesting exhibition of illuminated addresses, but also and more especially on their own contributions. Whatever may be true of illumination in general it is certainly an indubitable fact that so far as this exhibition is concerned the Society's own contributions are almost without exception infinitely better than the earlier "addresses, diplomas, and hon. freedom

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scrolls" here exhibited. Not that some of the early diplomas were not beautifully written; they often were. The very first one here, for example, which is a "Licence to practise medicine granted to Fidelis de Fidelibus at Venice in 1546" is admirable in that respect, and so are many others; but on the whole it is not until we come to our own age—which scribes of the future will call "the Edward Johnston age"—that we find the rhythm, the general "display" of text and illumination, that makes the address, or the scroll, or diploma a thing of beauty. The "copperplate" scribes of the Georgian and Victorian age tried hard to be artistic, generally with painful results; though there are some exceptions

"chisel-edged quill pen," and is therefore mechanical. In other words, in order to write effectively with the pointed pen and pressure you need more of the draughtsman's skill than you require for the chisel-edged quill pen; and the *gothic* script, where it is used, is in itself more "decorative," as may be seen in the Freedom Scroll of the Grocers' Company of 1854 (No. 51). This looks much more "artistic" than its contemporaries or immediate predecessors, and deserves a "good mark" for its achievement—probably due to the 1851 Exhibition.

But whether it be due to the quill pen or the form of letter, the fact remains that the most recent work is without exception more beautiful than any other. I



THE CATHEDRAL AND WALLS, GERONA

By Muirhead Bone

By permission of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi & Co.

here too, mostly amongst foreign writers. The two Antonio Canedi diplomas of the University of Bologna of 1810 and 1813 are good enough of their kind; and Master S. Richardson, aged 14 years, of the Writing School of Christ's Hospital, has also not done at all badly; in fact, for his extreme youth, remarkably well, with his address executed in 1798. On the whole, however, the efforts were failures, not so much because the *scribes* were unskilful, but because they had no eye for "weight." Messrs. Thomas Tomkins and Sharpe, scribe and illuminator respectively, did quite well, each in his own line, but famous as they evidently were they spoilt the effect between them; they could not make the design, i.e. script and illumination, continuous and interdependent, as may be seen in their various exhibits.

Much of the cohesion in modern work, it must be said, is the result of Mr. Johnston's reintroduction of the

would give the first prize for beauty of design and cohesion between script and illumination to No. 62, written and illuminated by Louise Powell, gilded by Graily Hewitt. There are actually too many admirable things amongst these modern exhibits to be enumerated; suffice it to mention the names of the artists concerned in what I would regard as the finest specimens. They are—apart from Mr. Johnston himself, who, however, tends a little too much to the palæographic—Miss Louise Powell, Mr. Graily Hewitt, Miss Ida Henstock, Mr. H. J. Manwaring, Messrs. M. L. Hodgson and M. C. Oliver, Mr. H. L. Christie and Miss Daisy Alcock, Mr. Alfred Fairbank. I seem to have included all the English scribes and illuminators, and in any case they ought to be. It must also be some satisfaction to them that—judging by the examples exhibited—they have no rivals amongst their foreign colleagues of the present.

Art News and Notes

Were there more space I should like to have dwelt also on the very great historical interest of some of the exhibits, amongst which is the diploma granted to Sir Thomas Browne—"virtute et literis ornatissimum



DESSERT TABLE

By Florence Engelbach

At the Beaux Arts Gallery

vivum"—in 1665, and the Freedom Scroll of the City of London to Dr. Jenner in 1803, "presented in a gold box of the value of 100 guineas as a token of their sense of his skill and perseverance in bringing into general use the inoculation of the cow pock."

FLORENCE ENGELBACH'S PAINTINGS

The exhibition, composed mainly of flower pieces, by Florence Engelbach, which is open during the first half of June at the Beaux Arts Gallery, is of exceptional interest and should make a wide appeal. Florence Engelbach, who studied at the Slade School under Professor Brown, made a considerable reputation when still quite young under her maiden name of Florence Neumegen; she was known by her figure-subjects, such as "Breton Woman Knitting" now in the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle, which were darker in tone and more realistic in treatment than the pictures she now paints; her portraits of that period—notably of Lady Tennyson d'Eyncourt and Lady Wedgwood—are also well known, but she is by temperament too highly strung to enjoy painting portraits, and has since turned to flowers as the subjects, above all others, that give widest scope for her to express her own personality.

The thirty paintings of flowers and kindred subjects now exhibited are not in the ordinary sense of the words realistic representations of the objects shown, but they contain the fragrance, the ethereal lightness, the brilliance of colour—in a word the spiritual qualities that a more materialistic treatment would suppress. The pictures

are generally pitched in a high key and suffused with a soft light which gives unity to the compositions. Thus presented, the flowers lose neither their vividness of colour nor their gentleness of nature; without ceasing to possess their individual characteristics as flowers, they become merged in the larger conception of the flower-piece or decorative composition.

This breadth of conception is adequately expressed and admirably carried through. Although they charm at first sight—the paintings lose nothing of their first attraction through being more closely studied and critically examined—the looseness of handling is intentional, and the elimination of useless detail is found to be necessary.

SHORTER NOTICES

Messrs. Leger and Sons' "Exhibition of Old Masters in aid of the National Art Collections Fund" is a show of varied interest, as it includes early Italian, early and later Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, and French paintings. Probably the most discussed picture is a portrait of a "Young Man in a black coat" with the signature of Giovanni Bellini, and attributed by Baron von Hadeln to his period of circa 1500. The next in general interest is an early El Greco, "Esau selling his birthright to Jacob." Further, there is a dramatic and highly-finished Canaletto, a view of the "Ducal Palace and Staircase, Venice." The Michele di Ridolfo Ghirlandaio we have already alluded to and reproduced in the last number.



PICARDY ROSES

By Florence Engelbach

At the Beaux Arts Gallery

Fragonard's "Head of an Old Man" was manifestly inspired by Rubens. Other interesting paintings are by Rembrandt, Hobbema, Nicolas Poussin, Constable, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Hubert Robert, and others.

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Four artists, R. O. Dunlop, Willy, Jean Sheppard, and A. M. Ryland, showed their work at the new Ward Gallery, 3 Baker Street, in an exhibition that has just closed. Mr. Dunlop is, of course, already well known on account of his unusual skill in relying entirely on the handling of his pigments as vehicles of colour and form. He paints with a palette knife and keeps to a scale of colours which is based on the neutral brown, white, and black to which the more positive colours supply the relief. The pictures here, however, were not quite up to his best with the exception, perhaps, of "Still-life" (15), "Tulips in wooden bowl" (14), and "Portrait" (17). Willy is manifestly under Mr. Dunlop's

material determine the form. That principle of design may sometimes be a fortuitous help, but it is more often a hindrance. Here, for example, the "Female Figure" in *Verde di Prato* marble is simply a deformity. On the other hand, the already mentioned red sandstone figure, the "Samson" relief in Portland stone, and even the "Christ healing the sick," a relief in plaster, where in each case the artist has controlled form herself, are better works of art. So also whilst the more or less fortuitous form of "Female Torso" in wood is pleasant enough, the "Virgin and Child," carved in the same material, suffers like the "Christ," also in wood, from the "accidents" to which it has been subordinated.



OCTAGONAL TEAPOT

By Richard Bayley

London, 1718. George I

Coat of arms of Surtees of Northumberland and Durham

TEAPOT

By Richard Bayley

London, 1714. Queen Anne

Reproduced by permission of Mr. S. J. Phillips, London

influence and, indeed, appears in her still-life paintings as a somewhat neater, more positive, but also less subtle "double." She, too, uses the palette knife sometimes, especially when she paints grapes, with disconcerting concavities instead of convexities. Nevertheless, such compositions as "A Lily," "Primula Obconica," and "Spanish Grapes" are interesting and well above the average performances of still-life painters in general. Miss Ryland's drawings are obviously sculptor's drawings, or to be more precise the drawings of a carver; but their curious "wobbly" contours suggest a certain instability of temperament which also comes out in her stone and wood carving. Of these, one, a large piece in red sandstone, is distinctly the best. It represents a kneeling woman, and is a fine design, as rhythmic as it is massive and powerful. Miss Ryland apparently belongs to the Skeaping-Hepworth school, and believes more or less in letting the

The article dealing with old silver is sure to arouse so much interest amongst collectors that we take the opportunity of illustrating above two silver teapots which have come into the possession of Mr. S. J. Phillips, of 113 New Bond Street. They were both made by Richard Bayley, London; the plain "Queen Anne" one on the right in 1714, the octagonal one in 1718. The latter is especially distinguished by the coat of arms of the Surtees of Northumberland and Durham.

Mr. Fergus Graham's exhibition at the Redfern Galleries has already been mentioned and illustrated in the last number. I have only space to add that it is no disappointment. The painter has preserved his freshness of outlook, and has improved his technique. The canvases are remarkable, in fact, for their cleanness. Were he a Frenchman he would fast be becoming famous.



A FINE PERSIAN BOWL (diam. 8 in.)
 Circa XIII century. Rayy Court Ware

A PERSIAN VASE (height 5½ in.)
 XII or XIII century. Rayy Court Ware

To be sold at Messrs. Sotheby & Co.'s Galleries on June 16 and 17, 1931

MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS
BOSTON

Art News and Notes

What distinguishes Mr. George Birkbeck's watercolours on exhibition at *The Fine Art Society* is, above all, their very vigorous handling. The artist has a good eye for pictorial qualities of line and colour and "goes at it" with a dash, nevertheless controlled by knowledge. There is some affinity with Sargent's manner of treating watercolour, but Mr. Birkbeck's is more summary and also more concerned with design than Sargent ever was. Most of his pictures are landscapes in England, France, and Italy, but his most subtle and successful paintings are, I think, his still-lives, notably the one so called (No. 36), and also the flowerpiece, "Polyanthus" (37). In these the artist seems to have paid greater attention to "solidity," to the illusion of the third dimension, whilst in other subjects, such as, for example, the very admirable "White Bridge" (16), "The Grey Room" (15), "Hampton Court" (25), "On the River, Venice" (26), one is more conscious of design and colour than of depth or recession.



LANDSCAPE By John Crome, in the manner of Hobbema
(At the Netherlands Gallery)

Our illustration above is from a delightful painting by John Crome, of about 1814, when he painted in the manner of Hobbema, the Dutchman, who strongly influenced his art. The picture is on exhibition at the *Netherlands Gallery* in King Street.

At the new and pleasant *Batsford Gallery*, 15 North Audley Street, *Professor Randolph Schwabe* is showing a number of watercolours and drawings of quiet reserved strength. Whether he draws the nude, such as the solidly modelled "Zeda," or makes a monochrome watercolour, such as the sunny "Café de la Cascade," or a blue ink study of flowers, such as "Still-life," or, with two coloured inks and wash, a strong design such as "Week Green Farm," or renders not only the buildings but also the atmosphere in which they stand, as in "Dover: the Basin from above," or plans with a few dashing sweeps and lines and washes of colour a "Decoration"—everything he does seems *just right*—and in reference to his students exemplary. One's only and ever-recurring regret is that his tutorial duties leave him no time to do the bigger things of which these drawings are so plainly a promise.

The principal contributors to the Summer exhibition at *Barbizon House* are Sir D. Y. Cameron, Sir George Clausen, Mr. Wilson Steer, and Mr. Russell Flint. To these are added Sir Charles Holmes and Messrs. Arnesby Brown, Whitelaw Hamilton, Walter Richard Sickert, Augustus John, Bertram Nicholls, W. G. de Glehn, Frank Brangwyn, Henry Rushbury, C. R. W. Nevinson, and Robin Wallace. All of these, with the possible exception of the last one, a young artist who had, I think, his first show here only a year or two ago, are so well known that it is difficult to say anything more about their work, whether in oil or watercolour, in pencil or pastel. Suffice it to note that they are all represented by characteristic examples. Only Mr. Bertram Nicholls seems in his "Gorge in the Maritime Alps" to have made a new departure, and Mr. Wallace's work is full of promise, more especially in the clever "Levens Road."

In their galleries in King Street, St. James's, Messrs. H. Blairman and Son are again having an *Exhibition of Eighteenth-century Glass Paintings*. These paintings fall into two categories; namely, direct paintings on the back of a sheet of glass, and indirect paintings on mezzotints made transparent by a special process. Whilst nearly all such paintings possessed or have acquired by time a certain decorative quality which make them suitable for room decoration, many of them have in addition associative interest and collector's values. Of the latter kind the rare "Four Seasons" after Clara Rosalba, four large ovals, and the very rare foxhunting subjects "The Chase" and "The Death" by Burford, after Seymour, measuring 13 in. by 20 in., may be specially mentioned. Of great associative as well as decorative interest is a Chinese mirror painting of 1765. It was evidently done in China by a Chinese painter but represents two English ladies, Mrs. and Miss Revell, wife and daughter of the Head Supercargo for the Hon. East India Company in Canton. They are dressed in Chinese costume, seated at a table on a veranda with a view of Canton River in the background. Another equally decorative Chinese painting represents a Chinese sportsman carrying a highly ornamental gun and his "bag" of various game. There are many more of a cognate kind; for example, a Chippendale collector's cabinet with glass-painted panel doors representing two pairs of Chinese lovers. All these are very finely executed. A lady playing a guitar is done in a much coarser technique but has the merit of forceful linear rhythm. Other European paintings, for example, are four "Seasons" published by R. Sayer in 1786 from the collection of the Earl of Coventry, another representing the racehorse "Star" showing the famous Newmarket "Gap," then the "Arabian Nights" series, both decorative and entertaining. In short, the exhibition is full of good things for people who like that kind of art.

Messrs. Toth's are opening an exhibition of *Modern French paintings* which will include the work of Sisley, Matisse, Braque, Derain, and others, on June 3.

Under the patronage of the Crown Prince of Denmark and introduced by no less an authority than Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Mr. Stubbe, the Danish etcher, held an exhibition of his work at the *Claridge Gallery*. Even without such guarantees of worth, Mr. Stubbe's simple and sincere work must appeal to the British public. Mr. Stubbe supports the etched line, when occasion demands,

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with a veil of printer's ink and reinforces it, still more rarely, with the drypoint. As a general rule, however, he relies on pure etching and clean-wiping. I think it may be doubted whether the inked tone is as necessary as the artist—mindful of the difficulty of giving the true tone values of Nature (when one is dealing with the white of snow and the light of a winter's sky, for instance)—seems to think, for after all an etching is not like Nature ever; and one might go so far as to say that, in a sense, the less it insists on pretending to be like it the better. Mr. Stubbe, like all good etchers, uses the black contour line—than which nothing is more unlike "Nature"—with great skill, and the more economical he is in the use of lines the better his plates. To my thinking such a plate as "Ploughland after Snowstorm" is not only one of his finest plates, but one of the best etchings ever done.

Messrs. Wallis and Sons have brought together at the French Gallery a most fascinating collection of still-life and flower paintings. Amongst the former is Monet's striking "Sanglier," which somehow symbolizes the very spirit of the boar-hunt. His "Perdrix" inspired by Chardin and ultimately by Hondekoeter is, however, in quality up to neither. All the other pictures are flower paintings, and it surprises one again and again how painters reveal their personality as well as their individuality even when they deal with so comparatively impersonal a subject as flowers. Odilon Redon, for example, gives his pastels, "Fleurs dans un vase vert," and especially the "Fleurs et fruits," a psychic overtone which the Pole, Marc Chagal, in his "Fleurs" cannot attain to despite the fact that he has introduced into the bunch the figures of two lovers and what appears to be a demon. Derain's "Fleurs Campanules" and "Vase de Fleurs" have, like all this master's work, a kind of sombre dignity, whilst Vuillard's "Fleurs coucous" is a "symphony in yellow-green." Renoir's "Chrysanthèmes," obviously a work of his later though not last period, has somehow the humorous suggestion of — Airedale puppies! For sheer delight, however, I should desire to possess Redon's sunny pastel of "Anémones," with the black berries which lift it out of the realm of the commonplace.

The May exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery was devoted to *The Painters of the Netherlands*. Whilst not including any picture of outstanding importance, despite the presence of a signed and dated Rembrandt portrait of 1643, there were a number of interesting things. Most notable amongst them was a "Scene on a Dutch River" by a little-known master, Pieter Nolpe (1601-72), which suggested a more vividly coloured Van Goyen. Another unusually interesting picture was Salomon van Ruysdael's blond and sand-brown "Beech Scene," whilst his nephew, Jacob van Ruysdael, is represented by a completely contrasting "Landscape near Bentheim," which is "classical" of the highly romantic kind.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE AMISANI

In the May issue of *APOLLO* there appeared a reproduction of the portrait of Comm. Ettore Modigliani by the well-known Italian painter Giuseppe Amisani, whose self-portrait is on this page.

Visitors to the Royal Academy will have been pleased

to recognize the genial features of Dr. Modigliani, whose portrait rightly has a place of honour in Gallery IV.

Dr. Modigliani made a host of friends here last year owing to his unfailing courtesy and helpfulness during his visit in connection with the memorable Italian Exhibition.

Signor Amisani is looking forward to a stay in England for some months and hopes to arrange for an exhibition of the results of his stay here, some time next year.

T. L. H.



SIGNOR GIUSEPPE AMISANI

Book Review—Correction—April issue of APOLLO.—We regret that in a review of a publication by Messrs. B. T. Batsford, "The Story of Architecture in England," Part II, owing to a clerical error, the sentence which read "The author endeavoured . . . to awaken an enthusiasm for an art that 'misses' much of our native genius" should obviously have read "'mirrors' much of our native genius."

We have to apologize to the author and publishers for this oversight.

An exhibition of Press and Pictorial Advertising produced by Shell in the last few years will open at the New Burlington Galleries on Wednesday, June 17. Among artists exhibiting are:—

Algernon Newton	Cedric Morris
Mrs. Vanessa Bell	Mrs. Edna Clarke Hall
W. Dacres Hall	Claude Flight
McKnight Kauffer	Tom Purvis
Rex Whistler	James Holland
H. S. Williamson	Rowland Hilder

The exhibition will be opened by Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis and will remain open until June 30.

ART IN THE SALEROOM

By W. G. MENZIES



A MERRY GROUP
By A. L. and M. Le Nain

To be sold at Messrs.
Christie's, June 12, 1931

NOT for many years has there been such a paucity of fine pictures in the London auction rooms as during the present season. Many works by one-time favourites of the mid-Victorian school have appeared under the hammer and undergone a drastic revaluation, but important works by old masters have been distinguished by their absence.

A sale to be held at Christie's on June 12 will, however, go far towards making good this deficiency as, in addition to the small but choice collection formed by Mr. Henry Hirsch, whose furniture and china are to be sold at the same rooms two days earlier, there are also a number of outstanding works from other well-known owners.

The thirty items in the Hirsch section of the catalogue indicate that that well-known collector's tastes largely turned to the Dutch and British schools, those of the latter school being of exceptional quality.

A portrait of Robert Cathcart, by Sir Henry Raeburn, is rightly considered to be one of the finest male portraits from this artist's brush that has appeared under the hammer for many years. Painted about 1813 it figured in the Raeburn exhibition in Edinburgh in 1876, and was again exhibited in Paris in the British Pavilion in 1900. Forming the subject of a mezzotint by Charles Turner it receives special mention in both Armstrong's and Greig's life of the famous artist.

Another fine Raeburn portrait is that of Mrs. John Phillips, of Stobcross, which is also recorded in both the above-mentioned biographies.

Other works of the British school are "The Gamesters," a typical work by the parson-painter, the Rev. M. W. Peters, well known from the engraving by William Ward; a characteristic painting by John Opie, the Cornish wonder, "Cardplayers"; and a portrait of the Hon. John Tufton by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The latter shows the third son of the Earl of Thanet when a child in Greek

or Roman tunic with bare legs standing in a landscape holding a spaniel by its forepaws.

Of the Dutch works perhaps the most notable is a magnificent painting, "Cattle in a Pasture," by the short-lived artist, Paul Potter. Signed and dated 1647 it has made many appearances in the auction room, realizing 2,700 guineas at the Neumann sale in 1919. This is, of course, not a record, "The Rabbit Warren" having made 8,000 guineas at the memorable Holford sale in 1928.

There are also two works by that rapidly appreciating master, Salomon Ruysdael; a fine Jan Steen, "Twelfth Night"; and others by Van der Heyden, Willem van Mieris, Isaac van Ostade, and P. Wouwermans. A fine work by the last named, "A Sportsman giving Alms," from the collection of Desenfans, founder of the Dulwich Gallery, is specially mentioned as "a very good early picture" in Dr. Hofstede de Groot's "Catalogue of Dutch Painters."

Finally, mention must be made of a fine composition by the Brothers Le Nain, "A Merry Group," signed with their initials and dated 1629. This work, which was originally in the Sir Robert Loder collection, was acquired by Mr. Hirsch for 1,270 guineas when that collection was dispersed in 1908.

Works by Perugino are rare in the saleroom, and one hesitates to prophesy what a "Pietà" by this famous sixteenth-century master will realize when it is put on the easel at Christie's on June 12. The property of Sir Richard Sykes, Bart., and removed from Sledmere, Yorkshire, it was originally in the famous Orleans collection, being purchased by Sir Christopher Sykes at the sale of that collection at the Lyceum in the Strand in 1798 for £60. According to Vasari this picture was executed for Claude Gouffier, who was created Marquis of Boisy (1566) and Duke of Roannais in the same year.

Another fine Italian painting is a "Madonna and

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Child" by Sano di Pietro, while by Andrea del Verrocchio there is a panel, "St. Michael trampling on Satan."

That fine portrait-painter, Gilbert Stuart, is represented by two fine examples, portraits of William Abercromby and his wife, which are being sold by Mr. R. W.



THE GAMESTERS *By Rev. William Peters, R.A.*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

Duff, of Fetteresso Castle, Scotland, a descendant of the sitters. Other important works are a fine portrait of Mrs. Ann MacNamara by Sir William Beechey; a delightful child portrait by George Romney, "Richard Meyler when a Child"; another by the same artist of "Lady Emily Kerr"; and a fine sporting picture by Arthur Devis, the property of Mr. C. Leicester Warren. This painting shows Sir Peter Leicester, an ancestor of the owner, with Colonel Clayton, shooting in Tabley Park.



**SIR PETER LEICESTER AND COLONEL CLAYTON
SHOOTING IN TABLEY PARK**

By Arthur Devis
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

Signed and dated 1763, it is an outstanding example of this artist's work which has so appreciated of recent years.

Finally, mention must be made of a fine work by Philip Reinagle of members of the Carron Abbey Hunt.

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LADY MEXBOROUGH *By Daniel Gardner*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

Gothic tapestries from a famous Continental source will arouse notable bidding at Christie's on June 11. Though only nine in number, each is an outstanding example of that period in the history of tapestry weaving when it was brought to its best achievement in the Low Countries before the close of the medieval period.

Decorative tapestry of this character is rare in the



CATTLE IN A PASTURE *By Paul Potter*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

Art in the Saleroom



MRS. WILLIAM ABERCROMBY *By Gilbert Stuart*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931



LADY EMILIA KERR *By George Romney*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931



WILLIAM ABERCROMBY *By Gilbert Stuart*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931



WILLIAM, EARL OF ANCRAM *By Sir Joshua Reynolds*
To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

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saleroom and remarkable bidding will undoubtedly be aroused by several of the items catalogued.

A Tournay panel of about 1520 has the true characteristics of medieval work, though woven in the early years of the sixteenth century. The subject is one of the allegories of the virtues and vices so closely linked with medieval mythology. Two other Flemish tapestries in the collection have subjects from the usual medieval repertory. Both belong approximately to the same period and are similar in decorative treatment to the one just mentioned. One depicts scenes from a romance of the time of Charles the Great, and the other shows a medley of Old Testament characters and medieval moralities. This last is, in fact, a contemporary portrait gallery. "Jesse" in the foreground portrays the Emperor Frederick III; David next to him is his son, the Emperor Maximilian; and "Salomo," opposite his grandson, Philip the Fair. The three women behind Maximilian are his first wife, Mary of Burgundy; his second, Bianca Sforza; and Margaret, his daughter. Philip's wife, the mad Joanna, is on his right. The remaining figures are all accounted for as relatives of the Imperial house.

The interpretation has the merit of chronological consistency, for the characters are approximately contemporary with the date of the tapestry.



A PIETÀ

By Pietro Perugino

To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931



A TOURNAY PANEL. Circa 1520

To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 11, 1931

Art in the Saleroom

Another late fifteenth-century Flemish panel, probably Brussels, represents the adoration of the Magi, while



MRS. JOHN PHILLIPS OF STOBXCROSS

By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

a long "verdure" panel belongs to a type of work which sometimes bears the mark of Willem van Pannemaker, one of the best-known of the sixteenth-century Brussels weavers.



ROBERT CATHCART OF DRUM

By Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

Another long decorative panel of the same period but woven in a provincial factory (probably Oudenarde) is

of the kind known as "mille fleurs," with birds and hares on a closely-packed floral ground.

There are, too, a small square German tapestry of the sixteenth century representing the "Nativity," and two German embroidered panels done in coloured wools on a linen ground. One panel is worked in gold and silver thread as well.

An unusually interesting and varied collection of English and Continental porcelain and pottery from various sources will be dispersed at Sotheby's rooms on June 4.

Practically unique is a rare "Pew Group," by Wedgwood, modelled in the Astbury-Whieldon style with two seated figures, one reading a book and the other holding a scroll in the left hand and a glass of ale in the right;



HON. JOHN TUFTON

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 12, 1931

impressed with the Wedgwood mark. No other pew group of this type appears to be recorded.

Amongst a series of blue dash chargers mention must be made of one painted with an equestrian portrait of Charles I in coronation robes. The design for this plate was taken from an engraving by Cornelis van Dalen, and is supposed to represent Charles riding to Edinburgh.

Other rare pieces include a fine Whieldon figure of a cavalryman, several Astbury figures of musicians, a pair of white early Derby boars, and a small collection of canary lustre.

Far more important, however, is a sale of Persian works of art which will occupy the same rooms for two days later in the month. Many of the pieces to be sold were exhibited at the recent International Exhibition

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A FLEMISH PANEL, probably Brussels. End of fifteenth century

To be sold at Messrs. Christie's, June 11, 1931

of Persian Art, and are mentioned in the standard works on the subject.

The catalogue, one of the most sumptuous of its kind yet issued, is illustrated with twenty-two plates, ten of which are in colour.



A FINE RHAGES TWELFTH-CENTURY BOWL

7½ in. diameter

Messrs. Sotheby's sale, June 17, 1931

Fine tiles, metalwork, armour and weapons and a very fine Armenian altar cloth, the property of the late

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Mr. J. R. Preece, late H.B.M. Consul-General at Ispahan, will figure in the first day's sale, as, too, will fine Persian ceramics, Luristan bronzes, two superb Sassanian gold



A FINE RAYY COURT WARE TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BOWL

7½ in. diameter

Messrs. Sotheby's sale, June 17, 1931

and silver dishes, and a Sassanian bronze throne leg, the property of Monsieur A. Ravenon, of Paris.

On the second day the well-known collection of Persian pottery and bronzes formed by Mr. C. W. Chivers, and the second portion of the Ravenon collection, will be sold, while in addition there will be two carpets of a rare type, the property of a nobleman.



A VERY FINE RAYY COURT WARE BOWL

Minai style, twelfth century, 7½ in. diameter

Messrs. Sotheby's sale, June 16, 1931

